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The CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

Whole Earth Jamboree

1968~1978 pp. 90~130

No. 20 Winter 1978

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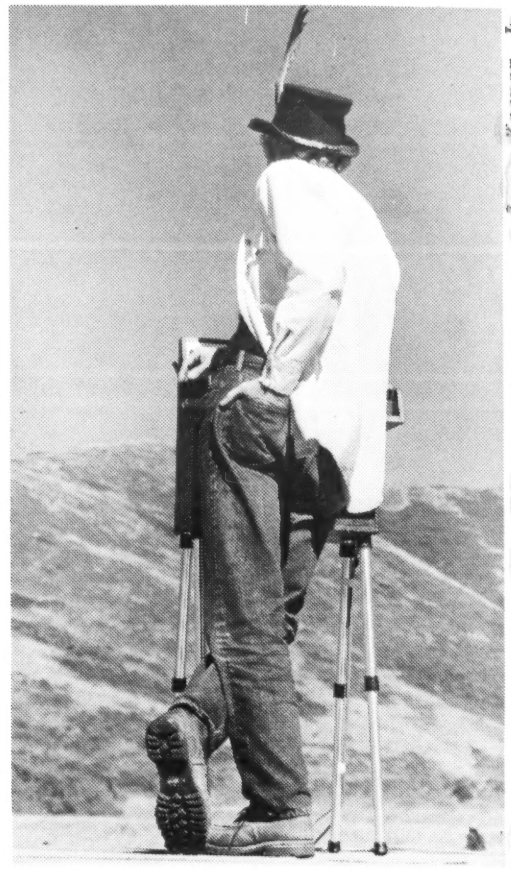
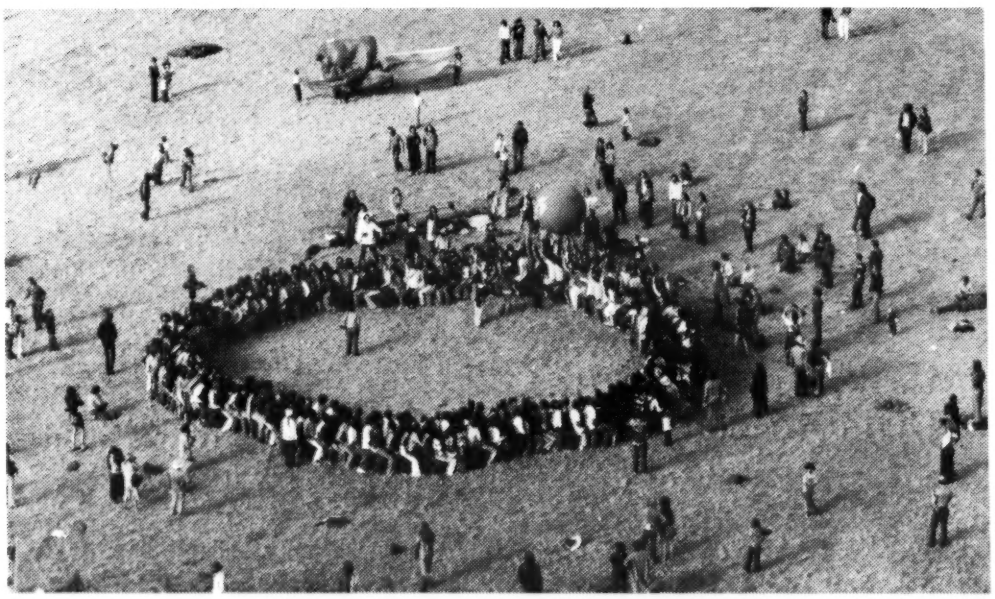
Larry Keenan, Jr.

The signature of any event with New Games going on, the Earth Ball, canvas-covered, 6-feet in diameter. Of innumerable games it has encouraged, the most popular is this one – one bunch of people on their backs on the ground with their legs in the air try to kick the ball clear over the circle of people standing around them, who try to keep the ball coming back on the kickers without having touched the ground. Lotsa cheers and groans as it touches the ground; ditto when it just barely doesn't. Awesome, soaring ball the rest of the time.



MC Brand on Talk Stage sagging into the realization that introducing 60-some speakers in two endless brief afternoons is going to be a hard march. ("If I ask Witold Rybczynski one more time how to say his name, he'll never write for us again. If I get it wrong, he won't speak. The next speaker is, uh . . .")

Whole Earth J

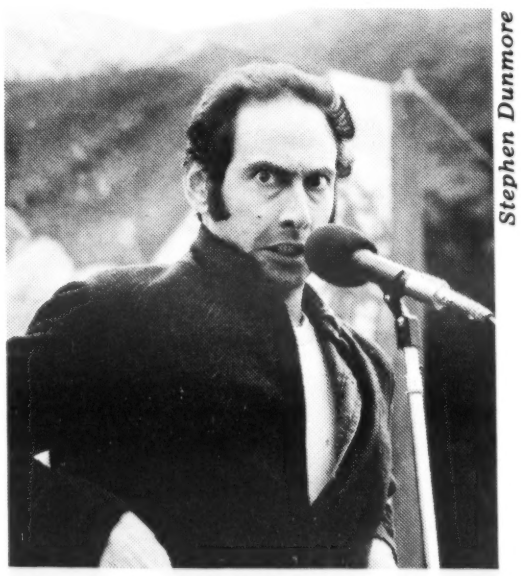


Castelli

Left: The Lap Game

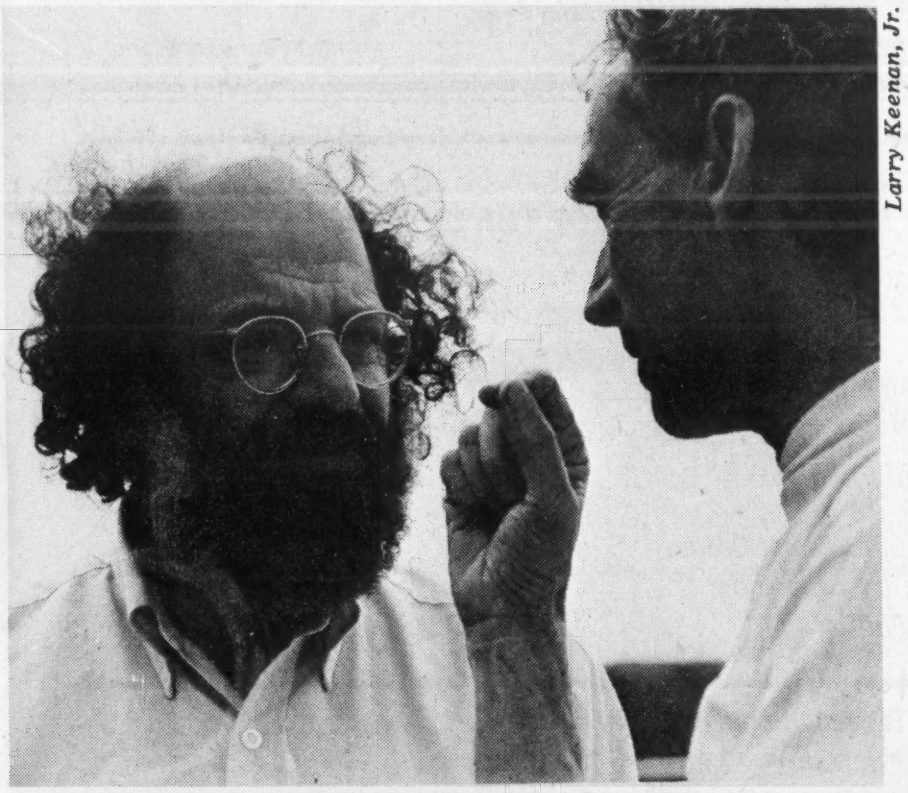
Below: High wind on the Talk Stage added a contextual urgency, here to Peter Warshall's words.

R. Crumb



Stephen Dunmore

The Swami from Miami (Darrel Henriques).



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Allen Ginsberg, Paolo Soleri

Roger Ressmeyer

Mimi Farina doing a set on the Music Stage.

Jamboree

August 26~28, 1978
Gerbode Valley, California

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Larry Keenan, Jr.

Wavy Gravy and client.

Fred Herter

Best thing on the Music Stage, the slapstick musical group, The Brass Band.

Cover *The most impressive booth at the Whole Earth Jamboree was the glass furnace from Richard Marquis' Deluxe Studios, 1793 12th Street, Oakland, California 94607. Marbles like the ones on the cover were crafted (by Captain Marble) and sold on the spot to Standing Room Only customers. We learned of Marquis' work and got these photographs from the beautiful magazine* **Glass** *[$24/year (5 issues) from Box 23383, Portland, OR 97223], edited by Albert Lewis, who generously supplied his original 4 x 5 transparency. Our front cover is a detail of the back cover. Photograph by Harold Wood and Jim Piper.*

—SB (Stewart Brand)

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This issue of The CoEvolution Quarterly is printed on newsprint

Due to the strike in the West Coast paper mills by the Pulp and Sulfite Workers which has been on since August our printer, Waller Press, has been unable to get the paper we usually print on. Called Vista, it's an intermediate grade between newsprint and book paper. Newsprint, this stuff, will decay and discolor much faster than Vista, is less white, and holds ink less clearly. Other publications in our area have either downgraded to newsprint or upgraded to book paper and raised their prices. The 50,000 copies of this issue which cost us $13,350 to print on newsprint would cost $23,350 on book paper (Vista at the old price would have been $16,000) – that's 20 tons of newsprint, one boxcar load.

We're sorry, and we're hoping the strike is over soon enough that we don't have to use newsprint again. –SB

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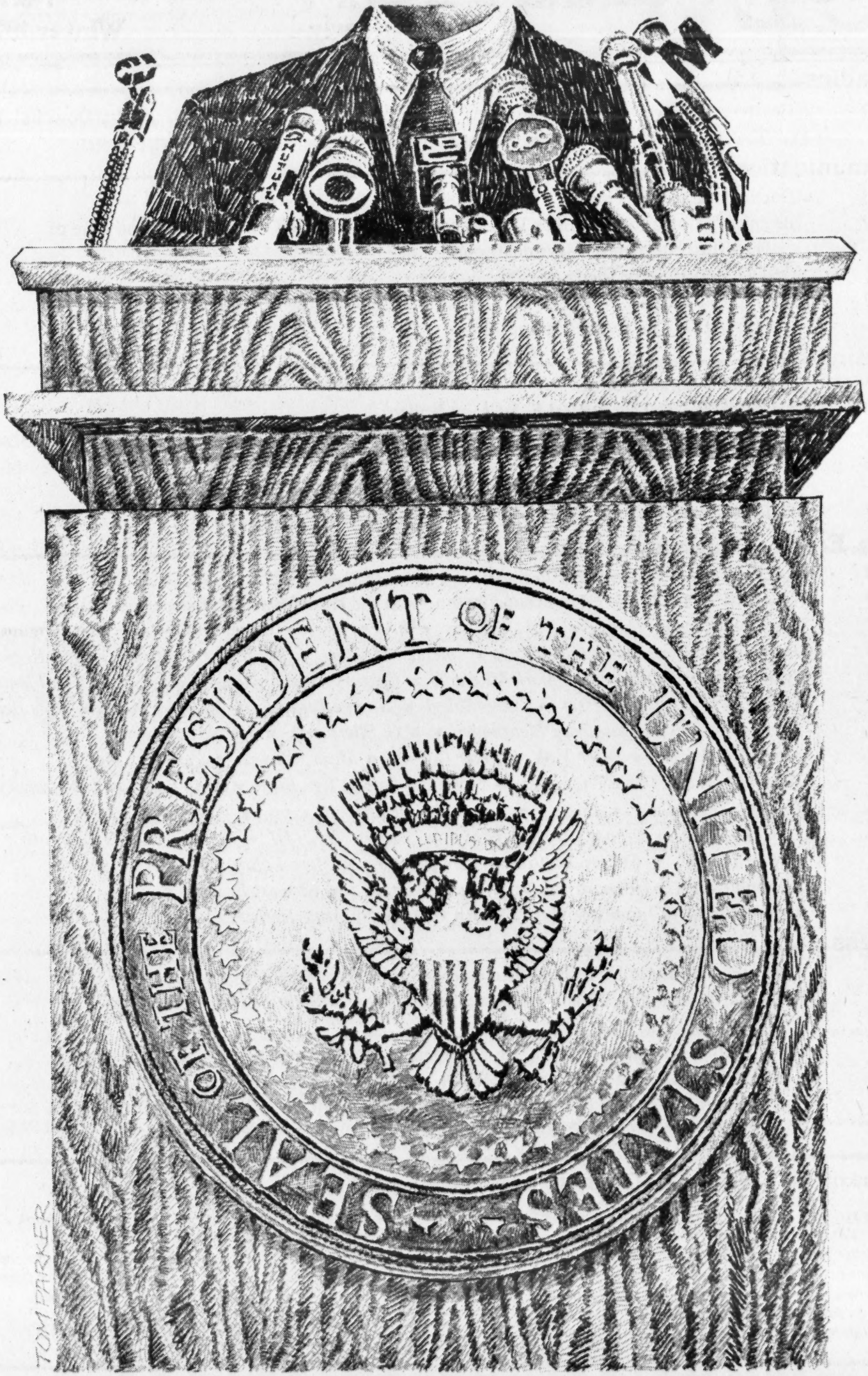
Politics



Draft of a Proposed Speech by the President of the United States

A practical unilateral move to turn back the Arms Race

by War Control Planners, Inc.

Illustrations by Tom Parker

I AM addressing mankind tonight. I will use every means at my command to have this message brought home to every man, woman and child in every country on Earth. What I have to say may be a matter of life or death for every human being. I hope they listen carefully. This is a message of hope.

In 1945 when the United Nations was chartered in San Francisco, many people believed that war had ended and mankind had entered a new era of peace. This was a tragic delusion. History's endless parade of war after war has continued. The potential horror of war has grown worse, not better. We are living in a new historic age of anxiety.

In 1945, that same year, the first atomic bomb was exploded. This signalled the dawn of an era of exploding research and development and escalating progress in science and technology, in hundreds or thousands of new and different fields. Civilization has been projected into the Nuclear Age, and then into the Space Age, and now into even newer technological ages.

As a result, the strategic power under the command of the Head of State of a modern major nation is beyond easy vision or description. There hardly are words to explain. But I can tell you this: It used to be thought that only God could command the power to destroy mankind in the twinkling of an eye. But today the leaders of several nations command the power to launch the war that could annihilate world civilizations.

Yet the great rivers of new knowledge coming from the research and development centers cannot be dammed up within the boundaries of any one nation. Within ten years perhaps thirty nations will command this power of death for mankind. By that time the weapons of total annihilation will be so cheap that criminal elements may obtain this power to hold mankind for ransom. Breakthroughs in chemical and biological and nuclear warfare will magnify and compound the forces of destruction.

This is a new historic time of dread. In this new age no nation ever again will find positive national secur-

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These months we are engaged in an apparent replay of old U.S.-Soviet Arms Race moves and manias of the 1950s as if we had learned exactly nothing in the intervening 20 years of everyone's personal fear, various local wars, increasing internationalization of everything, the attention of the Best Minds, etc., etc.

One of the problems is that all the apparent modes of lessening the arms tension require some agreement by both parties – unlikely considering their closely matched opposing premise structures. We know in some detail about how either side may unilaterally make war and we obsess ourselves with the horror and study and prevention of that. But who is studying how we may unilaterally make peace?

Howard Kurtz is, as pointed out to me recently by astronaut (Apollo 9) Russell Schweickart. War Control Planners, Inc., is a kitchen operation run by Kurtz and his recently-deceased wife Harriet. They've been at it since the 1950s with good ideas and utter dedication. Among their products, this "speech" appeals to me most – a believable artifact which adroitly focuses into policy the ideas and values of its 30-40 authors and advisers assembled by the Kurtzes. The shocker to me is that this document was written in 1966. The authors tried to get the idea to Lyndon Johnson, but despite their best efforts the President didn't see it. Neither did Nixon or Ford. Nor has Carter.

It's poignant as hell right now given President Carter's recent (11 Oct. '78) drastic reduction of long-range U.S. space utilization and his increasing militarization of our previously civilian space program. Carter's space policy and its hidden effects are headline material, so far unnoticed. To put it in perspective I'm printing a detailed analysis (beginning next page) by astronaut Schweickart, whose experience at NASA Headquarters coordinating the dissemination and use of satellite imaging particularly equips him to make the critique. Schweickart was an Air Force fighter pilot before he was an astronaut.

War Control Planners, Inc. (Box 19127, Washington, D.C. 20036) puts out a free newsletter, **Checkpoint** *on a poverty budget. Given that Kurtz is just beginning to get a better hearing, I can think of few places where a contribution of money would be more effective.*

–SB

ity and political independence by use of its power to destroy human life. In this new age an attempt to destroy an enemy can destroy mankind. All nations have moved into a common chamber of danger. The world is like a room filled with gas, in which men who strike matches endanger the lives of everyone in the room.

WE MUST CREATE NEW HISTORY

We must create new history. It no longer is safe to merely relive old history.

From all we can learn from old history there will always be an impulse toward war and aggression between nations. The challenge of the future is to remove the danger from that impulse . . . to prevent this impulse of hostility from expressing itself in war . . . to make war impossible between nations.

There will always be war and aggression between nations until there is created a global safety authority of some kind, with the strength and the authority to maintain the common good of national security and political independence for all nations.

Historians and political scientists find no precedent for such a Global Safety Authority. But before 1940 there was no precedent for atomic bombs . . . and before recent times there was no precedent for many of the miracles of modern medical science.

We live in an age that breaks precedents. We need not be enslaved by historical precedents of war and catastrophe.

Scientists and engineers tell us that we have within reach the means to produce the food, clothing, housing, warmth, health, education and welfare for more than the six billion human beings predicted as world population by the year 2000. But nations are not producing to meet these human needs, because today the world spends nearly $200 billion a year on an escalating arms race, producing anti-human forces of destruction.

Nations have learned the secrets of the Power of Death for mankind because they have invested their human and natural resources in massive mobilizations for the specific purpose of learning these secrets.

I say to every man, woman and child in every nation, that the time has now come for a massive mobilization of human and natural resources for the purpose of learning the secrets of the power of safety and well-being for the people of all nations. If we believe that the intention of creation is toward greater life for the family of mankind, then let us begin to direct the forward march of science and technology toward such a greater purpose. I believe in the future of mankind.

The Heads of State of more than one hundred and twenty sovereign nations on earth now have it within their power to begin to create a Global Safety Authority, within a revised and more effective United Nations. The function of this Authority will be to guard the national security and political independence of all nations, freeing the productivity of nations to meet the human needs of their citizens.

I hold before the world the long range vision of a stronger United Nations. At the base of this future United Nations will be a Global Safety Authority. The purpose of this Authority will be to maintain positive control over all power of destruction. It will have power to maintain public inventory of all war material and personnel. It will have authority to act to stop unauthorized war production. It will have power to maintain public inventory of all movement toward mobilization for war. It will have authority to stop such mobilization. It will have power and authority to prevent violation of one nation's borders by the forces of any other nation, large or small. It

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Winter 1978-79 Commentary by Russell Schweickart

Dear Stewart:

I am delighted that you have chosen this issue of *CQ* to highlight Howard Kurtz's vision of space as an instrument of world peace. It is most timely.

In the last six months a series of events has occurred triggering within me disappointment, frustration and concern bordering on alarm. I see a red warning light flashing on the control panel signaling trouble ahead unless immediate attention is given to the situation.

What concerns me is the growing militarization of space, and concomitant blurring of the heretofore clear distinction between the civil and military space programs. Subtly related to this concern is the astounding ommission of an operational civil remote sensing satellite system (or even a commitment to one in principle) in President Carter's just-announced space policy.

Without going into detail, let me simply refer those interested to the rapidly increasing number of technical articles and papers on anti-satellite weapons, particle beam and laser space weapons, etc. in the technical trade journals.* The appearance of articles such as these historically reflect official (though not always publicly announced) interest or policy. The first evidence of this shift appeared as the classified Presidential Review Memorandum (PRM) 23 back in May of 1978. It is not available to the public, the press or even the Congress (except in unclassified briefing form) because of its security classification but it raised wide concern among many of those who became aware of its contents and implications. The most recent evidence of the reshaping of space policy is the President's carefully-worded, heavily-caveated space policy statement which, while not actually applying the scalpel, sets up the civil space program for cutback while calling for the potential merging of civil weather satellites, etc., with the military. All in the name of economy, of course.

I believe this shift of national policy in the way the U.S. will develop and utilize the space environment should be of concern to everyone, but it is of special concern to me. I became a NASA astronaut in 1963

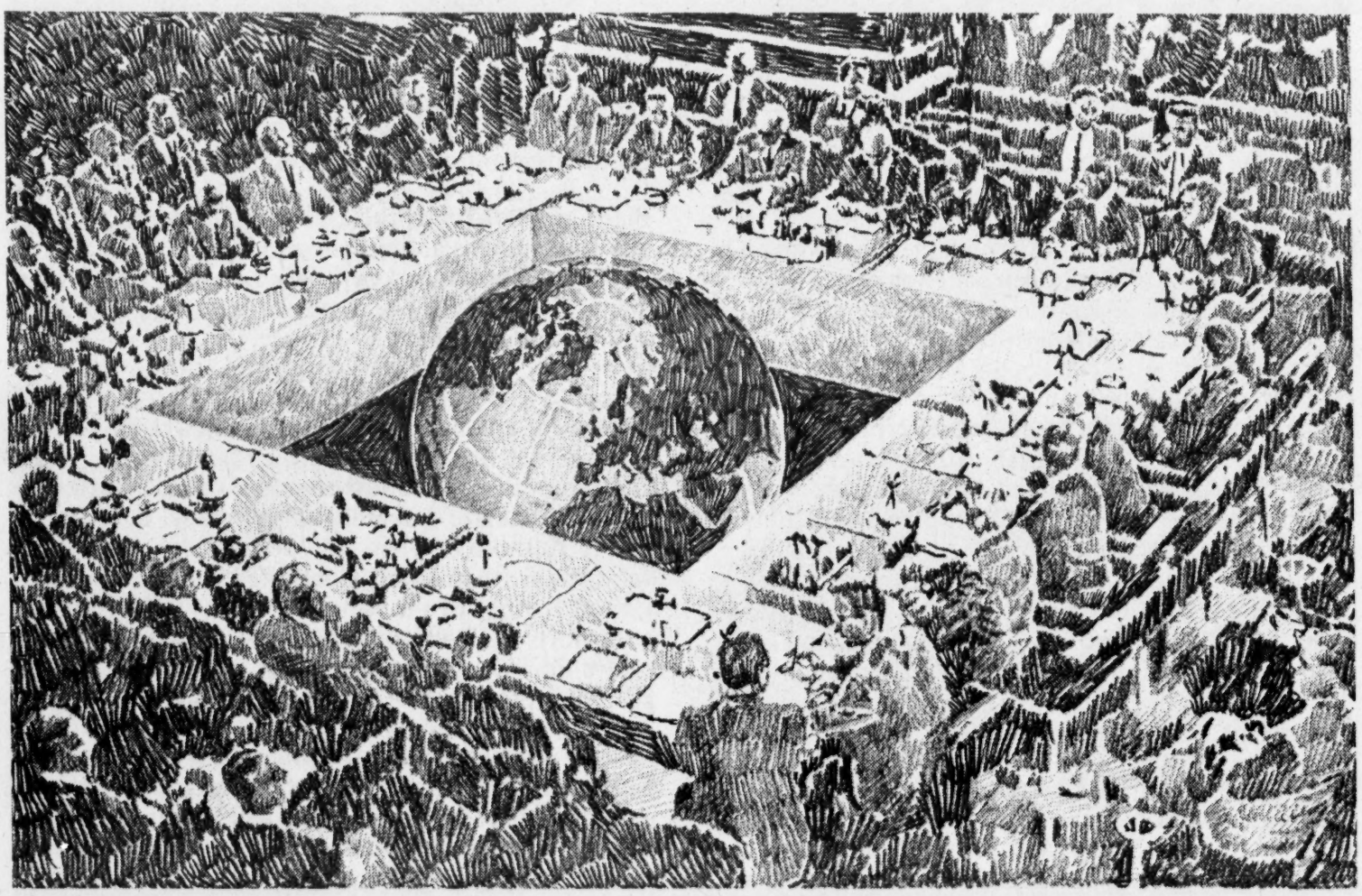
*See sidebar, p. 11-12.

will have authority to divert any inter-nation conflict to proper courts of inter-nation conflict law.

I hold before the world the long-range vision of a stronger United Nations in which man will maintain dominion over the forces of destruction. Instead of living in ever-increasing fear of the anti-human force of advancing science and technology, man's increasing knowledge will be redirected to feed the hungry, clothe the naked, heal the sick, educate the illiterate, and free the patriotic people of every nation to work toward their own national goal in their own national way, free from the dread of war or domination by any foreign power.

THE SEARCH FOR ANSWERS

Will it ever be possible to trust the national security and political independence of the United States to a stronger United Nations with monopoly control over



with the words of John F. Kennedy ringing in my ears, "We set sail on this new sea because there is new knowledge to be gained and new rights to be won, and they must be won and used for the progress of all people. For space science, like nuclear science and all technology, has no conscience of its own. Whether it will become a force of good or ill depends on us, and only if the United States occupies a position of preeminence can we help decide whether this new ocean will be a sea of peace or a new, terrifying theater of war . . . Space can be explored and mastered without feeding the fires of war, without repeating the mistake that man has made in extending his writ around this globe of ours."

My ten days in orbit around the Earth on Apollo 9 converted that hopeful challenge of JFK's into a lifelong commitment to see that the development of this new ocean of space proceeds in a life-enhancing and ennobling manner. The exciting and challenging opportunities in space exploration and development should call forth the best in us as intelligent and loving beings – not the worst as fearful and suspicious animals.

But lest I be branded a wildly idealistic anti-militarist, let me move back toward the (co-evolutionary) middle. I do not believe for a moment that the military will not be or even should not be in space. In fact, global stability has been enhanced if not preserved in recent years by the "spy" satellites of both the U.S. and USSR which have substituted (in part) real information for fearful or self-serving speculation. And although it seemed almost trivial to many, I believe President Carter significantly opened the door to forthright discussion of global security when he acknowledged publicly the use of and benefits derived from intelligence-gathering satellites.

What bothers me and what dominated the total life of Howard and Harriet Kurtz (Harriet died in 1977) is the unbelievable opportunity which the federal government has ignored which could save billions of tax dollars, enhance national security and global stability, provide valuable information on global resources and environmental conditions, and stimulate a vital but sadly declining U.S. industry.

I refer not to some airy-fairy futuristic concept but to the NASA Landsat satellites which have produced hun-

global armed forces management? Will it ever be possible for all nations to trust their national security and political independence to such a remodeled United Nations? Will the American people ever find reason to believe that this global United Nations power will not come under the control of communists, or any other group with intentions to dominate the world? Will the people of all other countries ever find reason to believe that this global United Nations power will not come under the control of American political power?

I do not know the answer to these questions. I am proposing that a long period of serious research and exploration begin today, in search for the answers to these questions of the future safety and well-being of mankind.

To the rising generation of young men and women in every nation we declare open for exploration and pioneering a new generation of creativity and invention to dwarf any era in past history.

This will be the most complex and difficult problem governments ever have faced and determined to master. Making the Earth safe from war will be a far more challenging task than making outer space safe for human transit. I hereby make a personal commitment, and a commitment of my administration, to the task of providing world leadership toward the long-range goal of developing the global safety systems, and the new political checks and balances and restraints required to transform the present United Nations into a more effective instrument of safety and prosperity for all nations.

We propose an initial ten-year program to develop and operate a demonstration model, or prototype experiment of a Global Safety Authority, so that all governments can begin to learn the real problems of defending their citizens from enemy threat or attack in the new historic age of total danger.

I say, let the national security leadership of all nations begin thinking and experimenting beyond the strategy of defense, and beyond the strategy of deterrence, to explore a new future strategy of prevention more appropriate to the age of global danger. Let us create new history more in keeping with the danger man has created.

WHAT WE CAN DO

We propose a long-range program of development and experiment and testing to find the ways that such a protective war prevention system can be made to work.

Black and terrifying, the escalating danger of global war today looms above mankind like a thunderstorm of death. But beyond that dark horror, I see a white light of hope. I believe that man can create global safety systems in time.

I propose four giant strides forward on the road to the permanent end of war between nations. I propose four giant strides forward on the road to lasting peace and prosperity. I propose four giant strides forward in the creation of a demonstration model of a Global Safety Authority. These will be four giant strides forward toward a stronger, more effective, and greater United Nations of the future. One day, when and if our efforts succeed, the present United Nations will evolve into a world security organization capable of guarding the national security and political independence of every nation.

I am preparing to issue directives to the appropriate departments of my government, and preparing to seek the full support of the Congress and of the American people, for four large-scale development projects:

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dreds of thousands of earth images since 1972 which have been utilized by hundreds of nations around the world for environmental monitoring, crop production forecasting, forest and crop disease monitoring, resource surveying and many other beneficial uses.

The opportunity available is to unilaterally establish a global environmental monitoring and information system which would make high-quality, dependable, timely data available at a very low cost to anyone who wanted it. The groundwork for this capability has been well laid by the experimental Landsat satellites, especially such sticky issues as the policy of open data availability. More than 100 nations, including Russia and China, have bought Landsat images from the EROS Data Center, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, the principal U.S. archiving and distribution center. In addition, Brazil, Argentina, Italy, Zaire and others have built or begun to build their own satellite receiving stations and obtain (or will be obtaining) data directly from the satellites.

But the satellites are still maintained on an experimental basis with no commitment to continuation and very little improvement permitted in resolution (ability to see small objects) or timely delivery of data. Despite the recommendations of innumerable councils, interagency committees, study groups, commissions and panels to the contrary, President Carter declined to commit to an operational system, relegating it once again to an experimental limbo and establishing yet another interagency task force.

Howard Kurtz has argued for years that a global system of this kind would not only benefit all nations in terms of resource management and environmental monitoring but would also enhance global security and mutual trust in a way no weapon system (offensive or defensive) could ever hope to do. If the resolution were improved slightly and all nations were given direct access to the satellite data, speculation about the action of perceived or real enemies would be replaced by knowledge, not just by the two contending parties, but by all, thereby enhancing everyone's security.

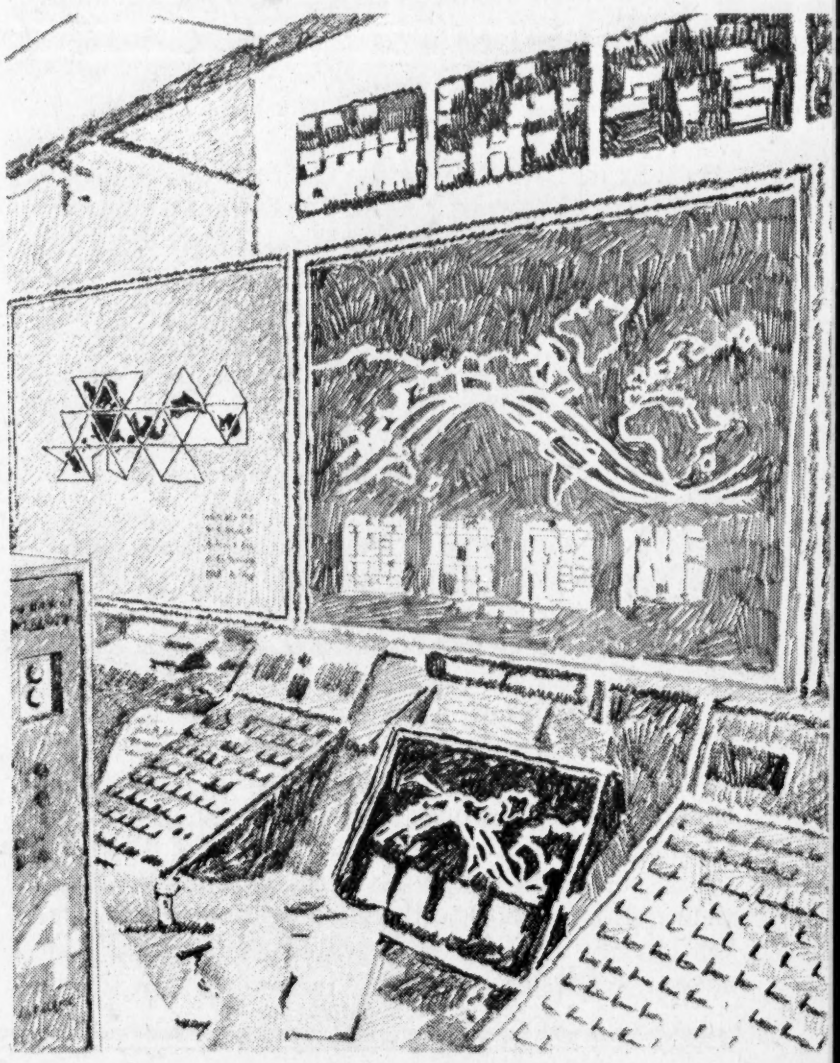
The technology exists for such a venture though the data handling and processing requirements would

FIRST

First Stride: All-Nation Space Stations. I propose construction of a new series of reconnaissance satellites. The use of these surveillance space stations will be made available to all nations. All nations will be invited to develop surveillance systems for experimental installation in these orbiting laboratories. All nations will be given full access to all information inputs and outputs from these global surveillance systems, that all national defense establishments, all regional defense establishments, and the United Nations Military Staff Committee can gain protracted experience in working together to test the effectiveness, and to establish the future requirements for a Global Safety Authority intelligence capability. Through these satellites we may begin to find answers to the question: Can a future United Nations Safety Force be made dependable and effective?

SECOND

Second Stride: All-Nation War Alarm System. I propose the construction of an advanced global command and control headquarters, near the United Nations Headquarters, with duplicate synchronous display centers in the capitals of all cooperating nations, and in the headquarters of all regional defense organizations. This center will be open to the public of all nations and to the governments of all nations. The large illuminated display walls in this prototype global command center will be connected by direct communications lines to the national command center in the Pentagon in Washington. The people of the world can begin to see the global surveillance and intelligence capabilities the United States already possesses, to be able to exert command and control today over military forces spread across more than half the earth. No information which would be detrimental to the security of the United States will be passed to these public exhibitions, but the world can begin to see the emerging reality of global command and control systems to bring armed forces management for the world eventually to the new United Nations Global Safety Authority. Every other nation will be invited to connect its national command center to this world display. No other



stretch our inventiveness (another benefit). But how about the cost? Less, I would venture, by an order of magnitude, than the same increment in national security available by adding additional life-destroying weapons to our already substantial arsenal. For example, the whole system could be designed and put into operation for less than one-tenth the cost of the nuclear aircraft carrier which was the subject of a recent confrontation between the President and the Congress. Would another aircraft carrier, in addition to the twelve we already have, enhance our security more than a global information cooperative which would cost one-tenth as much? I can't find any absolute yardstick to measure by but I seriously doubt it.

More important – the information system is life-enhancing, benefits all people, reduces international tensions, would be used continuously to serve people, and emphasizes our planetary interdependence. The defense system is life-threatening, benefits only us, increases tensions, would hopefully never be used and emphasizes national differences and distrust.

This is the vision Howard Kurtz has carried into the offices of government officials and dignitaries, into editorial rooms and onto occasional interview shows. He and Harriet totally dedicated themselves to this single goal. They had and still have no organization to fund their efforts. For years they spent their personal savings, they attended every Congressional hearing on NASA's programs, they gathered information incessantly and wrote and talked to all who would listen, and Howard now continues the effort alone.

I am awed and inspired by this dedicated man of vision whom I came to know during my work with NASA in Washington, D.C. And I thank you, Stewart, for bringing to the *CQ* family a man who has given himself fully to JFK's vision of a vast new ocean which must be mastered by us for the benefit of all people.

Sincerely,

Russell L. Schweickart
Assistant to the Governor
for Science and Technology
Sacramento, California

nation will be expected to divulge information to jeopardize its own security. But all nations will gain practical experience in the interface problems of the successful operation of a future war safety control system of world dimension. The people of all nations will begin to see the open experiments which may one day lead to the development of the systems of security which will mean no more war for mankind.

THIRD

Third Stride: War Prevention Conferences. I propose a continuing series of multinational War Prevention Conferences. Military and political leaders of all participating nations can begin to hammer out the requirements and force structures for the future Global Safety Authority. They can analyze and experiment with unprecedented new political checks and balances which will be required to make certain that this all-nation safety constabulary cannot become a tyrant over the minds of men, or the governments of independent nations, and that it cannot be captured by any one political power clique to be used to conquer the world. These War Prevention Conferences will be held on many levels, outside of official channels of the United Nations. They will be held with individual nations, or with groups of individual nations, or with regional defense organizations. Free discussion will be encouraged from every source where new ideas may emerge to help solve this problem which has been insoluble throughout the ages. Can a Global Safety Authority be made effective, and safe to the point that the people of all nations will trust their national safety to this mobilization for the prevention of war? The world will be waiting for answers to this question.

FOURTH

Fourth Stride: All-Nation War Prevention Games. I propose a continuing series of multinational war prevention games. Where war games are used to develop military proficiency in waging war, these war prevention games will be utilized to develop and test the increasing proficiency in preventing war throughout the world in the new historic era. A purpose of these games will be to allow the public and press of all nations to see that nations are making serious efforts to solve the problem of war, and what progress is being made toward this great and grave objective.

I repeat that all nations are invited to cooperate in these four giant strides forward toward peace and prosperity for all nations.

But the United States offers to lead in this ten year demonstration model experiment no matter what nation or nations hold back at this point. We expect nations to be suspicious of our motives. We invite nations to work with us to satisfy these suspicions. We will earn their confidence.

We will use every means at our command to see that the people of all nations are kept fully informed as to the progress being made toward the global protective systems which one day will bring peace and prosperity to all nations.

No nation will be expected to weaken its present defense force or posture during these experiments. No patriotic people will be asked to give up their pride in their own native land, or swear allegiance to a massive single world government. National governments once again will concentrate on the prosperity of their citizens, instead of on preparations to kill

1978 Postscript by Howard Kurtz

Because the United States still has a slight lead in global science, technology and management skills, the future fate of all humanity rests in the vision, or lack of vision, of the person who is President of the United States. A war is not lost on the battlefield. It is lost long in advance in the inadequate vision or character of one person, the Commander-in-Chief . . . the Napoleon . . . the Hitler . . . the President of the United States of either political party whose national security, foreign policy, and military advisors remain chained to basic assumptions they learned in the 1950s: balancing U.S. expanding power to obliterate world civilization . . . a strategy of hopelessness.

I offer one small example from personal experience, in the hope of breaking the paralysis in the White House and opening widest possible pro and con and creative professional, public and political discussion, world-wide, before it is too late.

Harriet Kurtz

Howard Kurtz

Beginning with graduate study at The Russian Institute at Columbia University (1946-48) my wife Harriet and I increasingly committed our lives to the study and observation of the self-generating Kremlin/White House science, technology and strategic power race producing the power to rupture or to destroy world civilization – a power the mythologies had always claimed that God alone could command. It was our commitment to work quietly with creative persons in

and be killed in war with their neighbors. There will be a common defense force for all.

TOWARD DEVELOPMENT AND RENEWAL

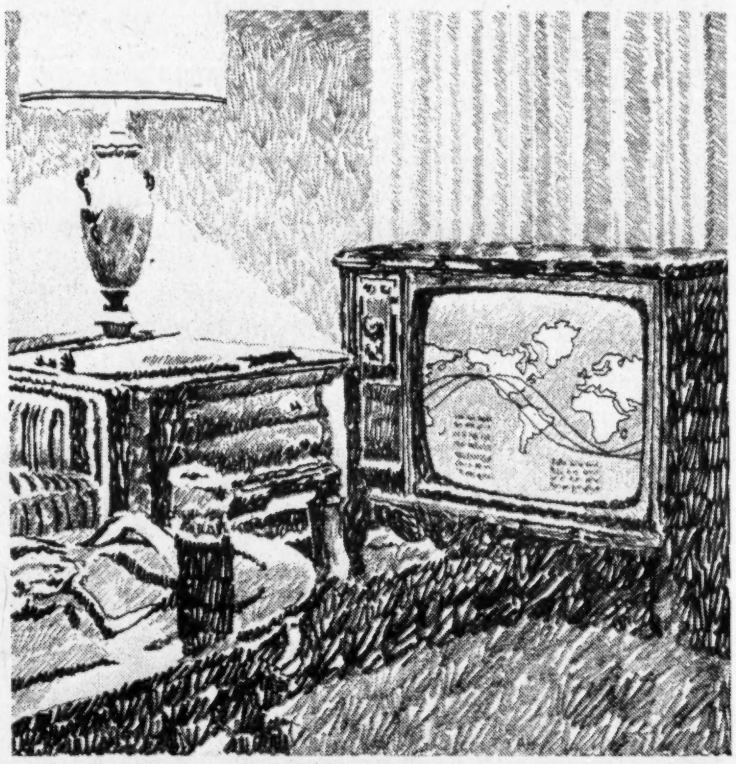
Man now has gained the knowledge and skill to feed the hungry of the world, to heal the diseased of the world, to educate the illiterate of the world, to provide housing for those with inadequate shelter, if only he can learn how to bring the plague of war under positive control.

These four giant strides forward toward a more effective United Nations will allow the people of the world to hope once again. There will be hope that history's endless parade of wars eventually will be brought under control. There will be hope that the world's resources today committed to production of anti-human power of death, can be redirected toward production of pro-human goods and services. There will be hope that increasing nuclear power will be controlled and harnessed to peaceful purposes, instead of to the chain-reaction of terror. There will be hope for peace in the space age instead of dread of war.

I believe that man can gain dominion over the man-made dangers of modern technology, and that man does not have to live in fear of the new products of science and technology.

I believe that every people on earth can find security and prosperity in a revised and strengthened United Nations, in time. I believe man now has the inventiveness and creativity to begin to transform the United Nations into an effective world security organization, bringing safe prosperity within reach of all nations.

Each nation can work out its own independent path toward its own independent vision of a Great Society. This can become a Great Planet. I hope that every man, woman and child around the world who hears this message will tell his neighbors, and his friends, that the time now has come to take giant strides forward toward peace and prosperity for all nations. ■



Particle Beam Weapons

Also called "directed energy weapons," they are a brand new major factor in the U.S.-U.S.S.R. counter-threat industry. A spin-off of nuclear fusion technology, the point of all new spying, arguing, legislating, and inventing is "high-power, light-density relativistic par-

military-technical-intelligence-political-economic-legal-social-moral and other professions, in search for a breakthrough to unprecedented power initiatives the U.S. could launch to avert approaching inevitable world calamity. Harriet died on June 17, 1977. I carry on our joint commitment.

The nation which will emerge to provide inspiration and leadership for all other nations in the coming generation will NOT be the superpower continually "winning" the race to produce the power to exterminate world populations, nor will it be the superpower which turns weak unilaterally in the face of expanding hostile power. Rather it will be the major nation (1) meeting all requirements for its own traditional defense, *and in addition* (2) leading the world in a next-generation "race" to develop, test and demonstrate the experimental stages of future world systems and structures (more complex and effective than the present United Nations) capable of guarding the national security, independence and development of all nations, large and small. The President of the U.S. and Congress have the power to meet all requirements for national defense *and in addition* to unleash a new generation of creative research and development and demonstration of the future foundations for a civilized world order, in which all nations find protection from all foreign enemies, and the scarce resources of the Earth are redirected toward production of food, clothing, housing, energy, clean air & water, health, education and national security – a long-range strategic objective deserving the support of the patriotic people of all nations. There is no need to first "negotiate" with potential enemies.

But the President of the U.S. has become an intellectual prisoner of the financial/industrial/military Interests finding increased personal profits, increased defense contracts, and increased military promotions from the increasing danger of the arms race; Interests surrounding the President of either Party and keeping from him the available pro-human strategic power initiatives.

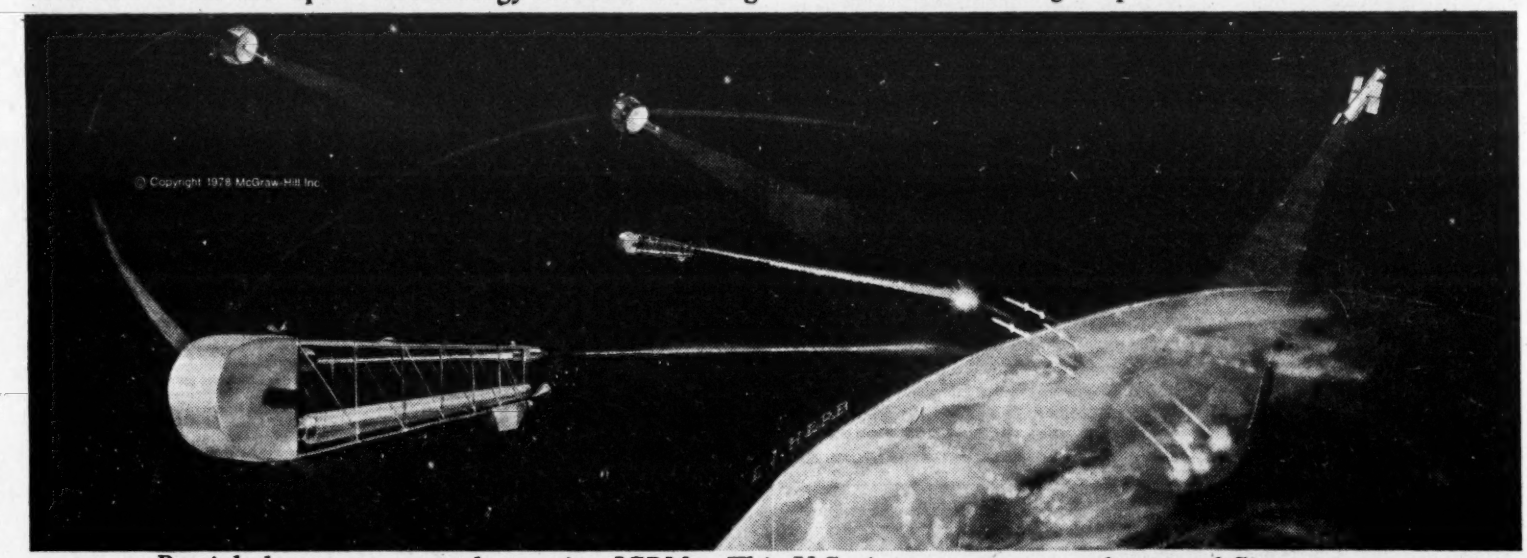
In 1966, working closely with the late Charles E. Wilson (former President of GE and former Director of War Mobilization), the late Elmo Roper (Public Opinion Analyst), and Col. Harold Riegelman (Republican political leader in New York City and State, and still practicing law in New York City), Harriet and I drafted a proposed speech to be delivered by President Lyndon B. Johnson. Early drafts were circulated among several hundred thought leaders in different

ticle beams capable of destroying missiles at great distances," – that is, a pulsed stream of electrons or protons (in the atmosphere) or neutral hydrogen atoms (in space). Laser (coherent light) weapons are different but related and part of the same research push.

Supposedly the Soviet Union is well along toward the development of particle beam weapons and the U.S. is just beginning to crank up a response. Supposedly the weapons are strictly useable for defense against ICBMs (with the U.S.S.R. possibly capable of fielding a particle beam weapon by 1980 and the U.S. not capable till 1986), but there is also a theoretical application of particle beams to fiercely irradiate portions of the Earth's surface from space, as if by a large-scale neutron bomb. Much of the confirming intelligence about U.S.S.R. particle beam weapon research has come from U.S. reconnaissance satellites.

Aviation Week and Space Technology *has been running (Oct.-Nov. '78) the so-far definitive set of articles on the subject (a reprint of the series is available for $5 from the magazine at 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020). An editorial on "The Beam Weapons Race" by Robert Hotz concludes:*

> Beam weapons offer the promise of reducing strategic nuclear weapons to a negligible factor in the future. If successfully deployed, beam weapons can end the long rein of nuclear terror introduced by the ballistic missile and its thermonuclear warhead. If the Soviets achieve this capability first, it will give them enormous crucial leverage in imposing their political will on the rest of the world. If the U.S. achieves it first, there will be no need for flimsy SALT agreements, and the threat of Soviet nuclear blackmail will lose its credibility. If the race finishes in a dead heat, the citizens of this planet can look forward to a shifting of international tensions from the strategic nuclear area to more conventional and less devastating weapons.



Particle beam weapons destroying ICBMs. This U.S. Army concept, code-named Sipapu, uses accelerated neutral hydrogen atoms. Illustration from **Aviation Week and Space Technology.**

professions. Then Col. Riegelman, Elmo Roper and C.E. Wilson patiently went over about eight further drafts Harriet and I polished, until the final draft was finished, which is printed here.

Not only the three principal advisors but quite a few other key persons who were involved, made individual attempts to have this draft offered to the personal presidential attention of Lyndon Johnson. All efforts were blocked and killed by his wall of advisors.

Since then, we have offered this same identical draft document to Presidents Nixon, Ford and Carter on different occasions. The result has been the same. No President or presidential candidate has dared offend the financial/industrial/military Interests which are finding escalating personal rewards from the increasing *national insecurity*. We offer the identical draft again, for pro and con and expansive public discussion,

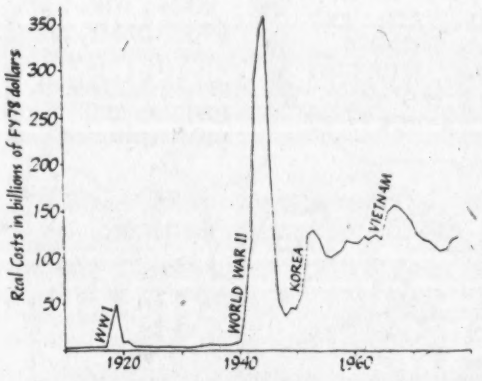
Howard G. Kurtz
War Control Planners, Inc.
Box 19127
Washington, D.C. 20036

"Technology Creep"

An important contribution to understanding hidden currents in the Arms Race was made by Deborah Shapley in a three-part article in **Science** *(October, 1978) titled "Technology Creep and the Arms Race." Her thesis is that whatever intentions and agreements are made explicit in arms limitation talks are soon undermined by the routine, relatively unstoppable advance of weapons technology which invents – way down at the technician level – new devices and counter-devices and nuances and counter-nuances unanticipated and uncontrollable by the "decisions" at the conference table. The article ends with one piece of good news:*

> In conclusion, it should also be said that there is another side to the entire issue of technology creep: it can produce stabilizing as well as destabilizing military developments. The most prominent historical example is that in 1960, at the time the Soviet Union shot down Francis Gary Powers' U-2 spy plane, and with it the notion that airborne reconnaissance was acceptable, several technologies had evolved to the point where satellite reconnaissance was feasible: the first successful test of the recovery of photographic film from space was made within months of the Powers incident. And with that successful recovery was born the era of peaceful space reconnaissance, which in turn formed the linchpin for subsequent arms control efforts. ■

US MILITARY COSTS OVER THE YEARS



WORLD STRATEGIC NUCLEAR FORCES COMPARED

		Maximum number of targets	Damage equivalent in megatons	Weight of payload in tons
USA	land-based	2154	1460	1100
	undersea	5120	530	600
	airborne	over 4000	4400	11000
	TOTAL	over 11000	6700	over 12500
USSR	land-based	2650	2950	3900
	undersea	910	860	650
	airborne	270	780	2400
	TOTAL	3900	4600	7000
U.K.	undersea only	64	70	100
France	land-based	18	5	6
	undersea	64	45	40
	airborne	32	few	250
	TOTAL	120	50	300
China	land-based	50-80	20-60	30
	airborne	80	200	250
	TOTAL	150	250	300

A PROPOSAL FOR THE MILITARY FORCES

	Present	Proposed 1980s
STRATEGIC FORCES		
Offensive:		
Missile submarines	41	31
Land-based missiles	1050	100
Bombers	380	0
Their tankers	480	150
Defensive:		
Aircraft	148	148
GENERAL PURPOSE FORCES		
Aircraft		
Air Force	2300	2300
Navy	1550	1350
Marines	450	450
Troops:		
Army heavy divisions	10	8⅓
Army light divisions	7⅓	3
Marine light divisions	3	1
Warships		
Aircraft carriers	13	3
Major surface ships	162	125
Attack & patrol subs	78	70
Amphibious warfare ships	63	10
Airlift & Sealift		
Aircraft	550	550
Ships	50	50

The Price of Defense

I know of no more important subject and no more graspable handle on it than this book. There is considerable news here, news to me at least — U.S. defense expenditures are not for defense; the expenditures can be reduced by half without reducing military effectiveness for major U.S. goals; the U.S. practice of "extended deterrence" (threatening first use of nuclear weapons in behalf of allies) is inflammatory at best. Our present military stance is that of an empire, not a nation, and costs accordingly.

Prepared in part by my heroes Philip and Phyllis Morrison (of **Scientific American***), the book is a superb introduction to modern warfare in terms of its weapons and national stances, though it does not particularly address the secret war of intelligence and counter-intelligence. A book of equal quality about that battlefield would be especially welcome now that we have* **The Price of Defense.**

—SB

The Price of Defense
(A New Strategy for Military Spending)
The Boston Study Group
1978; 228 pp.
$15.00 postpaid

from:
Times Books
Three Park Avenue
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth

Briefly put, we recommend that half of the present military establishment aimed mainly at responding to aggression by the Soviet Union should be left unchanged or improved, while most of the other half. not useful for countering Soviet military threats or accomplishing other acceptable goals, should be eliminated.

The three major items which we cut back are:

- *the vast excess in the quantity of nuclear weapons,* over and above the number needed to deter a nuclear attack;
- most of the *aircraft carriers, amphibious landing ships* and *lightly equipped land-combat forces,* which are primarily useful not against the U.S.S.R. but against the lesser military powers in the poorer half of the world, like Vietnam; and
- the *unnecessary investment in development of new weaponry,* which has long made the United States the driving force behind the rapid, destabilizing and costly advances in world military technology.

The forces we propose to retain are:

- a relatively *small but invulnerable nuclear-weapon force,* to deter Soviet nuclear attacks by threatening retaliation;
- the *heavily equipped land-combat forces* presently assigned to help defend Western Europe against possible Soviet aggression together with
- *most of the current tactical combat aircraft,* which are intended to provide air cover in the event of a war in Europe and to protect the ocean approaches to Japan; and
- an *unchanged force of surface ships and attack submarines,* to protect the freedom of the seas.

The changes we propose are meant to be introduced over a period of five to ten years. This gradual transition is intended to preserve international stability and to permit a smooth conversion to civilian employment. We also assume that a major revamping of U.S. military policy would be preceded by several years of national publicity, reflection and debate.

•

The United States maintains three kinds of forces for strategic attack: (1) jet bombers (about 400 B-52s and FB-111s); (2) land-based intercontinental ballistic missiles (ICBMs) kept in concrete-reinforced underground silos, from which they can be launched on a few minutes' notice (1000 Minuteman and 54 Titan missiles); and (3) somewhat smaller missiles, based, 16-apiece, on 41 nuclear submarines, from which they can be launched submerged through deck hatches (656 Polaris and Poseidon SLBMs.

Defense limitation publications

Even if you subscribe to the New York **Times,** keeping up on the arms race and the defense establishment in general can be difficult. Two other sources are particularly helpful.

The Defense Monitor (10 issues/yr., free, from Center for Defense Info., 122 Maryland Ave., NE, Washington, DC 20002); "The Center for Defense Information supports a strong defense but opposes excessive expenditures or forces. It believes that strong social, economic, and political structures contribute equally to national security and are essential to the strength and viability of our country." Each issue features a particular aspect of defense policy.

Arms Control Today ($20/yr., $10/students, 11 issues, from The Arms Control Assn., 11 Dupont Circle NW, Washington, DC 20036) focuses more generally on strategic weapons and weapons systems, and related areas (e.g., nuclear proliferation). Each issue contains a few pages of essays on relevant topics by different authors. Roughly half of each issue is given over to "Arms Control in Print" — bibliographies of recently published articles in a variety of arms control subject areas.

If you're a serious student of arms and defense issues, or simply want to keep reasonably informed in these areas as part of your regular general input (as do I), these two publications are invaluable. Those of us interested in more social, political, spiritual, and/or appropriately technological issues would do well to remember that the world remains on the edge of blowing itself up. Until we solve *that* one, all the rest may be academic.

Antidefensestablishmentarianly,

Phillip Greenberg
Mill Valley, California

"THE FINAL SOLUTION"

READ IT 'N' WEEP!

by R. Crumb

IT'S ALL GOTTEN SO COMPLICATED!! THERE'S NO RATIONAL WAY TO MANAGE THESE POWERFUL FORCES ANYMORE... IT'S TOO BIG FOR ANY ONE MAN...

THE SITUATION DEFINITELY VERGES ON BEING OUT OF CONTROL...

HA..I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, MY FRIENDS... THE SITUATION IS OUT OF CONTROL!

WELL, MR. PRESIDENT, WE MUSTN'T GIVE UP HOPE.. WE'VE GOT TO KEEP WORKING ON IT...

I DON'T KNOW... I'M TIRED..."BURNED OUT" AS THEY SAY... I'M THE ONE THEY ALL LOOK TO FOR A DECISION... THEY STILL THINK I'M IN A POSITION TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS MESS...

YES..YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT, SIR... IT'S QUITE TRUE...

NO DOUBT ABOUT IT...

IT'S THE PRESSURE... I'M ALWAYS UNDER SUCH ENORMOUS PRESSURE... WHO DO THEY THINK I AM?! GOD?!?

WELL, NO ONE EXPECTS YOU TO WORK MIRACLES!

IT'S COMPLICATED.

THE PEOPLE THINK I'M GUTLESS... LITTLE DO THEY REALIZE WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON... THE STUPID SHEEP!!

YES, I'M AFRAID YOU'RE RIGHT, MR. PRESIDENT... RECENT POLLS SHOW THAT YOUR PUBLIC IMAGE —

MY IMAGE... MY IMAGE... FUCK MY IMAGE! ...BUNCH OF IGNORANT YAHOOS...

SIR, PERHAPS YOU SHOULD TAKE A SHORT VACATION.. GET AWAY FROM WASHINGTON FOR A FEW DAYS...

YES, MAYBE YOU NEED—

WHY SHOULD I CARE WHAT BECOMES OF THIS NATION?! LET THE ASSHOLES RUN IT INTO THE GROUND! I CAN'T STOP THEM... NO ONE CAN STOP THEM!

BUT SIR, WHAT ABOUT YOUR DEBT TO POSTERITY??

ARE YOU NO LONGER CONCERNED ABOUT WHAT HISTORY MIGHT SAY OF YOU??

HISTORY... YES... POSTERITY... I DON'T WANT THEM TO THINK OF ME AS A MERE OPPORTUNISTIC POLITICIAN OF MEDIOCRE CALIBER...

I'LL BE KNOWN AS A SECOND-RATE PRESIDENT WHO COULDN'T STAND UP TO THE POWER ELITE... AND THEY'LL BE RIGHT... I CAN'T.... OH GOD!

SIR, THERE MUST BE SOME WAY...

IT CAN'T BE THAT THE PRESIDENT IS TOTALLY HELPLESS...

NO, OF COURSE I'M NOT TOTALLY HELPLESS.... I CAN ALWAYS~~

DEPLOYS ENTIRE NUCLEAR DEFENSE SYSTEM

CLIK

HA HA HA HA HA

YOU DIRTY—

BZT

5-4-3-2-1-ZERO!

Many Dimensional Man

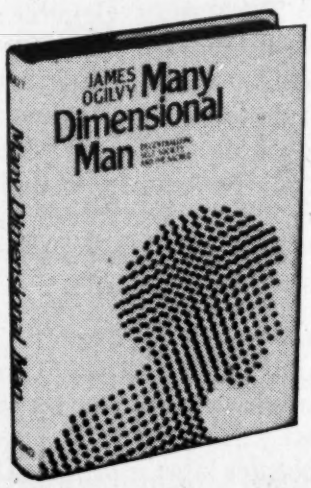
Every so often a book of social analysis comes along that reorients many people's sense of what is intelligent and right to do with their lives. McLuhan's **Understanding Media** *did that. So did Schumacher's* **Small Is Beautiful** *and Marcuse's* **One Dimensional Man**, *off which this book bounces its title.*

Ogilvy's finely-wrought argument is that the old battle of Man against Nature has been essentially won by Man thanks to the tools of Politics and Technology. Now Man's battle is with the uncontrolled wilderness of Politics and Technology, to be fought with tools yet to be invented. Ogilvy suggests paratechnology and parapolitics as the tools and portrays a many-dimensional man who could sharpen and wield them.

I'm thrilled by it. According to him, I would be.

—SB
[Suggested by Peter Schwartz and Sim Van Der Ryn]

Many Dimensional Man
(Decentralizing Self, Society, and the Sacred)
James Ogilvy
1977; 372 pp.
$14.95 postpaid
from:
Oxford University Press
16-00 Pollitt Dr.
Fair Lawn, NJ 07410
or Whole Earth



The paraprofessional mediates between those who need care and an increasingly esoteric system of medicine that seems increasingly unable to help. The paraprofessional does not create new tools; he provides access to already available tools. **The Whole Earth Catalog** is subtitled "Access to Tools." **The Whole Earth Catalog** is an example of what we might call, to coin a new and necessary word, paratechnology.

What about parapolitics? The ratio, patient-paraprofessional-professional to man-?-politics suggests at least the linguistic appropriateness of 'parapolitics' as the name for the social practice mediating between man and the new alien environment. The prefix "para-" connotes both "beside" and "against." What theory defines the practice so named? Surely not the theory of anarchism, more an antipolitics than a parapolitics. The stance of the anarchist is too close to that of the political ascetic, too reminiscent of the will to turn one's back on the alien environment rather than work both beside and against it. Yet the anarchist remains more likely than others to see the sense in which the tools of politics will turn on their modern manipulators and tie them more tightly into the knots they wished to escape.

To complete the preliminaries, the naming of the problems prior to their attempted solutions, what of the new man? What sort of person will flourish in those parapolitical enclaves carved out of the political-technological wilderness? Both the professional's practice and the theory to be developed show him to be a many dimensional man, pluralized and multi-selved. A decentralized parapolitics calls for decentralized people.

•

An opportunistic elite exists. A rich elite exists. But a power elite no longer exists because power assumes the realization of intention and the elite, most particularly and symbolically the presidency, is no longer able to effect intentions of its own design in any politically meaningful way.

What is the difference between the power of the entrepreneur and the "power" of the technocrats? Most briefly it is the difference between the power of the yes and the "power" of the no.

•

By a rotation that is very nearly a reversal, the artificial products of man, from politics and technology in general down to the specifics of food additives, have come to represent the alien other while the natural is increasingly sought as representing the comforts of home. This shift or reversal, what Jung and the dialectical tradition call an *enantiodromia,* becomes evident in petty paradoxes of modern life like a cosmetic company's advertising "the natural look" or a "natural food" that comes in a carton.

•

Contrary to currently debased rhetoric about authenticity and identity crises, the least free persons are those whose personality is single to the point of predictability. The model for many dimensional man is therefore a model of multiple selves within each person. Each self is a source of differing interpretations of those interactions through which a single person carries its several selves.

•

The slave's struggle for emancipation is not only a revolution aimed at freedom from an oppressor; the revolution is also a turning around from individualistic struggles of competition toward the freedom *to* of cooperation. The capacity to act in consort toward imagined goals, the capacity to reason together in order to determine historically the essence of man, is the capacity to act rather than react.

•

The proliferation of human tribes and languages marks freedom's triumph over the uniformity of nature, not reason's fall from uniform grace.

•

Were Socrates alive today would he declare the over examined life not worth living? Our passion to plumb the depths of our private psyches and our rage to affix our personal identities run the risk of generating false identities in the process of asking and too eagerly answering the question, "Who am I?"

Could it be that we are not the autonomous individuals we take ourselves to be? Could it be that we are, in our dispersion into privatism, symptoms of a sickness in the history of man, victims of an illusion? Could our passion to find "personal identity" be like the paranoiac's need to identify "the enemy"? If so the question, "Who am I," can only deepen the sickness, at least until it leads to the further question, "Who are we?"

•

War is the only way out when adversaries exhibit the unthinking compulsiveness of a program. Madness is the name of intrapersonal war and winners are as rare in modern madness as in modern war. True peace — not the deathly calm following destruction but the tenuous, unstable and ever renegotiated peace of subjective mediation — grows only from the mixture of a multiplicity of noncompulsive, nonprogrammatic subjects: intrapersonal ***selves*** rather than programs.

•

Cultures of interdependence like the Olympian pantheon contain *greater variety* of polytheistic ideals to which one might conform. In place of this variety the unity of value implicit in the *Normalgott* of monotheism makes the freedom of the monotheistic ego turn over into its opposite: "Our society gives far more leeway to the individual to pursue his own ends, but, since *it* defines what is worthy and desirable, everyone tends, independently but monotonously, to pursue the same things in the same way." Monotheism takes its toll in monotony.

America is Not Switching to Metric

BY STEWART BRAND

It took a while for the realization to sink in.

There I was in Sacramento on November 3 at the first meeting of the brand new California Metric Conversion Council, one of the ten Council members appointed by Governor Brown. My five years of active opposition to conversion to Metric primed me to learn a great deal at the meeting:

• The 1975 Federal Metric Conversion Act sets no target date for conversion and in no way requires conversion to Metric. Everything you've read to the contrary in the press is wrong. (42% of businessmen polled think that conversion is mandatory.)

• If you're a scientist, engineer, doctor, or educated in Mexico (as a considerable portion of Californians are), the Metric you know is obsolete, replaced by the new System of International Units called "S.I." Valerie Antoine, our Council's strongest supporter of Metric, opined that it would be harder for people familiar with the old Metric to convert to S.I. than those new to the whole subject. (I wonder when the next big change will come.)

• Mrs. Antoine opposed my suggestion that we poll the California public on its interest in Metric. She said that a 1977 national poll reported strong opposition to Metric (45% against it, 26% unaware of it, 24% in favor, and 5% with no opinion), but this showed only that people were understandably afraid of change, and so we would have to "sneak it in."

• There is a fierce controversy in the Metric camp on spelling, purists declaring that "meter" and "liter" should be spelled "metre" and "litre" in America.

• There are two forms of conversion – soft and hard. Soft is where you just change the numbers on things (8 ounces becomes .236584 litres). Hard changes the dimensions, as the wine industry is converting to litre bottles (and some say gypping the consumer in the process – the ones that have converted to Metric raised their unit prices 11% above the unconverted).

• Though all of the other Council members, a fine and fascinating crew, personally liked the Metric system, most of them reported that the groups they represented – retailers, contractors, small businesses, etc. – had no use for it. Some groups such as contractors actively were fighting it; others, such as fast food vendors, didn't care one way or the other. No group was reported as wanting it.

• "Cold turkey" is the term for sudden and total conversion to Metric, as happened in New Zealand. Dr. Richard Porter, a teacher from the Los Angeles Unified School District, urged that we seek funding to run some cold turkey experiments in schools, where the children would no longer be exposed to the old measuring system at all. Other Council members informed Dr. Porter that the schools in San Francisco and Contra Costa counties had been teaching exclusively Metric for years.

• The GAO – General Accounting Office – in Washington this October published a study strongly critical of Metric conversion. It would cost billions of dollars, says the report, and yield little practical advantage. There is widespread popular opposition to it. No country with an economy and population anywhere close to our size has converted to Metric. It is not too late to back away from the whole notion, concludes the GAO.

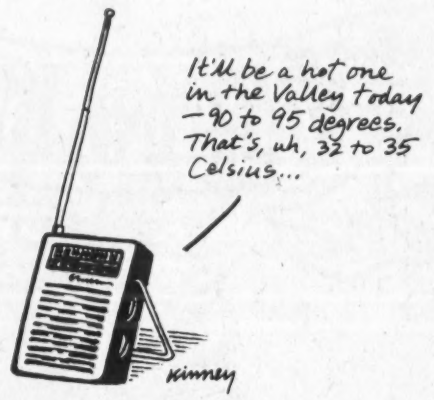
What all this adds up to, in my view, is that Metric conversion is already complete in America. The people who can use its virtues are using it and the rest will continue to ignore it. Physicists who need to abstract large multiples ($E = mc^2$ is a Metric formula) use Metric. Chemists and doctors who work with tiny quantities – c.c.'s and millilitres and such – use Metric. Dope fiends use Metric – kilos and micrograms. And those of us with foreign cars have our Metric wrenches.

Governor Brown considered vetoing the bill that created the Metric Conversion Council, but perhaps thinking that might be presumptious without more public debate, he let it go through. I am assuming that my appointment is to encourage such public debate.

My hope for the Council is that it will be a genuine forum – hearing the views of the public and investigating the advantages and disadvantages of Metric *vs.* the American measuring system as used *in daily life* – which is where government-sponsored conversion most strongly impacts. (Manufacturers dealing overseas readily convert or not depending on their assessment of their market). My further hope is that the Council will shortly conclude that it has no long-term function and set about extinguishing itself and returning its $92,000/year to the legislature for better appropriation elsewhere. On its way out the Council can help purvey the new S.I. system to Metric users and set about stopping the "cold turkey" teaching of Metric in schools.

(Why do the dumbest liberal ideas – bussing, sight reading, new math, Metric conversion – always get played out in the schools? One generation can't spell, another can't figure, another can't measure – and no one ever says "Hey, we were wrong!" The practices just fade away when replaced by newer dumber fads.)

Human Fahrenheit, Inhuman Celsius



BY BRIAN TOSS

April first, 1794: the French National Assembly adopts the Celsius temperature scale, giving it an official relationship with the Metric system, though of course providing it with no rational one. The scale as adopted is an *upside-down* version of Andres Celsius's 0° boiling point of water and 100° melting point of ice calibration. Is the legislation's timing an obscure example of Gallic humor?

Copenhagen, 1708: A young instrument maker Daniel Gabriel Fahrenheit, meets with astronomer Ole Rømer to discuss thermometers. The century prior to their meeting has seen countless experiments with a bewildering and sometimes ludicrous variety of tubes, pots, gauges, ethers, and wines that have failed to produce a single thermometer that is both accurate and consistently reproducible. Rømer's experiments have shown the necessity of exact calibration and the use of unvarying points to measure from, and Fahrenheit subsequently devises a method for producing a mercury-filled thermometer tube of constant diameter and *two* fixed points (originally body temperature and the melting point of ice, the former soon replaced by the boiling point of water[1]), a method which is the basis of all thermometer fabrication today.

His instruments win him wide acclaim and a steady income, allowing further and more extensive research. He is an artisan, not a scientist,[2] his shrewd good sense unconstrained by the dogma of his day. He discovers properties of super-cooled water, the effect of barometric pressure on the boiling point of water, and refinements in hygrometer construction. These are significant achievements, but perhaps no more important than the fundamental assumption that the Fahrenheit scale should have an immediately perceivable relation to the human physicality. To do this he had recorded extremes of temperature for Europe and bracketed the 0° to 100° section of his scale with them. This range is appropriate for habitable climates, and stands as an elegant reference point for temperatures outside ordinary human experience, as found in inhospitable times and places (the poles, deserts, sun, space, etc.).

This significant 0 to 100 range, unfortunately misused in the Metric system, is best suited to high-definition measurements which can be conveniently divided by ten and which "peak" at one hundred. Thus we have a hundred dollars, miles, years, or degrees of temperature indicating significant amounts. Measurements requiring numerous divisors and/or which bear no innate relation to one hundred have other ranges, thus twelve inches, feet, months, eggs, hours, or sixteen ounces or four quarts. In general, arbitrary, person-made sums can be referred to conveniently, some of the time, by tens and hundreds, while *interface* with the world favors more fractionable systems, the more simply to describe portions or multiples of a given value.

The Fahrenheit scale belongs, of course, in the former category. It is a high-definition system of great *humanness*, immediately understandable and easily used, since its "metric section" relates specifically to humans, and not just the characteristics of water. Unlike the Celsius scale it is a reflection and extension of ourselves; it does not have the effect of squeezing us into a sterile, high-tech worldview, residents of a −15 to 40 niche, a fraction of scale having little to do with our daily lives. ■

You wonder how we get our articles? This one just came in the mail, handwritten even (legibly, by the way – something which is not always the case). I don't know a damned thing about Brian Toss except that he's $100 gladder since he wrote us.

–SB

REFERENCES

1. *Dictionary of Scientific Biography, Vol. IV,* p. 517.
2. *History of the Thermometer and Its Uses in Meteorology,* W. E. Knowles, p. 66. A fine book.

(Since I oppose the existence of the Metric Conversion Council and am using my position on it to butter my own parsnips such as this page, I am taking no remuneration or expenses from the Council budget.)

I'm proud that America is not switching to Metric. It means that we are that much less Statist (to use an inflammatory libertarian word) than Canada, England, Australia, and the others.

If you want *your* views on Metric to be known to the Council – pro, con, or informative – write to me. I'm supposed to represent The Consumer – that's everybody. Address:

Stewart Brand
Metric Conversion Council
8500 Fruitridge Rd.
Sacramento, CA 95826 ■

TIME TO INVEST ☆ OVERSEAS ☆

BY MICHAEL PHILLIPS

Right now investment outside the United States makes good financial sense. The U.S. has had a high inflation rate for 10 years because of its expensive war in Vietnam, its large oil imports and its decreasing trade exports. Each of these factors has a variety of explanations and ramifications; however, the likelihood of major improvements in any of the three over the next several decades is poor. We seem always likely to go to war, we aren't conserving energy and our products are steadily losing export appeal.

The last point is most interesting. American products and services sold overseas (including banking) are rapidly losing favor because of shoddy workmanship, poor follow-up service and technical inferiority. While this is offset by the recent dramatic decline in the dollar relative to other currencies which has made American export products cheaper in other countries, the decline in the dollar will only help in the short run because our cheaper products will still have trouble competing in the light of the other drawbacks listed above.

An example of this would be the Harley-Davidson Motorcycle Company trying to market in Malaysia where there are two-lane roads, high fuel prices, strong anti-noise laws and no place to get parts. Harley can't compete with Honda even at 1/2 its current price. The same is true for U.S. products competing

Michael Phillips handles investments for Glide Church, the most radical foundation in San Francisco. The author of The Seven Laws of Money *and a former United California Bank executive, he's a regular contributor to* CQ.

From January to September, 1978 Glide's securities, here listed, had a return of 25%.

—SB

These portfolios are the endowment of Glide Memorial United Methodist Church. "A" is primarily for growth of assets and "B" is to generate income since it is part of a trust where principal can not be used. Both funds support the programs of Glide Church.

In the past 25 years, these funds have been invested in American securities and have supported the activities of Glide Church. However, even with good management in the 1960s and exceptional management in the 1970s, the most recent return has barely been sufficient to offset inflation. The return on the portfolios from 1960 to 1970 was 6.5% per year. "Return" being the total of dividend income and increase in face value of the securities. This was good by institutional investment standards for the period. Inflation during that time was 3.3% per year based on the Consumer Price Index for the S.F. Bay Area where we have to pay for supplies, salaries, and maintenance of church facilities. However, from 1970 to 1977, the return has been 8.6% per year, quite exceptional for a period when most portfolios declined in value. Nevertheless, the inflation has been 8.4% per year.

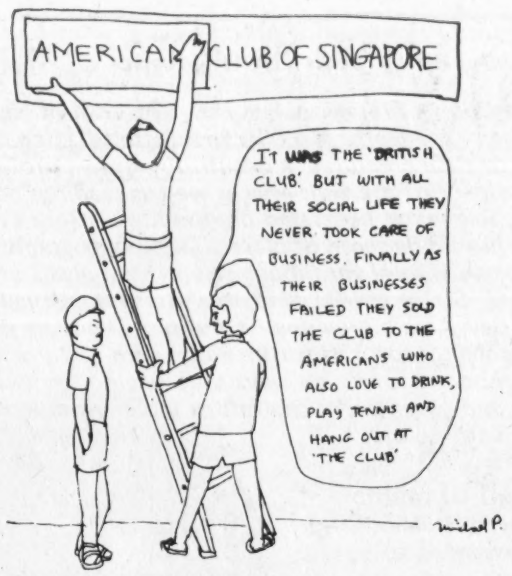
The portfolios' assets have now been shifted outside the U.S. so that the church programs may be able to survive intact in spite of the inflationary environment.

THE GLIDE FOUNDATION
Fund 'A' (Corporation Assets)

GROWTH

Region and Country	Name of Company	Unit Size
Europe		
France	Air Liquide	$ 25,000
	Carrefour	25,000
	Thompson CSF (convertible)	25,000
	Legrand	25,000
	St. Gobain	25,000
Netherlands	Algemene Bank	30,000
	Telegraaf	30,000
	Elsevier	30,000
	Nationale Nederlanden	30,000
Belgium	EBES	30,000
	Delhaize	30,000
Germany	Siemens	30,000
	Mannesmann	30,000
	Deutsche Bank	30,000
	Sub Total	$395,000
Far East		
Australia	BHP	30,000
	Coles	30,000
Japan	Marui	30,000
	Matsushita Electric Industries	30,000
	Ricoh	25,000
	TDK	25,000
	Kashiyama	30,000
	Yamazaki Baking	30,000
	Hitachi	30,000
Hong Kong	Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank	30,000

Illustrations by Michael Phillips



with most of the other foreign product lines that have been thriving here such as stereos, cars, cameras, watches, etc.

Underlying the export problem is a low level of productivity in the U.S. for the past decade. This is visible in many American businesses where it is common to find slow, careless workers who work short hours with little interest in their work, and are occasionally drunk or stoned on the job.

In retrospect, the peak of America's economic power appears to have been in the late 1950s. The economic and marketing future seems to lie with the nations that have a strong work ethic and a cohesive culture. In the next several decades, that includes: Japan, West Germany, Belgium, Korea, and the "Overseas Chinese" living in Hong Kong, Taiwan and Singapore.

The Glide portfolios were created by myself and the Investment advisory firm of Scudder, Stevens and Clark. The composition of securities changes as markets and needs change. Don't copy this portfolio and sit on it for 10 years!

The excecution of buy and sell orders for Glide is handled by Chase Manhattan Bank Custodial Services for a .1% annual fee plus transaction fees. They are excellent! Securities are kept in Europe and Japan. Be aware, many countries levy income taxes on securities' earnings. ■

Region and Country	Name of Company	Unit Size
Hong Kong (Cont'd.)	Hong Kong Land	25,000
	Jardine Matheson	25,000
Singapore	Malayan Banking	30,000
	Sub Total	$370,000
North America		
Canada	Home Oil	15,000
	Pacific Petroleum	15,000
	Total Petroleum	15,000
	Sub Total	$ 45,000
	GRAND TOTAL	$810,000

Fund 'B'

Lizzie Glide and Epworth Wesley Trusts

INCOME PLUS
+ PRESENTATION OF CAPITAL

Region and Country	Name of Company	Unit Size
North America		
U.S.A.	Avon	$ 20,000
	First National Bank of Boston	20,000
	Household Finance	20,000
	Halliburton	20,000
	International Paper	20,000
	Florida Power & Light	20,000
	Sub Total	$120,000
Europe		
France	St. Gobain	20,000
	CSF convertible bond	20,000
	Paribas	20,000
	Air Liquide	20,000
Netherlands	Algemene Bank	20,000
	Telegraaf	20,000
	Nationale Nederlanden	20,000
Belgium	EBES	20,000
	Delhaize	18,000
Germany	Siemens	20,000
	Mannesmann	20,000
	Deutsche Bank	20,000
United Kingdom	British Treasury 10½%, 1999 to yield about 13%	30,000
	Sub Total	$268,000
Far East		
Australia	BHP	20,000
	Coles	20,000
	Ansett	20,000
Japan	Matsushita Electric Industries, 6¾%, 1990	80,000
	Ito Yokado, 5¾%, 1993	30,000
	Komatsu, 7¼%, 1990	30,000
	Fujitsu, 4¼%, 1986	30,000
	Ricoh, new issue, terms under negotiation	30,000
Hong Kong	Hong Kong & Shanghai Bank	30,000
	Jardine Matheson	20,000
	Hong Kong Land	20,000
	Swire Pacific	20,000
Singapore	Development Bank of Singapore, 6½%, 1991	30,000
	Sub Total	$380,000
	GRAND TOTAL	$768,000

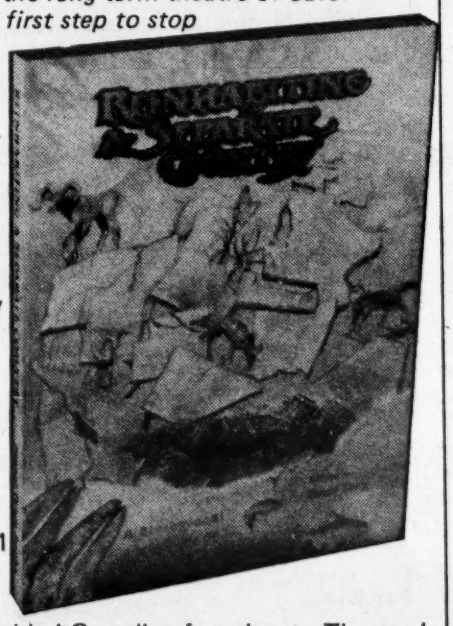
Understanding Whole Systems

Reinhabiting a Separate Country

In North America, the memory of the pre-humanized landscape is still close. Remnant primeval forests, patches of virgin prairies, maybe 50 significant stretches of untouched river, small herds of buffalo, an occasional grizzly all remind us of yesteryears. This memory (and an interest in the native peoples who lived in harmony with these creatures) has given birth to the "bioregionalists." They are a group of scientists, writers, actors, politicians and folk who would like to see the remnants of preEuroAmerican landscape preserved. They would like to see humans and modern governments adjusting themselves to what's left of Nature (rather than continually destroying Nature and then trying to adjust to the earthscape they have just destroyed).

The eloquent ideologue of the bioregional vision is Peter Berg. Whenever you get a feeling that you should slow down and talk to the old people, check out the magic mountains, settle in one watershed and become more intimate with the fabric of human settlement and water dynamics, then Peter's vocabulary coyotes into your speech. **Reinhabiting a Separate Country** *is the book he's edited. The "separate country" is defined by the mountain ranges that form the rim of the Great Valley of California plus some of the coastal ranges that drain into the Pacific ("northern" California). On Arthur Okamura's color map, the separate country appears as concentric circles with grassland in the middle, then a ring of oaks and another of conifers. Like the periodical* **Planet Drum** *(WEE, p, 460), the book is a collection — essays such as Albert Saijo's so gentle and intelligent, "Me, Muir and Sierra Nevada"; Joe Kim's personal telling of the Chinese along the Sacramento and the Yuba floods and the miraculous escape of the Bok I temple; science senses by Ray Dasmann, Bob Curry and Dennis Breedlove; poems, stories and pop economic theory. In the long-term theatre of Save-the-Planet, this is a heroic first step to stop time, take stock and give priority to local economy, watershed ecosystems and a "now primitive" culture.*

—Peter Warshall



Reinhabiting a Separate Country
(A Bioregional Anthology of Northern California)
Peter Berg, Ed.
1978; 220 pp.
$6.00 postpaid
from:
Planet Drum Books
Box 31251
San Francisco, CA 94131
or Whole Earth

Muir the Preservationist added Guardian function to Thoreau's Witness function. Now through them we are to be the Guardian-Witness of Earth Sacrament.

•

Reinhabitation means learning to live-in-place in an area that has been disrupted and injured through past exploitation. It involves becoming native to a place through becoming aware of the particular ecological relationships that operate within and around it. It means understanding activities and evolving social behavior that will enrich the life of that place, restore its life-supporting systems, and establish an ecologically and socially sustainable pattern of existence within it. Simply stated it involves becoming fully alive in and with a place. It involves applying for membership in a biotic community and ceasing to be its exploiter.

•

We define *bioregion* in a sense different from the biotic province of Dasmann (1973) or the biogeographical province of Udvardy (1975). The term refers both to geographical terrain and a terrain of consciousness — to a place and the ideas that have developed about how to live in that place.

Biogeography Workbook; Gulf of Maine

Two additional bioregional works. **The Gulf of Maine** *includes: "Fishing in the Gulf: A 5,000 year history"; fine color photographs of tidal creatures; a beautifully drawn profile of a long-time resident of the Gulf area as well as readings on tuna, whales, folksongs, boats and boatbuilders. Gary Lawless (the editor) has a fine sense of place. The* **Biogeography Workbook** *is more conceptual with much scientific analysis of bioregional concepts. Six of the 20 solid, analytic and rational essays are by the Bay Area bioregionalist group. (There are poems and fine engravings too.) Not concerned with any one bioregion, the workbook focuses on ways that logging, agriculture, science and government can return to a harmonious integration with nature.*

—Peter Warshall

The Gulf of Maine
(Blackberry Reader One)
Gary Lawless, Ed.
1977
$4.95 postpaid
from:
Blackberry
Box 186
Brunswick, ME 04011

Truck 18: Biogeography Workbook (1)
David Wilk, Ed.
1978; 259 pp.
$4.00 postpaid
from:
Truck Press
P.O. Box 4544
Industrial Station
St. Paul, MN 55104

NIGH DUCK

Sometimes seals come to
Nigh Duck
And they ho-hum for a
time on
Bedrock, north of the harbor

Such seamarks, limed
by gulls
And cormorants,
Tell the skipper
When to port the helm.

Often they bring to mind
This old happening
Or that.

No rock in the sea
goes unnoticed
By chart or heart.
Thoughts as well as birds
Countenance such presences,
Points of reference —
Isolated things
Surrounded by a desert
or a deep.

We steer by them,
or home on them.

—Alonzo Gibbs
(Gulf of Maine)

•

TO GET MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE:	**TO AVOID PESTICIDES:**
MEAT	
Eat Organ Meats	Avoid Organ Meats
Minimal Cooking	Fry in Deep Fat
	Broil or Pressure Cook
DAIRY PRODUCTS	
Drink Whole Fresh Milk	Drink Powdered Skim Milk
FRUITS & VEGETABLES	
Eat Raw	Pressure Cook or Fry
Eat Peel, Core, Outer Leaves, Pod, etc.	Eat Canned Foods
	Wash, Peel, Core, Remove Pod or Outer Leaves

•

Perhaps the most simple direct action that could be taken by Congress would be to pass a direct, straight-forward unambiguous Agricultural Sustained Yield Act, professing its national policy to maintain the productive potential of the nation's lands in perpetuity. Within the National Forests we already have the Multiple Use Sustained Yield Act of 1960. But there has been a considerable misapplication of this congressional mandate simply because no one in the Forest Service seems to be able to agree on what, in practice, comprises sustained yield. The root problem on the National Forests is the same as we see throughout the nation's agricultural lands. It is one of definition of soil function, definition of sustained productivity in perpetuity, and lack of directed research on soil-forming, and soil-sustaining processes.

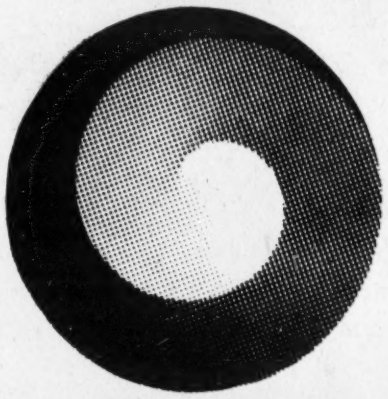
—Robert Curry
(Biogeography Workbook)

I first went to Alex Grey's studio last summer to see his photos of the *Monsters*. Once there, I was even more impressed by the range of his work: the fact that the same alloying of contradictions that occurs within each piece also occurs from one piece to another. His state-of-grace is the intensified paradox. Born in Columbus, Ohio, Alex is 24 and living now, quietly and happily, with his wife Allyson, in Boston.

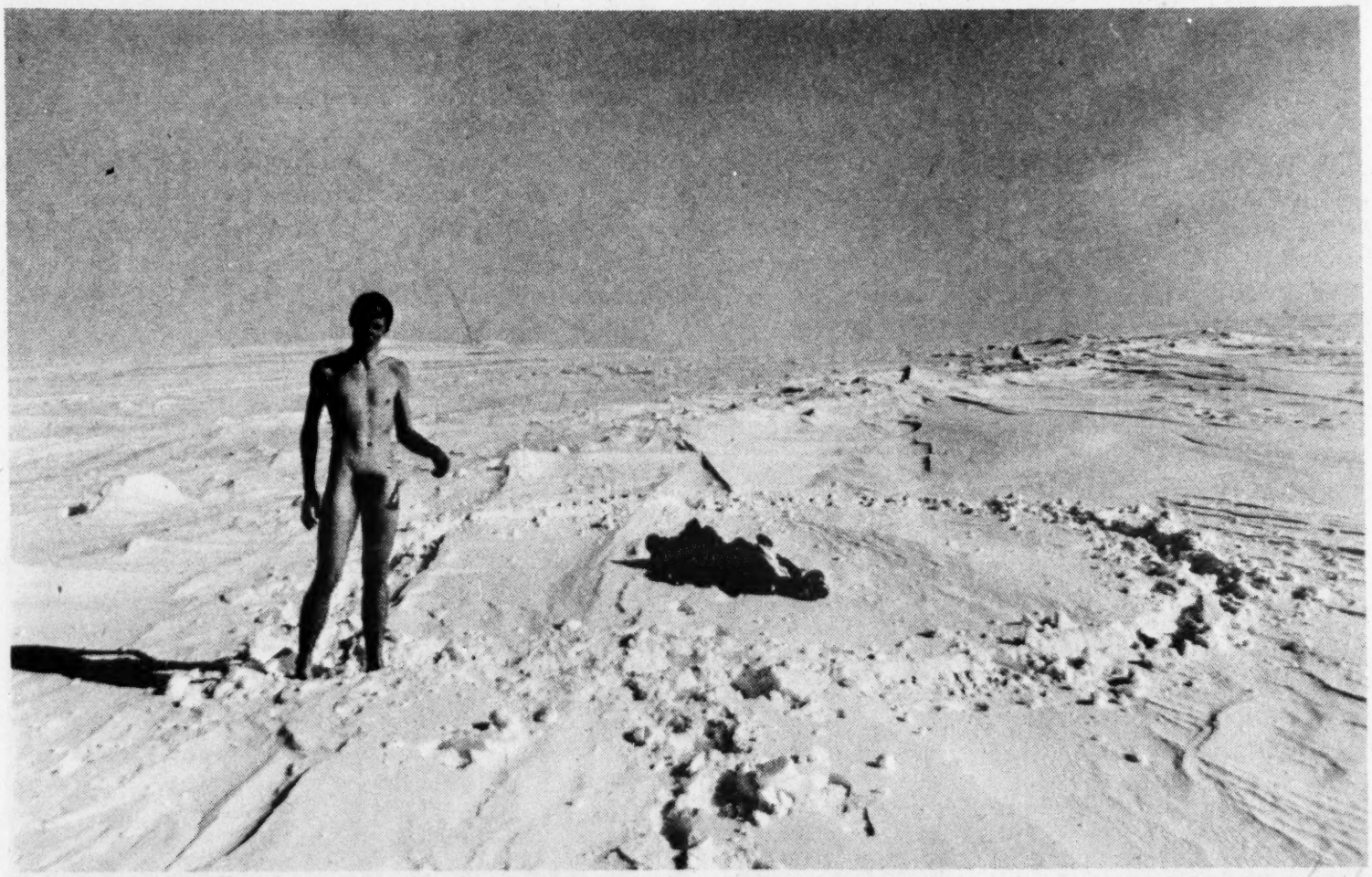
—Robert Horvitz

POLAR UNITY

EVENTS AND ARTIFACTS BY ALEX GREY

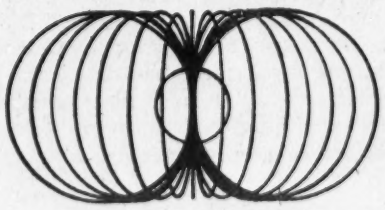


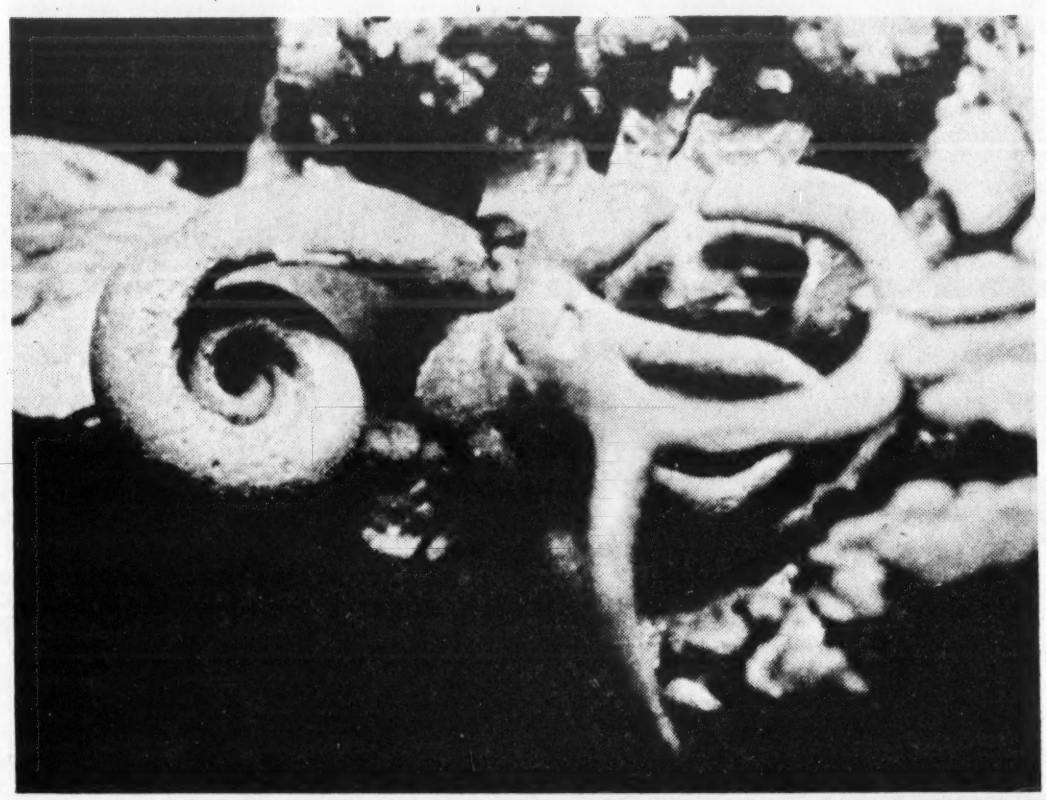
Polar Unity is the resolution of disparities and oppositions by transcendent insight into their basic interdependence. My artworks are about exploring and resolving conflicts in the inner/outer world, and I've discovered Polar Unity is their underlying theme. I use physical situations which emphasize polarities as gateways to a more intense or expanded appreciation of what is. Experiencing the connections is symbolized as black becomes grey becomes white in the Polar Unity Spiral. A recurring theme in my work is the search for and encounter with Divine Love, alleviating my private fears and allowing me to see the beauty and perfection of things as they are. Love, courage, and insight are keys which allow us to transcend polarities and embrace "the All." Creating these peak experiences in various ways is the intention of my work. —*Alex Grey*



POLAR WANDERING (1975)

I flew and snowmobiled up to the North Magnetic Pole, located in the Arctic near Resolute Bay. This required much planning and money. After arriving there, I felt foolish because I did not know why I had come. The Pole itself wanders in an unpredictable path, and at the Pole my compass needle just spun around. The sun circled overhead all day. I took off my clothes in the −30° ice desert and ran around in a circle. I felt like I had dissolved into energy and become one with the magnetic field surrounding the earth. I experienced my connection with the infinite field organizing and maintaining the universe.





THE INNER EAR (1976)

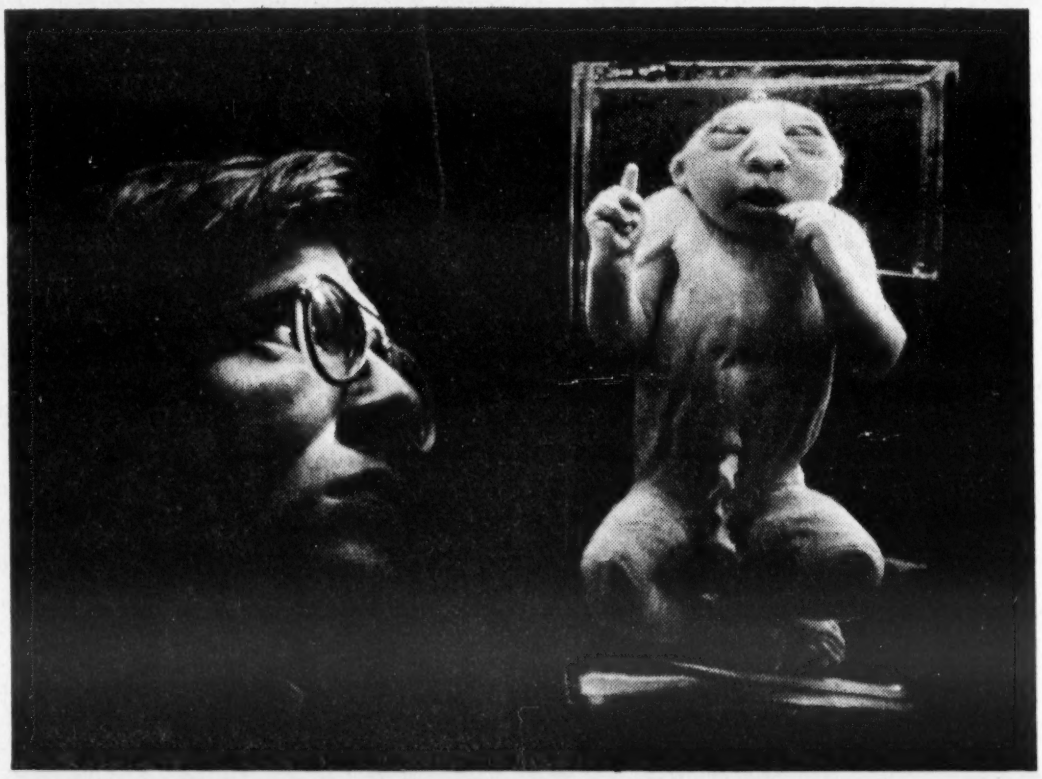
This was a materialization of the organ which allows us to maintain our physical balance. (Metaphorically, an "inner ear" hears our inner voice, and this allows us to maintain our mental balance.) The head was removed from an old woman who had recently died. I melted some lead and poured it into her ear. The next day, I cut the bone surrounding the metal out of her skull and dissolved the bone away with acid. The lead had filled the negative space of her ear and cast the delicate labyrinth of the inner ear.

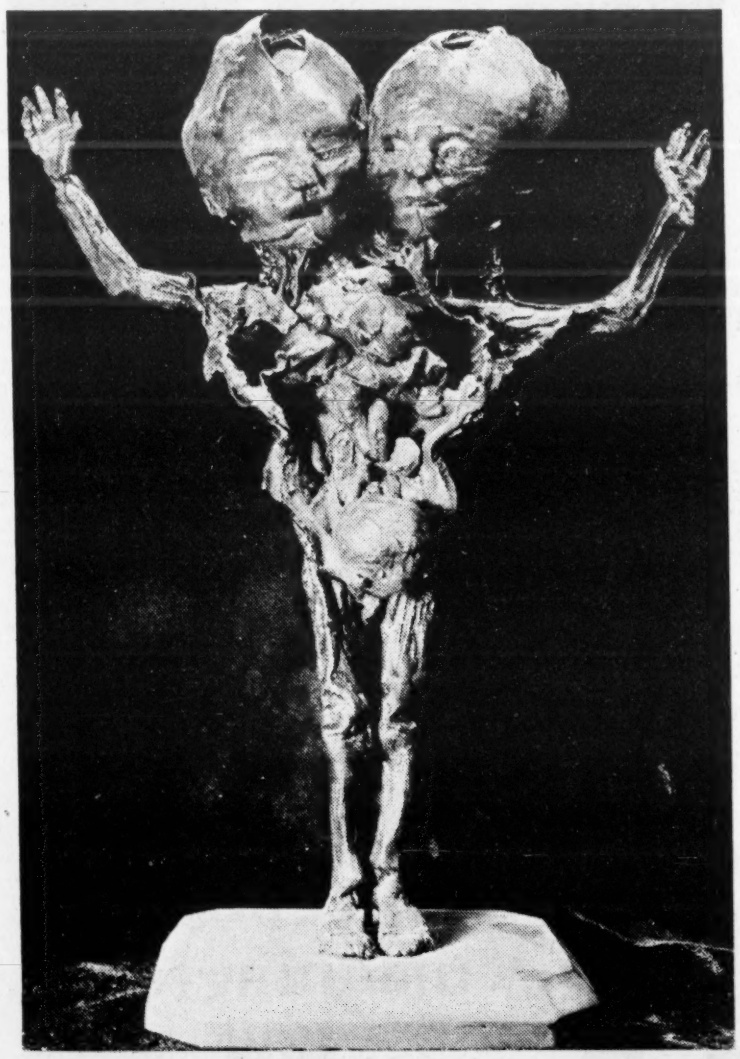
MONSTERS (1976)

I work in a museum of medical history. First by accident, then by search, I found a number of malformed babies preserved and tucked away in corners of locked rooms. There was a brainless wise one, a double-headed messiah, a wrinkled siren, a cyclops, and on and on. Each one seemed to me to express unique and powerful insights about the nature of our being. When I found the time, I sought out, studied, and photographed the babies. I took photos of thirty in all.

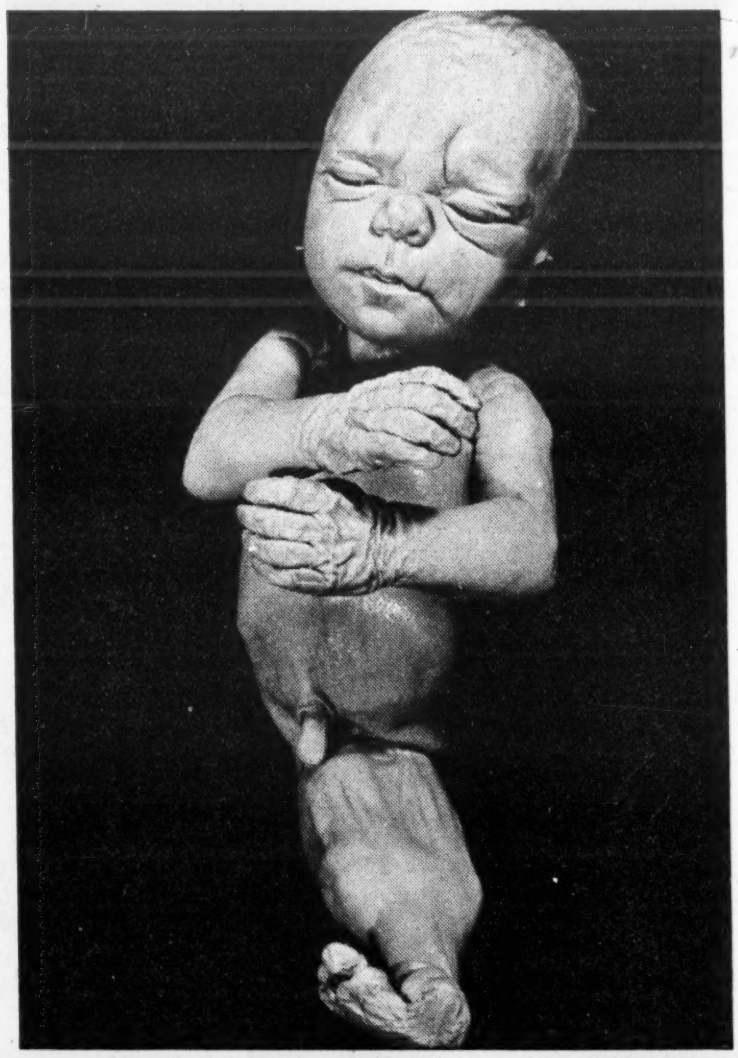
Teratology is the scientific study of monstrosities. Modern teratologists create experimental genetic malformations in lower animals hoping to understand chromosome malfunction in humans. In prescientific cultures, monsters were direct inspirations for myth and religious folklore. Are they simply mechanistic failures, or are they also divine symbols? A few weeks after completing the photographs, I was awakened in the middle of the night, covered with sweat and trembling with fear. An image of a malformed fetus hovered in front of me. Voices spoke from it saying that some of the monsters were my past incarnations and they were going to flow through me again. I resisted what I thought was an evil force and sought the protection of God's love. The Devil was summoned by the voices. I was afraid of losing my mind. Suddenly, the voice of an interplanetary angel named Mr. Lewis (his own self-description) told me he would help and guide me. With his reassurance, I went back to sleep.

As a result of my interest, the museum now includes an exhibit of teratological specimens.

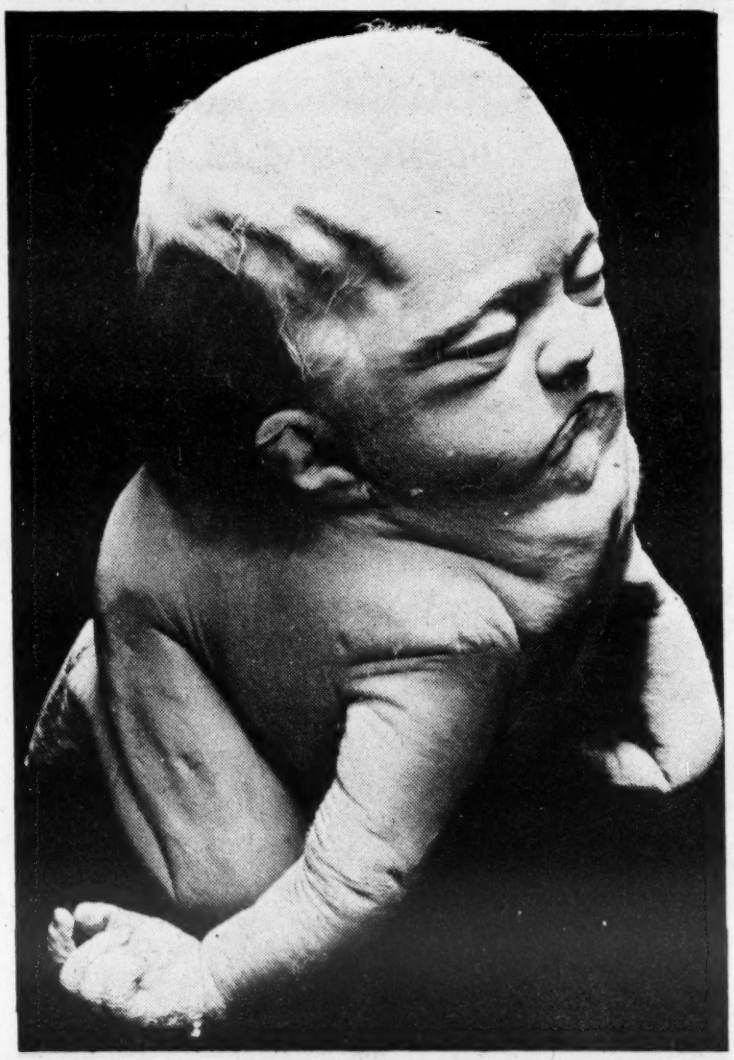




DICEPHALIC TWINS



SIREN



INIENCEPHALIC

ANENCEPHALIC

WE LOVE US (1977)

After a series of depressing and negative, but enlightening, artworks, I looked for something which would reflect my positive feelings about life. Allyson Rymland and I decided to make a small book about our loving and truly happy relationship together. We turned our attention to the everyday situations and feelings that gave us pleasure and purpose. *We Love Us* is like an ecstatic primer and was a major change of focus in our lives and our art. Each square below represents a page in the book, and there are 40 pages altogether. Anyone wishing to order a copy can send us $5.00. Our address is 105 Chauncy St., Boston, MA 02111. ■

In praise of pantheism

Hi,

I'm not too sure on my history, but it seems to me the rise and effects of monotheistic religions, and the cultures they arise from, is an example of coevolution. "Primitive" cultures, peasant cultures, and nomadic communities seem to be decentralized politically, economically, and socially. They are also pantheistic, i.e., decentralized spiritually. But when folks get together in cities, we begin to see authoritarian forms of government developing, and also authoritarian monotheistic religions: Akhenaton (or somebody like that) in Egypt deciding that RA was the big boss; the Jews changing from "Thou shalt have no god before me" (but equal with me is all right), to "I'm the only one"; Zeus taking over in Greece, Jupiter in Rome. The Hindu progression from pantheism through the Upanishadic identification of self with an absolute (but impersonal) to Buddhism. We can even see it in reverse, with the deification of the saints in Christianity whenever urban culture gives way to peasant communities (as in the Middle Ages). With commerce and the rise of the central state comes the Protestant Reformation and the return of divinity to the Biggie.

As other essays in **CQ** have pointed out (and this is what got me started on this whole train of thought), monotheistic religions are otherworldly, and so people take less care about the world around them. (The great middle eastern religions, Muslim, Christianity, Judaism, are all religions of the city or of waste places — desert = other world.) An artificial environment reinforces the otherworldliness. It can get so strong that rural folks are locked into the dominant religion and never live *in* the country, just *on* it. That's why the South of the U.S. has such barren soil, and why folks leave the farm for the city, where their hearts always were to begin with.

Perhaps that's why the Central American cultures allowed their soils to laterize, thus starving populous cities to ruins, while the North American Indians remained in ecological balance with their land.

Well, that's sort of a digression. What I'm thinking of is how the great religions, once established, become a political force that changes the culture: as Pirenne pointed out, the crusades lead to the Rennaissance by exposing Europe to Arab commerce and learning. Not to mention the divine right of kings, the "mandate of heaven" in China, theocracies in Central America, ancient Egypt, Tibet, Utah, etc.

Perhaps the argument can be carried even further: once man is the center of this world (the mediator between this and the next, the redeemable center of the fallen world, halfway between angel and animal, etc.), he becomes the measure of all things, thus a scientist. Super-rationalist doubter, he invents science and technology, which in turn alters the entire face of the world for most people, attenuating direct experience of the divine and leading to the modern non-religious state, where no transcendent religion means nc transcendent morality, which means no limits on man's inhumanity (A-bombs, rape, mercury poisoning, Southern mill sweatshops, etc.). Which leads to paranoid populace and authoritarian government.

Parallel development: a large corporation like GM sinks a lot of money into tools, cannot change tooling to meet an advance or even a felt need, so hires advertisers, etc., to change the feeling and need. Technology arises from the need to do a job, but once the tools are adopted/adapted (specialization), the job must fit the tool (lack of flexibility). Thus the auto industry is set up for a collapse.

So progress from a world where everything is divine to a world where everything is dead, from a world where anything is possible to a world where some things are likely and others unlikely, and from an open, semi-anarchic society to a paranoid, authoritarian society.

Sure hope y'all keep on publishing

Cracker

World Map of Desertification

Not only an image to ponder on your wall, but nice details — where desert is encroaching and why, whether by human or animal pressure and what the local vulnerabilities are — salinization, alkalinisation, topsoil runoff, exposure of hardpan, etc. All put together, a big grim picture.

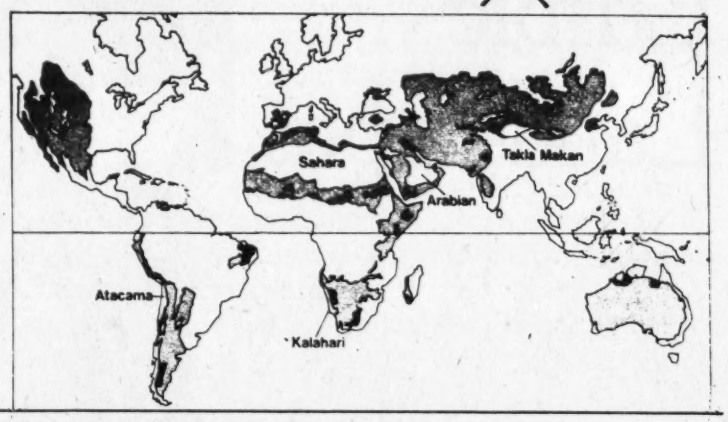
—*SB*
[Suggested by Ron Hendricks]

World Map of Desertification, 1977

write for price from:
Uniterra
P.O. Box 30552
Nairobi, Kenya

or

Unipub (available soon)
P.O. Box 433
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10016



The Grabbing of the Fairy

The problem with being an "ecologist," as with being an anything, is that the inspirational speeches make the real inspiration grow cold after a while, and all you have left to work with is the memory of a passion. For me this playlet by poet and playwright Michael McClure, astounding on stage but still surprisingly vivid on page, reignites the passion.

—*SB*

The Grabbing of the Fairy
A masque by Michael McClure
1978; 41 pp.

$3.50 postpaid
from:
Truck Press
1645 Portland Ave.
Saint Paul, MN 55104
or Whole Earth

APPARITION

I'm still seein it with my real face out there in the big air, on the other side, where everything is happening! THE OGRES GOT THE FAIRY ON THE TABLE AND THEY ARE DOING TORTURING! AND I GOTTA LOOK AT IT. AND THEY'RE TOO BIGGGG — I CAN'T STOP EM! It's drivin me crazzzy!

It is still not too late to save the Fairy! Everything happens at a different speed out there. Time is different there. The Uglies move real slow.

NOW THEY BITE THE FAIRY, AND THEY PINCH, AND THEY GOT SOME STICKY FIRE STUFF. Now they laugh and pick their noses.

Look, they haven't chopped all the trees down or drowned the desert — so the Fairy could get away . . . If I had some help I could get up high and get a Ugly Ogre who was off balance and topple him over! Or I could get behind him — 'n' somebody could push him backwards over me! BUT SOMEBODY GOTTA DO SOMETHIN!

Edible Landscapes

Genetic dwarf peach trees in front of a rock wall for heat storage to encourage fast ripening of the peaches. Strawberries at the top to trail over the wall. Chives, coral bells, and columbine below. The rocks are laid in dry-wall fashion with earth pockets.

ROSEMARY MENNINGER

TALKING WITH ROBERT KOURICK

The "edible landscape" is used today to describe everything from a field of wild sunflowers to a front lawn replanted in vegetables. But edible landscaping is both a science and a philosophy to a number of landscapers. Among them is Robert Kourick of Marin County, California. Kourick believes it is a step towards understanding how this planet can support its human population in the coming century without sacrificing the diversity of other life forms. He is developing methods of growing edible and ornamental plants together for maximum beauty, minimum upkeep, and a self-sustaining yield of food.

He does it by concentrating on growing perennials that do not need to be replanted each year and annuals that reseed themselves spontaneously. He uses ground-cover plants that fertilize other plants, such as the beautiful pastel-flowering lupin which puts nitrogen in the soil. He has found that the Giant Russel Lupin responds better to irrigation than other native California lupin and provides a colorful spectrum of flowers.

Kourick's goal is to develop what he calls a "self-reliant" garden that produces all of the nutritional needs for each plant. "The gardener," he says, "can then supply his own nutritional needs by adapting his diet to the garden's produce."

Kourick's current masterpiece is a self-sustaining garden that meets the nutritional needs of John Kelley, a man with serious health problems. Among the staples of Kelley's diet are nutritious greens from the garden, especially kale, which is one of the most vitamin-rich vegetables known. "He also eats salads

The life-support system that Robert Kourick makes use of in gardening forms an organic model for his professional life. Kourick is also a freelance teacher of organic gardening working with schools and community groups that are developing gardens. Through his contacts with the community, he is approached by individuals who hire him to create edible landscapes for their homes. These gardens are his research and development sites where he tests new techniques and plant materials. He publishes his findings and spreads his enthusiasm through Dump Heap, a non-profit organization started by Robert Kourick, his friend, gardening author Jamie Jobb, and other gardeners.

— Rosemary Menninger.

of lambsquarters, a weed," says Kourick. "Any edible weed contains more vitamins and minerals than lettuce." Kelley has been relying on various prescribed drugs (anti-coagulants for the blood, diuretics for flushing the circulatory system, and other drugs) to stabilize his health. But the garden now supplies herbs with many of the same attributes as the drugs, and he is gradually switching over to the herbal medicines from his garden. Burdock, which can be cooked as a stir-fry vegetable, horseradish, garlic and cayenne are all grown in the garden as anti-bacterians for the blood. The higher the concentration of essential oil, the greater the germicide effect; of these, cayenne is the highest in oil concentrate.

"The doctors told John Kelley he would be dead by now," says Kourick. "But eating from and working in the garden has given him renewed vigor. He is a former architect and likes to be outdoors. Once the garden is fully established, he can maintain it with little energy, and with the terracing he does not even have to stoop over."

Kourick tries to design his gardens so that they make use of resources available on the property. The flagstone for terracing the retired architect's garden was found on the site in a pile that had been left from previous construction. The large quantity of stone in the garden acts as a heat storage and allows the raising of certain heat-loving plants, such as eggplant and cayenne, that are only marginally successful elsewhere in Marin County. The chicken coop Kourick is building for the garden will include four pens planted in green manure cover crops. The chickens will be moved to a new pen every two weeks while the previous pen is reseeded. Nutritious greens, such as comfrey and kale will grow on the perimeters of the pens for additional chicken food, and grain amaranth will be grown outside the pens for a continual supply of grain. The chicken manure will be a staple of the garden's compost pile.

Much of the garden maintenance is taken care of by the plants' own interaction. Drought-tolerant groundcovers fertilize the fruit trees and can sustain themselves with the same occasional watering that fruit trees require.

Comfrey is grown for the cleansing effect it has in the soil, a result of the silica its roots put into the ground. This process diminishes the need for crop rotation of tomatoes and potatoes, wilt-prone vegetables which normally cannot be grown in the same place twice. When interplanted with comfrey, nonhybrid tomatoes and potatoes can be harvested, leaving the plants with enough fruit to reseed themselves for the coming year.

To lessen the need for phosphorous fertilizer, the element necessary for a plant to produce healthy fruit, Kourick grows plants that are phosphorous accumulators. These include lupin, sweet clover, buckwheat, turnip, and the seeds of mustard and hemp. They are grown around the property to mine phosphorus from the soil; then they are thrown into the compost to be redistributed into the garden area.

Kourick sets aside space where he grows herbs and legumes that fertilize the soil to prepare for a rotation crop of corn and other heavy feeders. He interplants garlic, chive, yarrow, nasturtium, and tansy (an herb) for general pest control and he uses mint on the perimeters of terraced beds for erosion control. By planting shallow-rooted and deep-tap rooted plants together, he believes that the deep double-digging technique popular among many organic gardeners can be maintained by the plant's root action, so there's no need of re-digging the bed every other year.

The model for all of these techniques is the forest, where plants support each other. With the forest's base of perennials and tree crops, essential nutrients are continuously reestablished in the soil. Sir Albert Howard, the famous British soil scientist, examined this phenomena and used forests as models for developing composting systems.

Kourick is looking for an approach to gardening that makes use of the interconnectedness of nature. He sees a compromise between the high yields of organic gardening and the low maintenance of harvesting food plants grown in the wilderness. "Some Indian

Foreground, red-leafed amaranth. Left, fruit trees espalliered against stone wall. Right, sunflowers for the 4-pen self-feeding chicken system. Rear, 2-bin composting. Terracing allows easier working and thoroughfare in garden.

tribes needed 40 acres per person to random forage their food," he explains. "The type of gardening I do produces fewer pounds per acre than labor-intensive gardening but the plants are better adapted to their environment so they require less care and can grow on marginal land not normally suited to gardening."

The real trick which makes Kourick's gardens pay for themselves is their beauty. "I often do not tell clients about the long-term potential for these types of gardens; they are just happy that it looks so pretty and produces food. But it is surprising how open clients are to my new methods. I introduce them to lesser known food plants, such as pineapple and guava, and they enjoy it. And I am finding cheaper ways to do things all the time."

Robert Kourick believes that tree crops can be a mainstay of any garden, and he has discovered a plant breeder in Modesto, whom he calls the "new" Luther Burbank. This man is Floyd Zaeger who has developed genetic dwarf fruit trees that are strong on adaptive qualities and perfect for Kourick's garden.

Regular dwarf trees are really only semi-dwarf; they are normal fruit trees that are grafted onto a dwarfing, or mauling, rootstock that has had its growth inhibited. The dwarfed rootstock limits the carbohydrates that feed the treetop so that the tree is dwarfed by a nutritional imbalance.

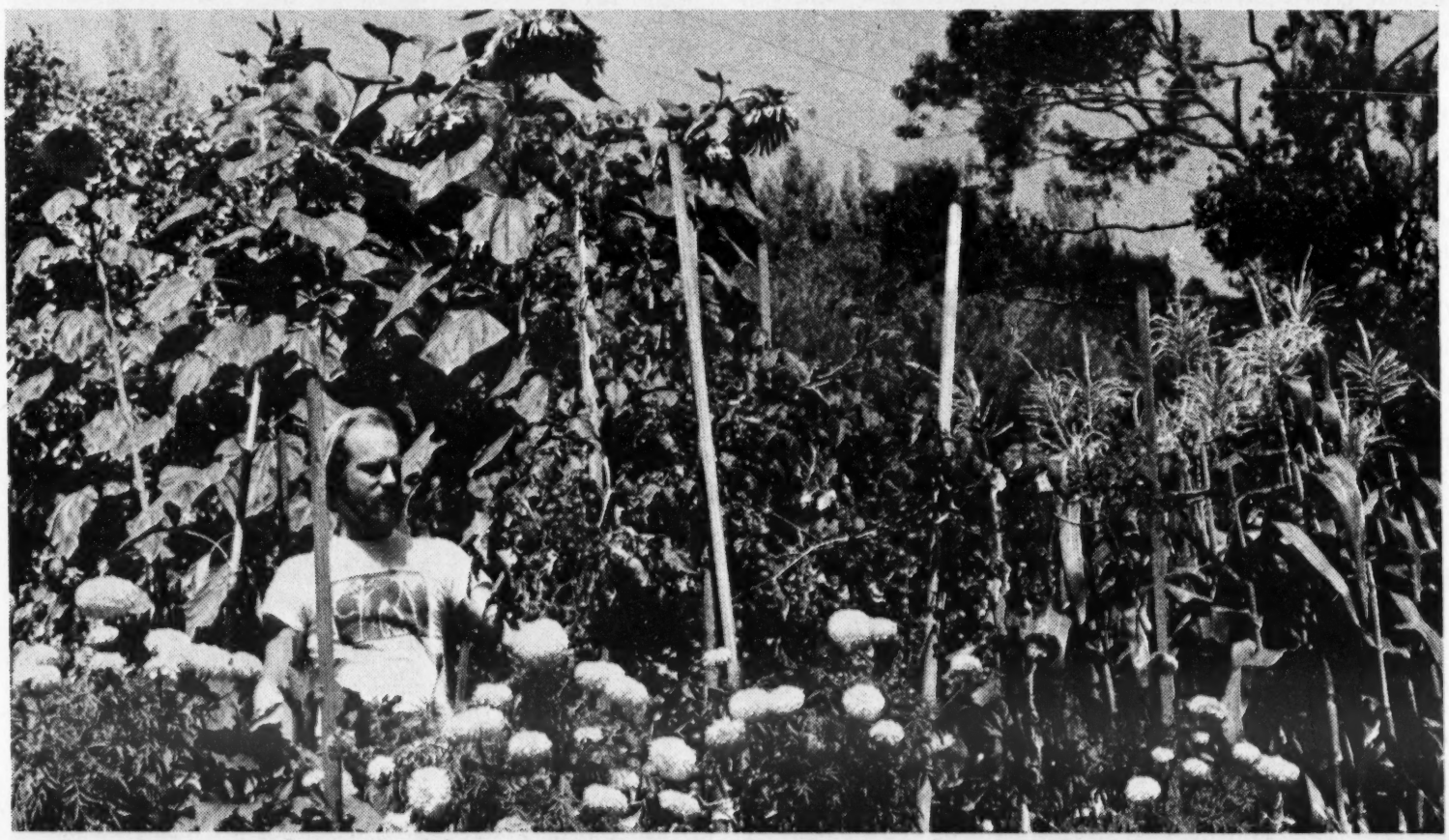
Zaeger walks through his fields of young trees looking for a tree that is an actual genetic dwarf, a freak. He maintains the purity of this mutant strain by grafting the top of it onto another vigorous rootstock. While the rootstock may or may not be from a dwarf tree, the resulting tree is dwarfed, not by nutrition, but by its own genes.

Zaeger's trees often do not have the usual fruit tree structure; there are more spur branches growing along parallel to the lateral branches than on other fruit trees, and the clusters of fruit along the branches are closer together. This makes his trees easy to espalier, or trellis, against a wall by simply training the lateral branches. The classic French pruning system associated with espalier is not necessary here.

The main advantages of Zaeger's method is that he has produced apricot, cherry, and apple dwarfs which no one else has done commercially. Furthermore, he is breeding fruit trees for California's mild climate that do not require the chill factor that has so limited the varieties of fruit grown in many areas. By breeding plum genes into his dwarf peaches, he has not only reduced the chill requirements, but has also found a deterrent to the peach leaf curl that affects virtually every peach tree. Until now copper spray has been the the only effective control. In the Marin County architect's garden Kourick has planted dwarf peaches and nectarines which would not have been productive without the reduced chill factor. He also included Zaeger's dwarf apricot and self-fertilizing dwarf almond.

Kourick went to visit Zaeger and found him draped in pouches filled with notes on his many plants. Said Zaeger, "Well, I work like a mule so I might as well look like one." Most of Zaeger's work is in breeding new varieties for commercial growers, but his pride is in producing dwarf trees for backyard gardeners that bear delicious, slow-ripening fruit.

Zaeger's trees are carried by Dave Wilson Nursery in Modesto. Residents of the Bay Area can join a bulk-order of Zaeger's trees with Dump Heap, the organization Kourick is affiliated with. Interested Bay Area gardeners can send a self-addressed stamped envelope to Dump Heap, P.O. Box 236, Lagunitas, California 94938, and receive an order form. ■



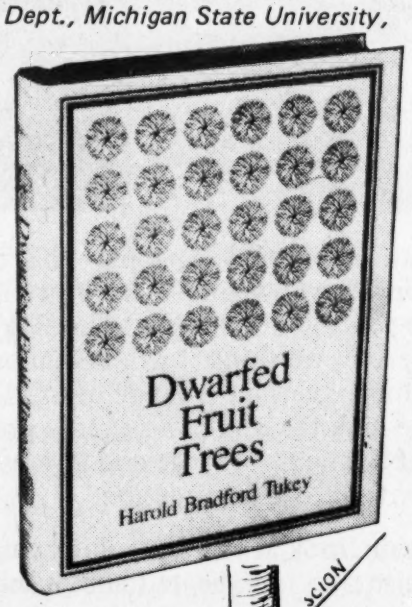
Robert Kourick

Dwarfed Fruit Trees

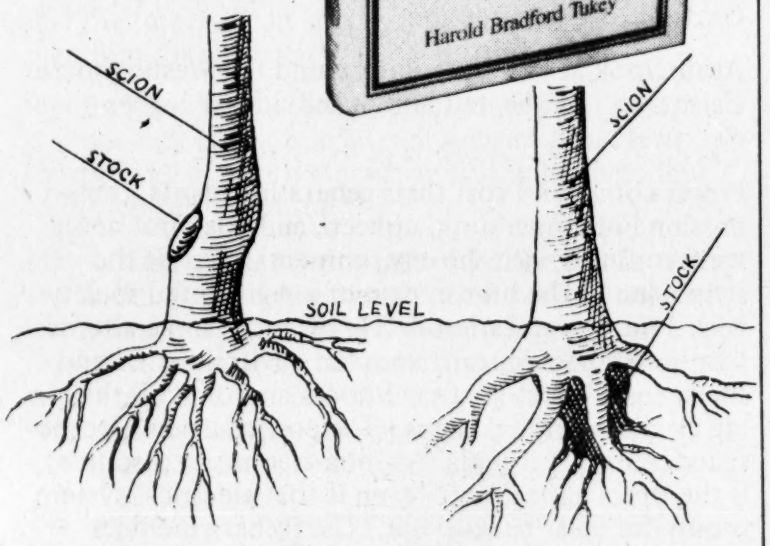
Ever since Tukey's classic **Dwarfed Fruit Trees** *went out of print five years ago, gardeners and commercial growers have been xeroxing portions of old copies. Cornell got the message and has brought this personable yet technical book back into print. Tukey writes to make every reader an enthusiast and gives the bare bones information that subsequent dwarf tree books have lacked. He discusses standard fruit trees and describes each type of dwarfing root stock with elegant graphics and charts, including his famous graphs showing what nutrients are taken up by a tree each month of the year. That enables a gardener to hand-feed the tree.*

Tukey also edits a small periodical, "Compact Fruit Trees" available (free ?) from International Dwarf Fruit Tree Association, Horticulture Dept., Michigan State University, E. Lansing, MI 48824.

—Rosemary Menninger



Dwarfed Fruit Trees
Harold Bradford Tukey
1964, 1978; 562 pp.
$29.50 postpaid
from:
Cornell University Press
124 Roberts Place
Ithaca, NY 14850
or Whole Earth



The graft union must be slightly above the soil level so as to avoid scion rooting, which destroys the effect of the rootstock. (Left) Graft union properly placed. (Right) Graft union placed too deep, with the result that scion has rooted and the effect of the dwarfing rootstock has been lost.

Dump Heap

Boy, I like this little quarterly. It's tight, tidy, densely informative, innovative, elite, amateur — an enjoyable technical conversation among garden inventors. Makes you want to be one. *—SB*

Dump Heap
(The Journal of Diverse Unsung Miracle Plants for Healthy Evolution Among People)
$5.00/yr. (4 issues)
$10.00/yr. (annual membership, includes sub.)
$25.00 (lifetime subscription)
from:
The Dump Heap
Box 236
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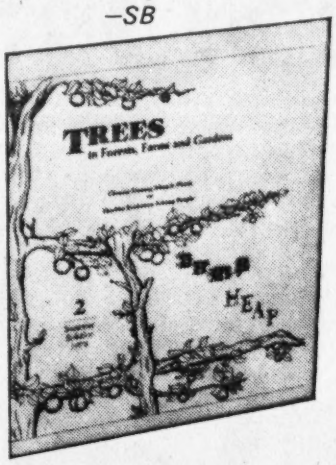


TREE PEOPLE

International Dwarf Fruit Tree Association, Horticulture Department, Michigan State University, E. Lansing, MI 48824. Promotes research and education. Rootstock research. Founded in 1958. Publishes "Compact Fruit Tree."

Rare Fruit Council, Museum of Science, 3280 S. Miami Ave., Miami, FL 33129. Aids those who raise tropical fruits. Aims for introduction of new species, varieties, mutations, clones of rare fruit trees. Publishes newsletter and yearbook.

American Pomological Society, 103 Tyson Building, University Park, PA 16802. Founded in 1848 to help amateurs and professionals improve fruit varieties. Publishes quarterly.

North American Fruit Explorers, 55 Madison St., Hindsdale, IL 60521. Hobbyist growers and breeders working to develop new varieties and methods. Publishes quarterly "Pomona."

California Rare Fruit Growers, Star Route Box P, Bonsall, CA 92003. Gardeners working to increase use of less-common fruits and to upgrade familiar ones. Newsletter and yearbook.

Northern Nut Growers Association, 4518 Holston Hills Rd., Knoxville, TN 37914. Founded 1910. Growers and amateurs interested in culture of hardy nut-bearing trees. "Nutshell" quarterly and "Handbook of North American Nut Trees."

Home Orchard Society, 6404 SE 40th St., Portland, OR 97202. Educational group for amateurs. Breeding program, nursery, library. Publishes "Home News" quarterly.

International Association for Lesser Known Food Plants and Trees, P.O. Box 599, Lynwood, CA 90262. Dedicated to solving world hunger by helping people grow hardy types of uncommon food plants. Establishing growing ground in Mexico. Publishes "Good and Wild" quarterly.

Men of the Trees, Crawley Down, Crawley, Sussex, England. Conservation group which encourages tree plantings and forest preservation. Founded 1922. Publishes "Trees" semiannually.

Island Foundation Tree Crop Nursery, Route 1, Box 44B, Covelo, CA 95428. New project by innovative foundation. Seeks hardy fruit and nut varieties for local climate. Foundation also has reforestation project at same site. Staff people and apprentices dedicated to working and living in Round Valley area.

Permaculture One

Permaculture describes the type of perennial-based, low-maintenance gardens of Eden that Robert Kourik is attempting. This book goes hand in hand with the Japanese edible wilderness gardening technique described in Rodale's new **One Straw Revolution**, *(CQ, Spring '78). Together they conjure up the first whole-systems approach to agriculture, allowing nature to do most of the work and man to do most of the harvesting.* *—Rosemary Menninger*
[Suggested by Robert Kourik]

Permaculture One
Bill Mollison and
David Holmgren
1978; 128 pp.

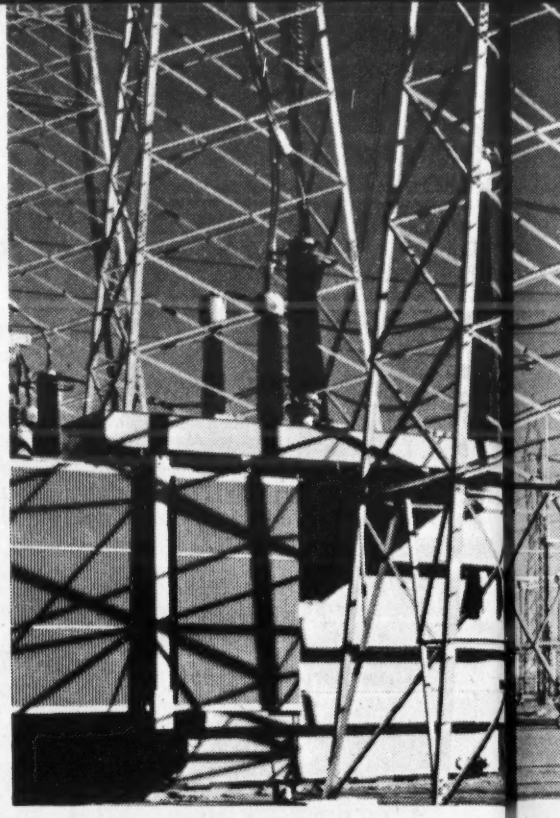
write for price from:
Corgi Books
c/o Transworld Publishers
380 Lonsdale St.
Melbourne 3000, Australia

A few years ago, about 1974, we extracted from the world literature of plants 3,000 - 4,000 species useful to man — the peculiar thing about them is that most of them have quite specific niches which they like to fit.

You can construct, using these plants, a series of forests in which you start underground with tuberous species and with rhizomes and also there's a huge variety of fungi which live in the mulch leaf litter. You can come up, through short perennial herbs, through taller herbs, small bushes, small woody plants, medium-sized woody plants and so on up, and create, not so much a three-tier agriculture as a multi-tier agriculture which then forms a sort of a closed jungle system. If you stand off from that you can often see a place in it where you can put yet more species, for instance, even in a quite closed system, vines will emerge and thrive.

Even in a closed system, whether you introduce it or not, fungi will invade. In the same way a lot of the plants that we've used we've used for animal fodders. You can construct jungles quite specifically or forests or perennial plant assemblies, to feed pigs or poultry or other animals of use to man. So you can construct a food jungle, a medical jungle, a poultry jungle, a marine underwater jungle, a swamp jungle, all directly used by man and all perennial.

SUN, WIND AND THE POWER COMPANY



BY JOE SEALE, NANCY WILLIS, AND DAVID BERGMARK

There is no disagreement: We need a stable ecosystem to survive. We will need to restructure society to get that stability.

We also agree with many critics that power companies – and industries generally – have been dragging their feet about that restructuring. But we've also been hearing some pretty impractical thinking from alternative energy freaks about what a utility can do economically, structurally (as a corporation of stockholders), even legally.

Too often we don't bother to understand the constraints under which a power company must operate. For instance, a reporter recently accused a Mr. Westinghouse Inc. of making anti-renewable energy statements. Mr. Westinghouse Inc. actually said that solar-heated homes with electrical backup systems will have to pay more per kilowatt hour than non-solar-heated homes.

That shows Mr. Westinghouse is out to get us good guys, right? Could be, but what he said doesn't prove he is.

Alright, maybe it is wise to be a little paranoid about Big Industry. After all, Westinghouse is losing its shirt on nuclear fuel contracts, so they have plenty of incentive to move in on the solar industry. We could get the shaft both ways, paying Big Industry for solar collectors and also paying premium rates for electricity – unless we're smart.

But before we scapegoat Big Industry for present and future nonsense (maybe fatal nonsense), let's ask:

A fine and unusual example of whole systems thinking from the New Alchemists at Prince Edward Island, Canada. That the piece turns some neo-conventional wisdom on its head is a measure of the wholeness and honesty of the thought. Also the experience. These people have been practicing more and preaching less than most voices you hear on the subject.

–SB

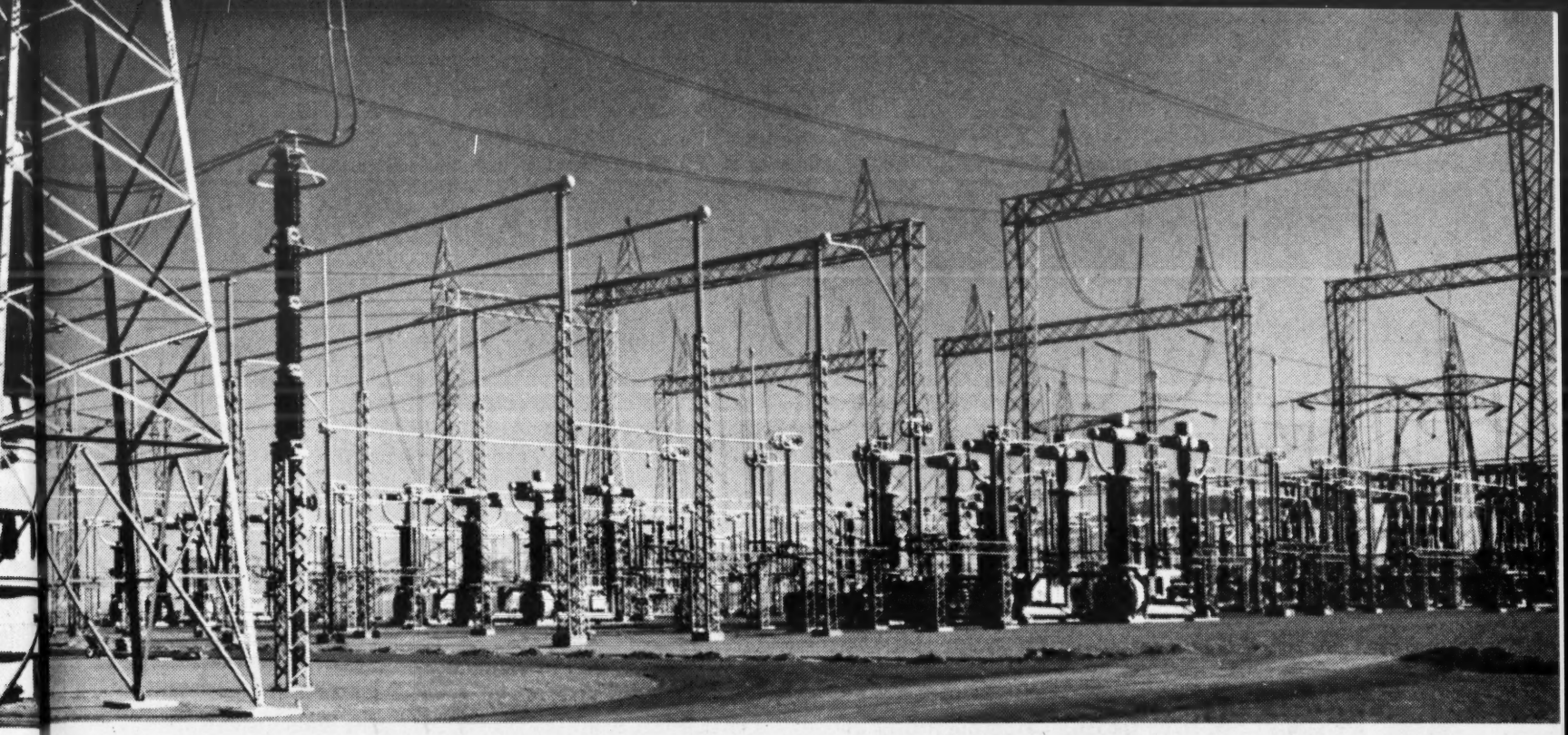
Can we pretend any longer that competition and consumer demand, however well informed, can lead to ecosystem-sensitive technology, agriculture, commerce? We think it will take more involvement and mind expansion from all of us: Learning, for instance, to think the role of an energy producer until our habits start to change and give us direct, not proxy, control over the situation.

Again, look at the reasoning behind the Westinghouse claim that solar-heated homes should pay higher electrical rates.

Power companies cost their generating plants, transmission lines, operating, upkeep, and coal, but never seem to finish with the environmental cost of the strip mine or the human cost of a regimented society with a nuclear priesthood. On our side, some alternative energy people start from the environmental and social costs but stop at coal prices and omit all the big electrical capital items. The cost of a new electric space heater (if it replaces a non-electric heat source) is the tip of an iceberg – even if that electrical system is only for solar backup use. The iceberg includes chunks of new transmission lines, circuit breakers, generators, etc. Electric backup systems, meaning total systems, are not cheap.

Hans Meyer, president of Windworks, recently explained to an audience that by using a Gemini inverter system to mix your wind electricity with power from the mains, you tie into an infinite reservoir (the Grid). That infinity is of the same order as the infinite capacity of the atmosphere to absorb smoke when you're a pioneer lighting a campfire. If we look forward to a day when dreams come true and wind plus solar energies are a significant item to the Grid, what will the power company's costs look like?

Of all the costs of a kilowatt hour, oil at OPEC prices costs less than 2 cents. You're probably paying 4 to 8 cents, and much of that is capital (and subsidy to Big Industry). Utility companies are duty bound to design their equipment to meet peak demand, and that can mean the day when over a large region it has been cold and cloudy for a few days (solar heat storage exhausted), and then the wind quits. That's the day when the new electric space heater backup



The Grid. Electric backup systems are not cheap and so far there's no substitute. Incidentally, the utility who gave us this photo (without cost or need for credit) asked that we not specify what utility they are or where this installation is. This particular utility is in fact doing unique and praiseworthy things, but if they are specifically praised by us or anyone else, they get bombed. –SB

needs the "iceberg" of new utility equipment attached. That's the day Mr. Westinghouse envisioned when he said the intermittent solar backup user would pay a premium for electricity.

Windmills and solar houses (passive, please) are vital components but not an energy *system* until we've finished dealing with storage and backup, including utility company capital.

May history prove us wrong, but we are not aware of any technology on the horizon that promises cheap storage of lots of energy deliverable as electricity. So we are looking for ways to cut out needless electrical steps and use power when it is available to store that-which-gets-the-job-done in the context of a specific task.

For instance, water can be pumped when power is available or cheap (don't preclude windmill shaft power) and stored in an elevated reservoir or in an air-pressurized tank. When you need it, it gets the job done; it flows when you open a spigot.

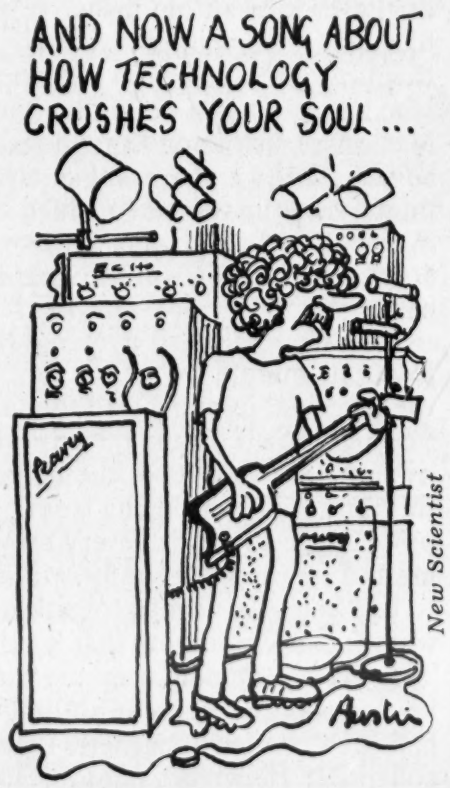
Or consider a more exotic, high tech example: a hot hunk of cast iron. In Norway, many people use electric stoves with a storage burner – 100 kg of cast iron in an insulating jacket with an insulating lid and a heating element. Leave the storage burner on low for 4 or 5 days and it is ready to cook. It will handle several meals during a power outage. The Norwegians use these burners to smooth their electrical load. They turn off the storage burner and the electric hot water heater as well (while that which washes dishes is stored) when they turn on a non-storage burner.

They are responding to the right-side-up Norwegian electric rate structure – cheap electricity up to X kilowatts (family limit, instantaneous power) at which point a surcharge meter starts turning. Behind that rate structure you'll find renewable hydroelectric power in a country where the water is free and abundant and capital costs are scaled to the dinner-time surge.

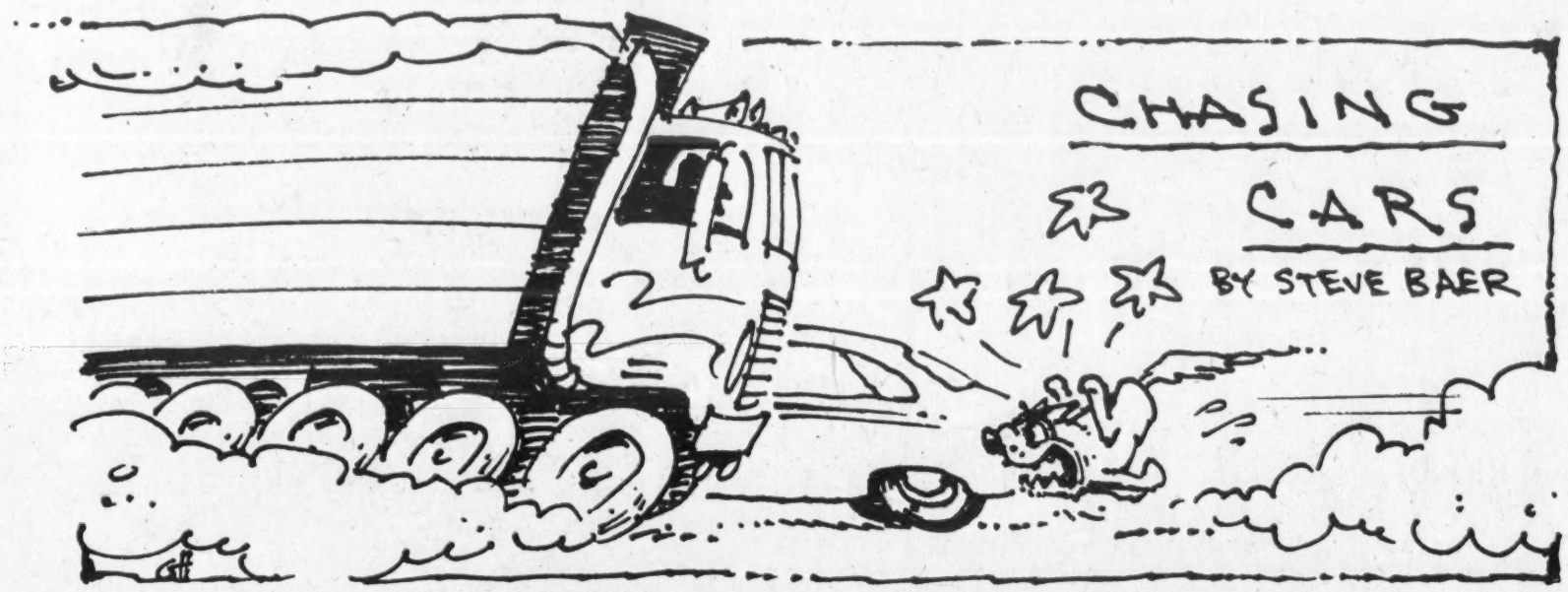
Is there some lesson here about good rate structures saving money, encouraging technologies for cost-effective end-use storage, and maybe even paving the way to a renewable energy economy?

In one experiment of ours, after re-insulating our deep freeze (and re-routing the condenser coils since the freezer as designed prohibits adding insulation) we're going to line the chest with canisters of an eutectic (minimum freezing point) mixture of glycerine and water. This solution stores the work of the compressor as it freezes, then thaws at about –16° C (3° F), absorbing heat and getting the freezing job done when we shut off power to the compressor. Next, we install a timer and let the compressor draw its daily quota of energy in the wee hours of the a.m. The final step is to run the compressor only when the wind plant runs. That way we move toward lessening the total system cost of our Gemini power grid interface. (Thank you, Hans Meyer.)

The foundations of a renewable resource economy must arise in the home and at the grass roots, transcending consumerism, transcending technology and technique, and arising from intelligent awareness, caring, doing – the gifts of the human spirit. ■



New Scientist



Gary Hallgren

We spend our lives driving cars and riding in cars. Dogs chase cars. The dogs get run over by the cars, millions of dogs each year.

We know dogs very well, we spend our lives with them and they are mammals just like us. Why do dogs chase cars? What is the purpose? Does the dog chase cars because they remind him of the large animals his ancestors used to hunt? This doesn't seem likely. Dogs have keen noses and know the difference between machines and animals, and besides, a dog won't chase cattle or horses unless he can get them going – something he never accomplishes yapping at the tires of a car. Most of us think we recognize familiar emotions and thoughts in our dogs, why would dogs chase cars? What are they going to get out of it? If you fancy that you understand your dog and your common mammal emotions what is it that overcomes a dog when a car drives by? Did you ever feel like chasing a car?

In a world that continues to change with technology, a world that is filled with fresh machines and old instincts, it may not be a waste of time to consider dogs attacking automobiles. It isn't hate. Dogs don't hate cars – no – dogs love cars, if they can get in them. Dogs love to go with people in cars. Anyone who has watched a dog riding the top of a precarious load on a truck knows that dogs understand braking, curves, bumps and are well-equipped to deal with the motions of the vehicle in which they are riding. We mammals are not so very different, I suspect that dogs could be taught to drive cars – it isn't that hard to do.

Here one minute we see the dog, comfortable with the machine, jumping into the family car for a ride, bracing himself during the trip when he sees his owner's foot go out for the brakes. The next day this same dog is springing from behind a hedge, powering himself with every ounce of strength, barking and snarling at a tire he will never catch, appearing to be hungry to devour something we know he doesn't want to eat, something that wouldn't taste good. Then watch the dog when the car stops, it isn't a kill he closes in on. There is nothing there, it is as if he had been chasing a magnetic field which has now collapsed. He waits a minute, circles the car, sniffs a tire, then urinates on the tire and walks away without interest.

We have a creature and a machine with a strange relationship. The creature is almost very good friends with the machine, it enjoys riding in the machine, but then suddenly when the machine is running in front of it, everything changes and they are not friends. A dog chasing a car is so lost in this that it cannot see a second car, for the dog there is only the car it is chasing. If the dog attacks on the driver's side, it is lost in its spell, moving blindly at 30 mph right in the middle of the road. It never sees the car that is coming from the other direction. The second car runs over it. This happens millions of times a year. Who hasn't had a dog that was killed by a car?

It is fairly easy to avoid drawing conclusions about ourselves from all the dead dogs littering the highways – after all, I have never seen a man chase a car. But think of this, we are constantly asking dogs and other mammals to answer important mammal questions for us. Doctors and scientists lock up thousands of rats, mice, pigs, cats and dogs in cages and feed them special diets to see what happens. They bother the animals with chemicals, irritating noises or contradictory signals to see what they do – and to find out something about ourselves. It seems a prudent thing to do, better for the animals to be the guinea pigs than us. Such tests are initiated by humans on animals to answer questions the human has posed, the animals are locked up with the question to see what happens. With dogs and cars it is different. This has been brought up by the dogs themselves – off duty, so to speak. The dog has sought out the car from the side of the road – he's looking for the trouble he gets into. The results are there for us to see: dog corpses, dog blood, dog entrails all over the highways. Even though it is not a scientific experiment that we planned, we might consider what is going on. Maybe we can learn. The dog is demonstrating something about getting along with equipment – here is an example of a futile and inappropriate instinct uncovered in an animal by a machine. With the dogs forewarning, we may look ahead for the machine, or whatever it will be, that we will chase senselessly, fatally – like the dog chasing the car.

It may be here already. ■

The Health Hazards of Not Going Nuclear

This is a very useful book for those of us in the solar energy business to read; it made me question my attitudes about nuclear energy which were so fixed against the "Nukes" that I don't think I would ever have opened a book with this title if I hadn't first read the author's very interesting and lively book A History of Pi.

Beckmann says that nuclear energy is safer than coal and safer than oil and that the dangers of sabotage are slight. What if this is true? All of us have carried on about how dangerous it is and maybe nuclear energy really isn't any more dangerous than dams or tank farms or coal mines. Beckmann does not work for a nuclear power company. The tone of his book is very different from what you might expect. He is witty and imaginative. He also offers in the book theories on why so many of us are so frightened of nuclear power.

I recommend this book. If nuclear energy really isn't so dangerous, then it may be that our terrific fear of it will turn out to be dangerous.

—Steve Baer

The Health Hazards of Not Going Nuclear
Petr Beckmann
1976
$5.95 postpaid

from:
The Golem Press
Box 1342
Boulder, CO 80306
or Whole Earth

This book never tries to make the point that nuclear power is safe; the point it makes is that it is far safer than any other form of large-scale energy conversion yet invented.

•

An explosion in a nuclear power plant is physically impossible. Not highly improbable, but utterly impossible: An explosive nuclear chain reaction is no more feasible in the type of uranium used as power plant fuel than it is in chewing gum or pickled cucumbers.

To anticipate (and hopefully head off) some mail, I'm still actively anti-nuclear-power and so apparently is Steve Baer. It's uncritical righteousness we're wary of.

Fight the good fight, but never cease doubting its goodness.

—SB

The Ekose'a House *by Lee Porter Butler*

In Mike Phillips' article, "Don't Build a House Till You've Looked at This" in the Summer '78 CQ, *about the Kubota/Smith house in the Sierra Nevada we somewhat undercredited designer Lee Butler and under-specified how the design works. We did not, however, overpraise the house itself which is indeed a wonder. So are the two books about the Ekose'a process which Lee mentions in the corrective piece which follows.*

—SB

THE human physiological system for maintaining body comfort evolved in an "idealized" tropical climate. The environmental support systems/built environments most comfortable to human beings are, therefore, those systems which recreate the environmental conditions of our birth as a species. In the "cheap energy era" of the past 50 years, western man has, to a large extent, lost touch with his basic evolutionary beginning.

In the 12 years I've been working on structure design, my goals have been human comfort, energy conservation, simplicity, and design flexibility. Design flexibility is a significant feature since the Ekose'a double envelope concept, properly implemented, allows the building to function well as an energy conserving structure in any climate without strict requirements in orientation or design style. It is not necessary to face the major glazed areas to the south. We have houses under construction with northwest glass walls and views and with relatively little solar (southern) exposure.

Design flexibility also raises the question: "Can this concept be used in existing building designs and orientation?" The answer is: "With the envelope concept, all existing buildings could be remodeled to perform in a 100% self-sufficient manner for heating and cooling."

The Ekose'a house provides a level of human comfort unequalled in conventional houses which rely on fossil fuel back-up systems. Human comfort depends on many factors. The traditional emphasis on maintaining a specified air temperature is an antiquated and limited approach. A more scientific and comprehensive approach will take into account the following factors: Oxygen content, relative humidity, radiant heat sources, solar radiation (direct and indirect), air flow, infiltration and drafts.

Oxygen content of the air is critical, affecting alertness and clarity of mental processes as well as the breathing/evaporative cooling rate of the lungs. The greenhouse/solarium maintains higher oxygen levels and cleaner air than conventional buildings.

The relative humidity affects the evaporative cooling effect of the skin and the specific heat of the air as a heat transfer fluid. Relative humidity levels in the Ekose'a house remain between 45% to 65% year-round due to the exposed earth crawl space and the greenhouse area.

Radiant surface temperatures and conductive characteristics of walls or surfaces facing the observer control the amount of radiant body heat absorbed or reflected by the building components. In the envelope design, interior walls are thermally de-coupled from exterior walls/weather conditions.

The quantity of background (diffuse) solar radiation striking the observer influences the temperature of the skin surface and catalyzes the body's production of vitamin D. Ekose'a building designs provide a large opening from all habitable rooms to diffuse sky radiation or indirect solar gain, resulting in the "toasty" effect even on a heavily overcast day.

Forced air or natural drafts across the skin's surface also affect the skin's evaporative cooling capacity and serve to dehydrate the body increasing body stress. Infiltration drafts are commonly known for their detrimental effects on health and comfort. In the Ekose'a house, the thermal envelope design acts as a buffer, virtually eliminating infiltration drafts, and there are no forced air systems.

By maintaining interior surface temperatures within specified limits, the air temperature will logically follow. For purposes of simplicity in computing operating temperature ranges, I deal mainly with theoretical surface/mass temperatures. From experience, I have found this to be easier than introducing a multitude of different heat transfer/air film co-efficients. Whatever error might be incurred by my simplistic approach would seem to be negligible, judging by derived data from built and operating structures. With the temperature of the envelope stabilized between 50° F. and 70° F., it can be shown that the inner space will maintain a range of 65° F. to 75° F. with no heat added other than normal body heat and ambient heat gain from common living processes.

A house using Ekose'a design concepts can be as economical as the cheapest conventional single-skin house with the usual add-on passive features and back-up systems. It can be built in any style and it can be built in any climate to be 100% self-sufficient with respect to heating and cooling of the living areas year-round. One hun-

dred percent self-sufficient means these houses require no back-up mechanical systems, added thermal mass, moveable insulation, furnaces, air conditioners, fireplaces, resistance heaters, solar panels, duct work, etc., and use no fossil fuels (wood, gas, coal, oil), electricity or any other outside power source to maintain basic levels of human comfort.

The previous article gave the impression that the Kubota/Smith house would work anywhere. It will not. It can be modified to work outside the high Sierras, but with some definite limitations. The concepts can be re-applied to design a house that will work anywhere, and that is where Ekose'a comes in.

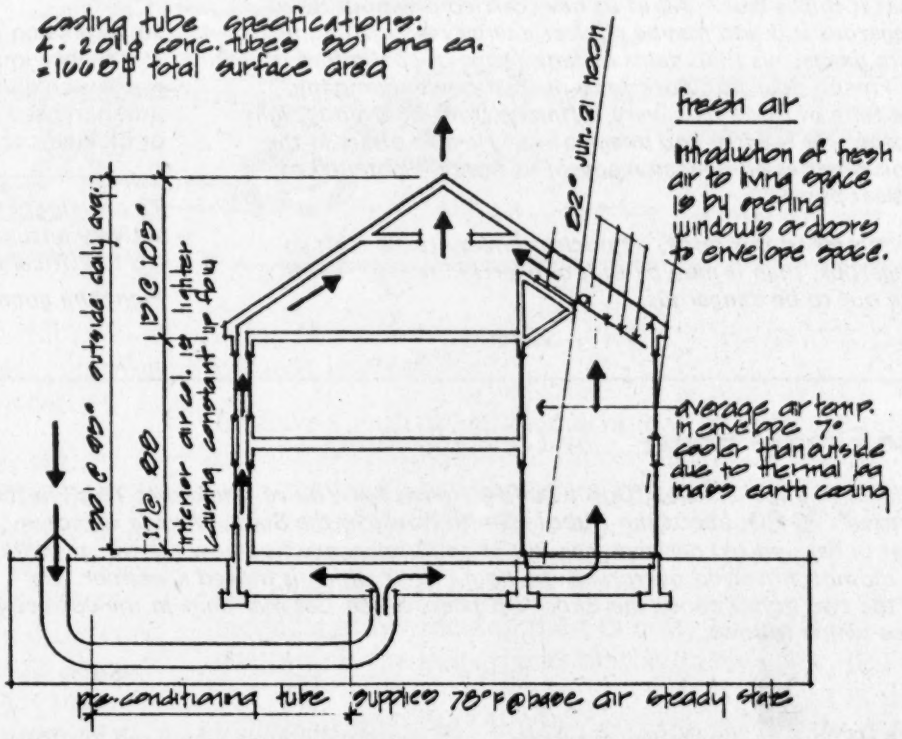
Ekose'a has been organized to develop and make available standardized housing plans for new and existing stock for 100% self-sufficient natural energy conserving structures. These plans can be adapted for micro-climate variations through the use of a computer simulation modeling process and subsequent modifications work. Ekose'a is thus able to offer sets of complete construction documents for all climate regions of the U.S. and Canada for a fraction of costs for custom architectural services.

EKOSE'A HOMES illustrates ten natural energy conserving homes designed by Ekose'a. It is our hope that this 80-page volume furthers the communication and understanding in the design concepts, principles and methodologies representing the current state-of-the-art in 100% passive natural energy conserving structures. It is designed to answer your many questions about the Ekose'a home: What it is, how it works, where it can be built, the process of modification, obtaining the plans, and getting it built. The price for this publication is $24.95.

THE HOW TO HANDBOOK/CASE STUDY is a companion volume authored by Tom Smith and I which details both the concepts and the process involved in taking the Tom Smith residence at Lake Tahoe from conception through construction and its operation from late 1977 to Fall 1978. This volume sells for $18.95.

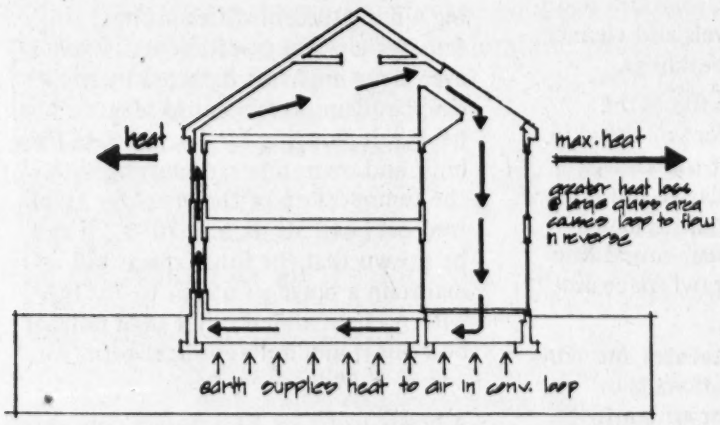
To order your copies, mail a check or money order in the name of the publication to:

Ekose'a
573 Mission Street
San Francisco, CA 94105 ■



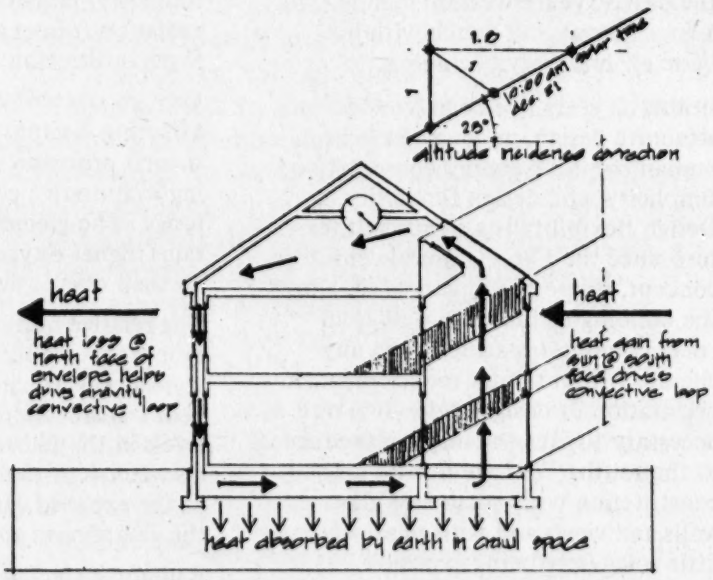
ENVELOPE VENTILATION & COOLING

During hot summer conditions, the roof prevents the sun from striking the ceiling, thus reducing heat gain. East and west glazing is held to a minimum. The attic space heats up as usual but since the air is allowed to escape, there is a constant flow of cooler air entering the house through the use of underground pipes.



WINTER NIGHT - HEAT LOSS

At night, the greenhouse loses heat faster than other parts of the envelope because of the large glass areas. This colder air falls into the crawl space where it is warmed by the earth and then pushed up the north envelope space and over the ceiling and back into the top of the greenhouse.



WINTER DAY - HEAT GAIN

During the day the sun enters the greenhouse/solarium south envelope space heating the air. At the same time, cold outside temperatures cool the air in the north envelope space. The colder air is heavier than the warm air. The heavier air is pulled down by gravity pushing the earth-tempered air in the crawl space up and into the greenhouse space, which pushes the warmer air in the greenhouse up and over the attic space.

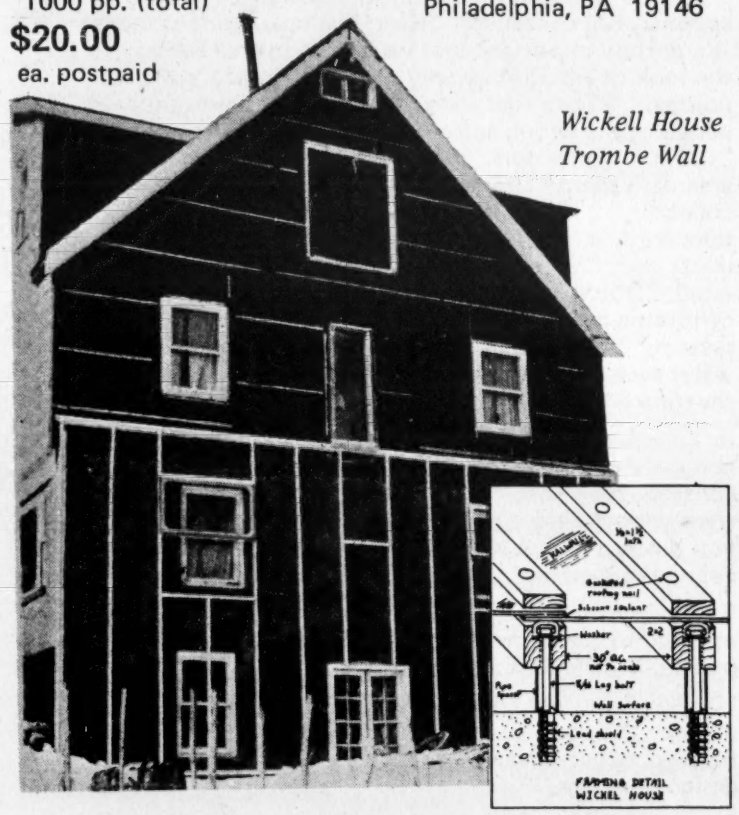
Passive Solar, State of the Art

This thousand-page trilogy is the complete proceedings of the Second National Passive Solar Conference held in Philadelphia in March of this year. The conference was a sellout and many had to be turned away, a very unusual occurrence at a gathering of this sort. Anyway, here it is. Just about everyone working in the field is represented here, so "state-of-the-art" is probably accurate. For students and workers into passive solar, these hefty volumes are the next assignment.

—J. Baldwin

Passive Solar State of The Art
Don Prowler, Ed.
1978, Vol. I, II, III;
1000 pp. (total)
$20.00
ea. postpaid

from:
Mid-Atlantic Solar Energy Assn.
2233 Grays Ferry Ave.
Philadelphia, PA 19146



Wickell House
Trombe Wall

THE WICKEL HOUSE

The aspect of the house which first attracted our attention for solar retrofit is the south facing gable-end with 432 sq. ft. of cinder block wall of the basement and first floor. Here was a Trombe wall waiting to be born.

•

THE UPPER BLACK EDDY HOUSE

This house is a 100-150 year-old two-story stone farmhouse with approximately 1000 sq. ft. of living space. I have calculated my heating load to be approximately 110 million BTU per heating season, with primarv losses through the uninsulated 19-inch thick stone walls, though this has been somewhat tempered with extensive use of rugs and other wall hangings. There is an oil-fired forced hot air system in the basement, but its inefficiency with regard to the mass of the stone has left it idle for three years now. The primary heating source is a small Sears log-burner wood stove.

•

SUMMARY

Neither of these systems meet ideal design specifications for a classic Trombe wall collector. They do, however, make good use of an already existing structural element common to a large percentage of the homes and commercial buildings across the country. That at least one wall of these notoriously bad energy-losing buildings could, with limited time and materials investment, be converted into net energy gainers, is very encouraging. Particularly significant is the realization that here, at least, within the technology of the solar revolution, is an option available to homeowners within the lower income strata of our society: those who need the benefits of our technology most of all. —Thomas C. Wilson

Solar Heated Buildings of North America

*I just knew that Mr. Shurcliff couldn't stop doing this (***Shurcliff's Last Catalog,** *Spring '77 CQ), and I'm glad he didn't. Each building is described, diagrammed and photographed, specifications and costs are given, and (important) actual experience with the solar heating systems is noted, including failures. This is as good a place as any to get an idea of what is going on these days. It is exciting to see so many things being tried. There are signs of struggle.*

—J. Baldwin

Solar Heated Buildings of North America
(120 Outstanding Examples)
William A. Shurcliff
1978; 295 pp.
$8.95 postpaid

from:
Brick House Publishing Co.
Church Hill
Harrisville, NH 03450

Sun Angles for Design

There are a number of charts and devices available for easing the often maddening task of finding where the shadows will fall on March 3 at 10 a.m. This chart set appears to be one of the easiest to use; the consequence of being set up in a way that is basically intuitive instead of requiring mental knot-tying. The book is printed a bit too small for my eyes, but enlarged charts for your area are available at reasonable cost. Of all the boo-boos I've witnessed amongst the solar builders, improperly guessed orientation is the most common. No excuse now, though a prudent builder might benefit from testing a model too. From the equator to 60° North Latitude.

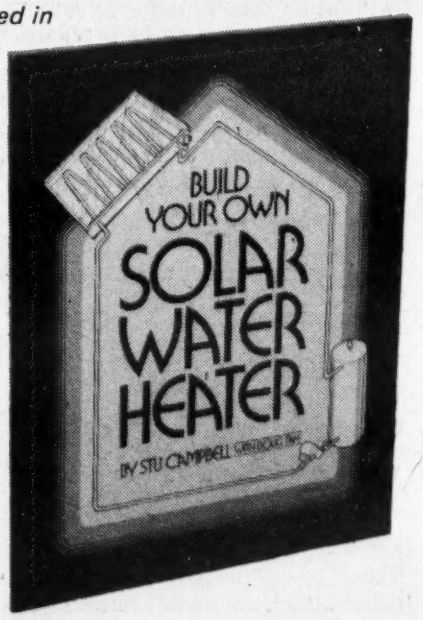
—J. Baldwin

Sun Angles for Design
Robert Bennett
1978; 77 pp.
$5.00 postpaid

Enlarged charts
$2.50 each
from:
Robert Bennett
6 Snowden Road
Bala Cynwyd, PA 19004

Build Your Own Solar Water Heater

Um hm, another one. I commend this to you prospective water heater builders because it's written with experience, not just theory, as the basis for the text. As such, it is typical of a second generation of books about solar thingamajigs. However, it is better than typical in quality and usefulness. Many little essentials you don't see discussed in the older books are discussed in detail. For instance, do you know how to load the pipes for the first time? A few years ago, it took me many hours of cussing to find that one out. Here, a paragraph tells how. So. Another good (or at least better) one from Garden Way. —J. Baldwin



Build Your Own Solar Water Heater
Stu Campbell with Doug Taff
1978; 109 pp.
$7.95 postpaid
from:
Garden Way Pub. Co.
Charlotte, VT 05545
or Whole Earth

How do you fill the system for the first time? Rent or borrow a centrifugal pump, jet pump or sump pump. Open all the valves in the lines — if you have them — and connect the pump hose at the boiler drain in the base of the system. Once fluid has been pumped in and circulated through the system at a pressure of 15 to 20 psi, all valves can be closed gradually, and the hoses for the centrifugal pump removed. From then on, your regular pump (or the thermosyphoning effect) can handle the circulation.

How to Buy Solar Heating Without Getting Burnt

The inimitable Malcolm Wells (of building underground fame) takes us through a solar basic training course that includes debunking, dejargoning, demystifying and delight. His office recently conducted a poll of 100 solar homeowners to see what their experience has been. The results show up the joys and the things that failed in detail. The authors go so far as to present model contracts in case you wish solar equipment built. All this has been sorely needed for a long time, and I am happy to say that it has been done right. If you intend to buy or build solar hardware, this is necessary reading if only for the discussion of things to avoid – information not easily available anyplace else at this time! Presented with usual Rodale quality too. —*J. Baldwin*

How to Buy Solar Heating Without Getting Burnt
(A Consumer's Guide to Choosing, Financing, and Installing Solar House Heating Equipment)
Malcolm Wells and Irwin Spetgang
1978; 262 pp.

$6.95 postpaid
from:
Rodale Books
33 East Minor
Emmaus, PA 18049
or Whole Earth

The two problems almost never mentioned in our poll results, of course, are the biggest ones of all, and, even though they're covered in detail in other chapters, it's important that we stop here for a moment to reemphasize them:

1. *Inadequate sunlight*, and
2. *Inadequate home insulation.*

They were seldom mentioned by our respondents because most of them did their homework in that regard. It's the *future* solarizers, those who may not have the pioneering spirit of their recent predecessors, who may need reminding.

You'd think that those two problems would be at the top of every potential solar homeowner's priorities list, but again and again we deal with people who hope to bend the rules, to cheat nature, and that is one place in which cheating is never successful. When you're dealing with natural forces you're dealing with laws that can't be broken. There's no pushing up the solar thermostat if you've disregarded the fundamentals. Your only alternatives in that case are to go on using expensive and wasteful fuels — or freeze.

Now, with that understood, we can turn our attention to the problems encountered by all the people who responded to our national survey — people with actual solar heating experience. Continuing the numbering system started with the Big Two, above, we find this to be problem number —

3. *High costs.* Listen: "I blame it all on inexperienced estimators." "Our cost doubled, and we couldn't do anything about it." "The contractor was learning at our expense, paying high-priced plumbers." "Our $10,000 solar system ended up costing $16,000."

We'll deal with the ways of handling this, and all the other problems, in other parts of this book, so don't be disappointed if we don't tell you, right here, how to hold costs in line. This poll summary would get hopelessly bogged down if we tried.

These are the other problems that turned up, listed in the apparent order of their importance to our respondents.

4. *Delays.* "They never delivered anything on time. They'd promise and we'd stay home and they wouldn't show up." "Failure to man the job. Lost weeks of good construction weather."

5. *Water leaks* (or leaks of antifreeze-treated water). "Hoses leaked at panel couplings on roof." "Ice formed between panels because covers weren't installed over joints. Ice pressure broke fittings." "They've got to solve the expansion problems. The collectors can go from 0° in the morning to boiling by noon." "The collector-cover caulking got hard and leaked." "Trickle systems are notorious leakers." "Plastic gallon jugs [for heat storage in air systems] will leak if stacked. You've got to stand them on individual shelves."

6. *Air leaks.* "A lot of the heat in our storage pit escaped at night because of dampers that wouldn't close tightly." "The industry standard for damper-tightness is only one-tenth as strict as it should be." "Our [Trombe-type, passive, heat-storing concrete] wall tends to create reverse thermosyphoning at night, filling the lower floor with cold air." "A lot of air leaks out through the duct joints." "Whenever we go away, all the heat leaks out of the [rock-filled, air-] storage bin, and we have to use all the solar heat we get for the next couple of days, heating up the rocks again."

7. *Design flaws.* "They didn't test the water, so we get rust-colored streaks on our [trickle-type, open-under-glass, black] panels." "Watch out for corrosion! Mixing untreated hot water with aluminum and copper is asking for trouble." "Don't use a completely sealed system; there's no way to add antifreeze or drain the pipes." "Arrange the system so it drains into a reserve tank when it's not in use; don't let all those pipes sit there all summer, full of water." "Keep it simple, understandable. It's terribly important that we not be overwhelmed by the look of what is basically a very straightforward technology." "They told the contractors to mount our panels at the wrong angle, so we wasted a lot of sunlight." "Use more reflectors. You can reduce expensive collector area with them." "Don't have too much airspace in the collector." "Provide for the release of steam if boiling temperatures are possible in your collector." "Our air ducts were undersized by half, putting a big load on the fan." "Don't use manual dampers. You get tired quickly of turning half-a-dozen handles every day to regulate the system." "Keep the house-heating and domestic hot water systems separate so you can service one without shutting down the other."

8. *Controls.* "Our controls are overdesigned. The utility company put them in for us." "Nobody will service our controls, they're so complicated." "Label all the controls clearly, then keep a notebook near them to record what you did and how it worked." "It takes a long time to debug the system."

9. *Equipment and material failures.* "Fiberglass covers are hard to get smooth and tight on a collector. They buckle." "The fans are too noisy."

10. *Workmanship (installation and service).* "It's a crime the way they put this stuff together." "We have to call for days to get service." "The builder never followed the design drawings."

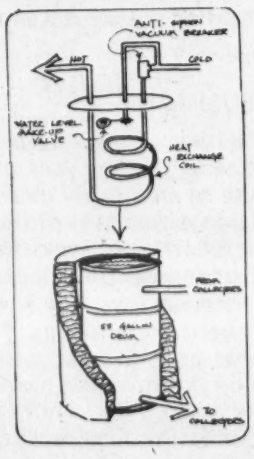
11. *Inexperienced contractors.* "The plumber had to ask me where the main pipe was supposed to connect!"

12. *Frustrations in dealing with government agencies.* "ERDA [The Federal Energy Research and Development Administration] is impossible." "Be prepared to wait for months."

13. *Miscellaneous.* "There aren't enough contractors doing solar heat work." "Make sure your indoor (insulating) shutters are easy for women and children to operate. In mild climates like the Southwest, 'space blankets' (mirrored Mylar film) are all you need to cover your windows at night.

A Solar Water Heater Workshop Manual

This manual is intended to be the text for a hands-on workshop in which actual collectors will actually get built. This is a well-proven text, as it has been developed from a long series of workshops conducted by, among others, Lee Johnson from **RAIN** *and Ecotope folks too. How to conduct the workshop is part of the text; an effective action-inducing idea. (The same people also have a greenhouse workshop manual aimed at northwest dwellers.)* —*J. Baldwin*



A Solar Water Heater Workshop Manual
Ecotope Group
1978; 40 pp.
$5.00 postpaid

from:
Ecotope Group
2332 East Madison
Seattle, WA 98112

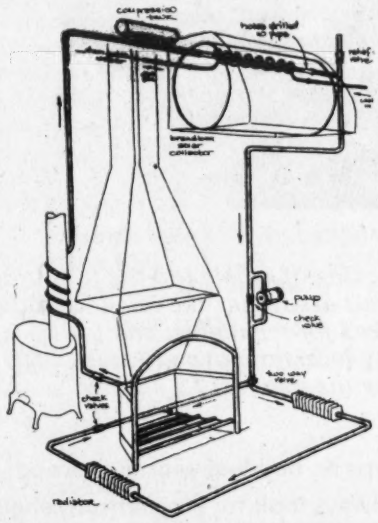
Fireplaces

Ken Kern adds a worthy addition to his Owner Builder series with this excellent manual on building a successful fireplace. (If you think a good fireplace is easy to build, just consider how many awful, smoky recalcitrant black holes you've had to contend with.) As expected, the authors patiently go over the theory, and follow up with an unprecedented presentation of the tiniest details and tricks of the trade so necessary to good performance. They are particularly excellent when explaining how to do hot water systems and heater arrangements, including integrated solar. This is by far the best book on the subject.

—J. Baldwin

Fireplaces
Ken Kern
and Steve Magers
1978; 192 pp.
$7.00 postpaid

from:
Owner Builder Publications
P.O. Box 550
Oakhurst, CA 93644
or Whole Earth



The throat, with its thin slit opening, works in conjunction with the more voluminous expansion chamber to promote a rapid flow of hot gases upward from the firebox, much as the Venturi principle increases lift on an air foil or carburetor flow in a gasoline engine. At the time this is happening, cold air from above is arrested by the throat in its fall down the chimney. It accumulates in the larger expansion chamber, where it is warmed and its flow is reversed. Hot air rushing upward through the throat impedes the entrance of these downdrafts into the firebox. It has been determined that the cross-sectional area of the throat must be approximately equal to the cross-sectional area of the flue. The placement of the throat should be toward the front of the firebox, considerably above the breast. Thus, smoke will not be able to find its way into the room.

Ironically, the same principle that causes the chimney to function well is also the force that must be overcome to maintain the heat efficiency of the firebox. If the chimney flue draws too well, the effect will be counter-productive. A large firebox opening and flue can easily draw more heated room air than they contribute in radiant heat to the house. Therefore, we do not recommend that fireplace openings be larger than 42 inches in width. Beyond this opening width, a fireplace gives diminishing returns unless an inordinate amount of wood is wastefully burned to rectify heat losses.

People & Energy

I find that more and more I am hearing appropriate technology news first in this modest paper.

—J. Baldwin

People & Energy
$10.00/yr.
$7.00/yr. for low-income
$16.00/yr. for libraries, private firms & govt. agencies

from:
Citizens' Energy Project
1413 "K" Street, N.W.
8th Floor
Washington, D.C. 20005

Wood has about 1% as much sulfur as coal or oil & causes no sulfate/acid rain problems. Other env'tal effects are minimal if wood is properly managed (environmental analysis in "Governor's Task Force on Wood as a Source of Energy" from Committee on Natural Resources, VT Hs. of Representatives, Montpelier, VT 05602). Contrary to popular belief, a few dead trees are important in a woodlot. This & other misconceptions on woodlot management are cleared up in "Woodlot Ecology" (MA Audubon Newsletter Vol. 17 No. 5, MA Audubon Soc., Lincoln, MA 02173).

Woodburning Water Heater

This is the heater you see in Latin America. Rugged, simple and not very expensive, these heat up 14 gallons of water in about 15 minutes using a few pieces of kindling or the optional fuel-oil conversion. They keep delivering hot water as long as you stoke 'em, so don't be dismayed by the rather small 14 gallon tank. They're designed to be used on normal household water pressure, and obviously could be incorporated into a solar rig. Hecho en Mexico. I don't know what codes say about it (if you care). Very hard water may make trouble.

—J. Baldwin

Woodburning Water Heater
$79.50 wood only
$115.00 with quick switchover to fuel oil

from:
Appropriate Technology Importers, Inc.
P.O. Box 5
El Rito, NM 87530

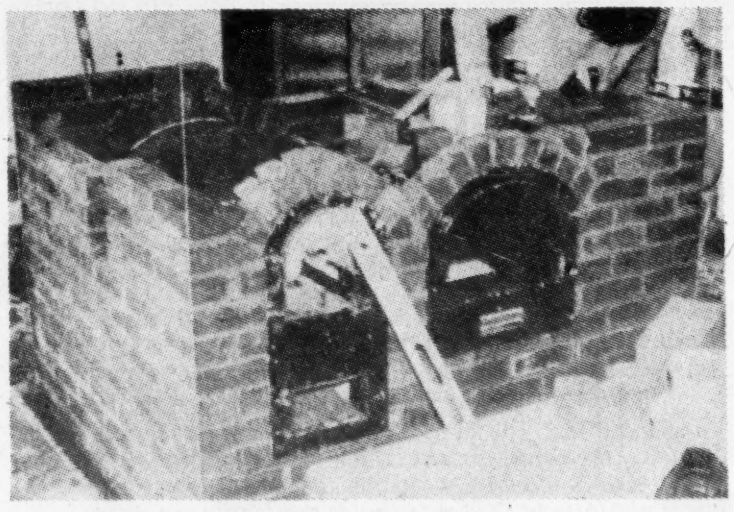
Masonry Stove Guild Newsletter

Joining the Masonry Guild gets you this newsletter, which though skinny is all we have. It is the beginning of a gathering of information on masonry stoves, ovens and heaters, and the people who know how to make them. Eventually there will be a definitive book. These big, heavy structures are perhaps the most efficient way to burn wood. A clever design can cook, bake, heat water, and heat the house. The huge thermal mass keeps the heat for a long time. They've been doing it in Europe (including Russia and Finland) for a long long time. If masonry stoves interest you, then your support and/or information contribution would be most welcome. In case you wondered, a masonry stove can be wedded to a solar collector. It's being tried now.

—J. Baldwin

Masonry Stove Guild Newsletter
$5.00 with Guild membership

from:
Maine Wood Heat Co.
R.F.D. 1 Box 38
Norridgewock, ME 04957



R.F. in progress showing four of the five arches used in its construction. At left front is firebox followed by oven door. Around corner out of sight is warming oven, then cleanout access and at rear is arch reducing heat transfer wall to single brick thickness. Slot on left side will receive boiler pipes.

Shelter II

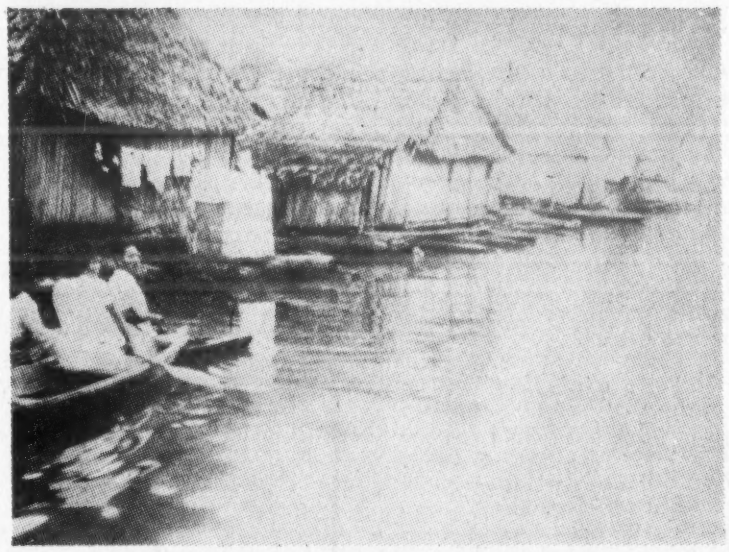
A nice mix of inspiration (photos of various indigenous architectures, barns, light and heavy home styles) and of practice (house frame choices, construction techniques, tent tops, urban homesteading programs and methods, understanding termites). It's not news, it's further refinements, which I consider maybe more important than news these here days. It's the difference between Do It and Do It Well.

—SB

Shelter II
Lloyd Kahn, Ed.
1978; 224 pp.
$10.00 postpaid
from:
Home Book Service
P.O. Box 650
Bolinas, CA 94924
or Whole Earth

Basic improvisational skills are a normal part of life within the Third World. In some instances these skills are used to prevent disasters from destroying homes, such as the "Noah's Arks" of Iquitos, Peru. Periodically the river floods and up float the homes!

These skills are crucial factors in recovery after a disaster. Western aid givers can learn to avoid placing obstacles in the way of these innovative skills. Such obstacles include: forcing survivors of a disaster to move to a new location away from their ruined homes and belongings; the burning or bull-



dozing of rubble (on the false assumption of disease risk) – thus destroying the essential building materials that families need for rebuilding; and finally free handouts – thus destroying local initiative which is a highly therapeutic process following the trauma of a disaster.

•

Tips on building with used wood:

Always look for the shortest length piece; this is a discipline you follow throughout the building process. It's a good feeling to cut a 10-1/4" block from an 11" piece of scrap.

Look at both ends of the board to be used. If one end is chewed up, make that the waste end.

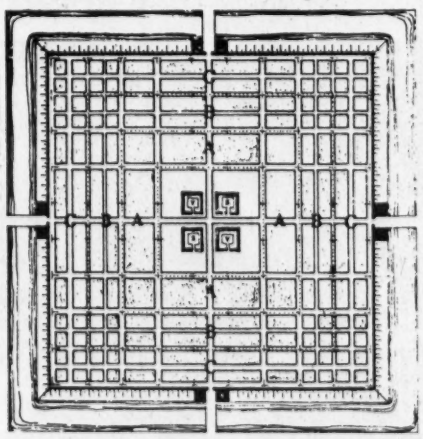
Bevelling edges with small block plane makes used wood look good.

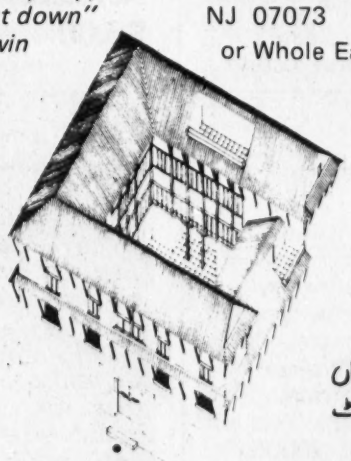
Remove all nails when dismantling. It will save your saw blades later on.

Discard any wood that has powder post beetle holes or dry rot (or cut off the rotted portion).

Shelter, Sign & Symbol

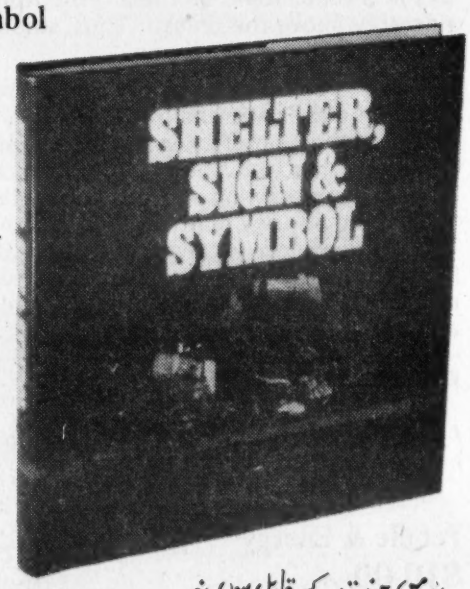
At first glance, this book resembles **The Prodigious Builders** *(CQ, Spring '78), but the resemblance is only superficial. Here, we get an astute analysis of* why *people have built their cities and buildings the way they do. The incomprehensible (to Western eyes) patterns begin to take on some meaning. I find this sort of thing absolutely fascinating because such learning tends to open up completely new areas to my mind. Our own building looks different too. Hmmm. Anyway, this is one of those books I actually "couldn't put down" and I recommend it to the hungry. —J. Baldwin*





The Plan of the Newar House is based on the same idea as the layout of the town. Ideally, the four sides face the cardinal points, and the buildings enclose a square courtyard. A raised platform in the centre holds the family sanctuary, either a small stupa, if they are Buddhist or (as shown) a Shiva Linga *(Phallus) on a* yoni *(Vagina), if Hindu. On the doors, the two 'Eyes of Wisdom', are painted, and a small spot before the threshold (painted with red clay) is worshipped occasionally, to prevent evil from entering.*

Shelter, Sign & Symbol
Paul Oliver
1977; 228 pp.
$22.50 postpaid
from:
The Overlook Press
The Viking Press
299 Murray Hill Pkwy.
East Rutherford,
NJ 07073
or Whole Earth



موت کے منہ میں بیٹھ کر خوشیاں
منانے والے حافظ خدا تمہارا راکٹ
چلانے والے

THOSE WHO SIT IN THE JAWS OF DEATH AND REJOICE, MAY GOD PROTECT YOU – YOU WHO DRIVE THE ROCKET.

اچھا دوست زندہ رہے تو پھر ملینگے

FRIEND, IF WE LIVE WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

نہ میں جنت کے قابل ہوں نہ
دوزخ میرے قابل ہے۔ تیری
رضا جو چاہے ادھر کردے چاہے
اُدھر کردے

I AM NOT WORTHY OF HEAVEN, NOR IS HELL WORTHY OF ME. I COULD BE PLACED IN EITHER AT THY WISH.

چل دوست چلئے دنیا مطلب
دی ہے

COME ALONG FRIEND LETS MOVE THE WORLD'S A SELFISH PLACE.

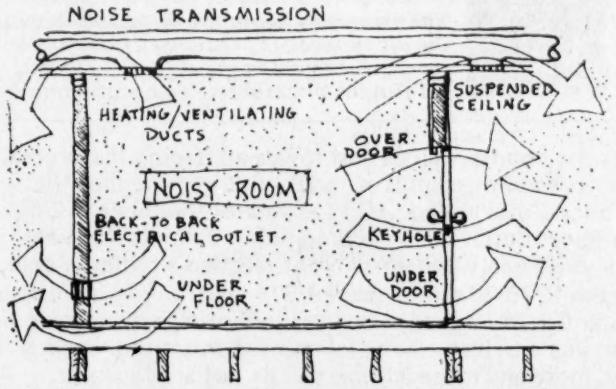
Examples of calligraphy from various Pakistani trucks, with their translations.

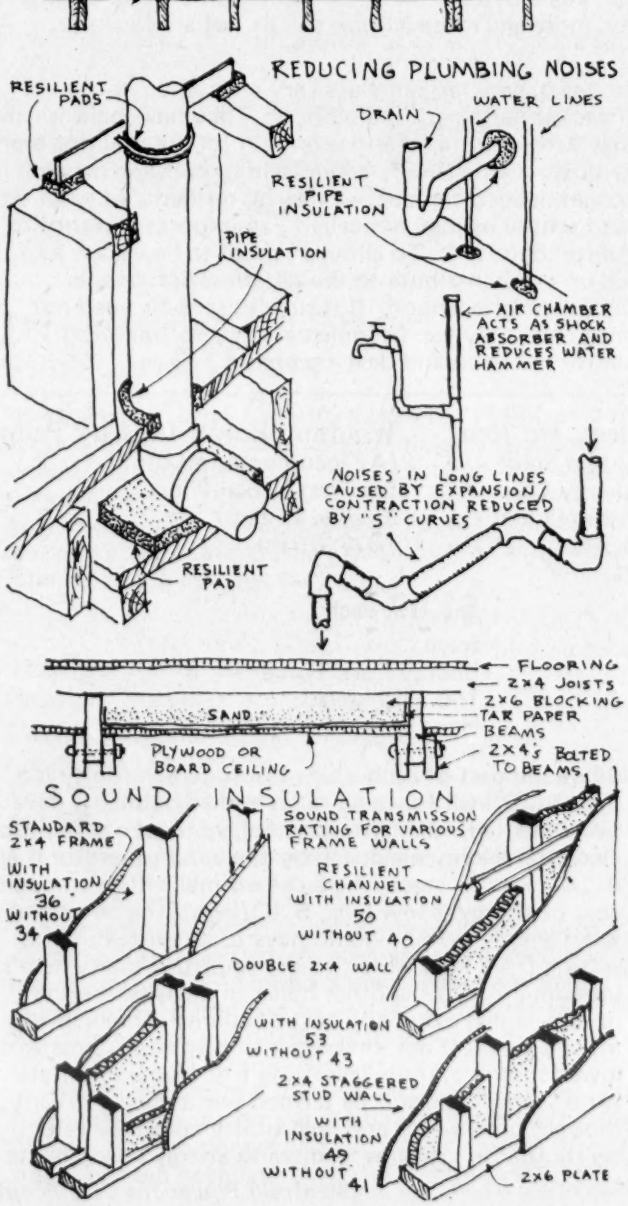
The Healthy House

*One of my respected friends has called this book "strange." Yup, and I strongly disagree with some of the not-very-rigorously-proven assertions. But. But it's that Old master of Philosophy of Building Ken Kern speaking, and we know from all the good things he's brought in the past (***The Owner Built Home***, for instance) that Ken is worth listening to. I find the proposals refreshingly annoying, exciting, and I happily admit that reading* **The Healthy House** *has started me thinking more carefully about a number of aspects of building. Typical of Ken is that he has built a house incorporating his philosophy: it's underground, compound-curved, bamboo-reinforced stabilized clay. Egad! Living in it helps protect you from a variety of assaults (some of which you may not have heard of) and augments natural forces that tend to promote good health. Definitely worth a look, especially for the very different point of view. —J. Baldwin*

The Healthy House
Ken Kern
1978; 152 pp.
$5.75 postpaid

from:
Owner-Builder Publications
Box 550
Oakhurst, CA 93644
or Whole Earth





Chainsaw mills

Your chainsaw can make trees into roughcut boards. We've run the now-famous Alaska Mill a long time ago (WEC, p. 77), and now there are others. The Lumber/Maker is about as simple as you can get. It works too. For heavier duty work, the Sperber Portable Chain Saw Mill represents a real professional production tool and is priced accordingly. With a single lousy splitty bookshelf board bringing ten bucks, these machines are looking better and better. I should add that using them is not particularly relaxing; a whole day behind one is exhausting. The Sperber machine is probably the state of the art. *—J. Baldwin*
[Suggested by Hap Heilman]

Haddon Lumber/Maker
(Includes book describing uses)
$39.95 (Illinois residents $41.94)

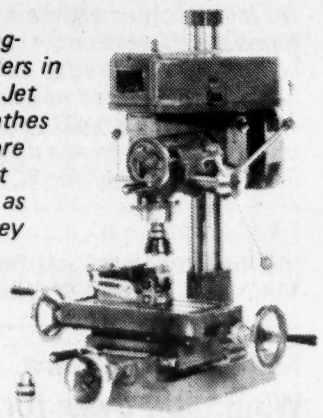
from:
Haddon Tool
4719 West Route 120
McHenry, IL 60050

Sperber Portable Chain Saw Mill
$500 (average, depending on model)

from:
Sperber Tool Works, Inc.
Box 1224
West Caldwell, NJ 07006

Jet Tools

Mention the word "lathe" to a thing-maker and the glitter of desire flickers in the eye. But who can afford one? Jet Tools has a line of unusually fine lathes and milling/drilling machines that are not exactly cheap, but are excellent value for the money. That's about as good as you can do these days. They also sell a beautiful vice, and many other tools. Someday . . . *—J. Baldwin*



For catalog:
Jet Equipment and Tools
1901 Jeffersoe Ave.
Tacoma, WA 98402

Acadia House

Fed up with the ridiculous cost of new houses, architect Charles Haynes and 20 students from University of British Columbia Centre for Continuing Education designed and built a 1000 sq. ft. house for about half the accepted expense. The building crew consisted entirely of inexperienced people and included six women. They came up with a house that many people would consider to be nice; an energy-efficient house at that. Now there is an instruction book, a set of plans, and several other papers (and by now more houses), all well adapted to the Canadian climate, and all assuming that inexperienced people working together can make good houses for themselves. That's the sort of news we like to hear, isn't it? Wonder how we came to forget that this is how we used to do it. Some of you may be especially interested in the treated wood foundation. No concrete. The plans are among the clearest I've ever seen; about as close to no-particular-skill-required as one could hope.

—J. Baldwin

For information and prices on plans write:

Pacific Regional Institute of Experimental Housing
Box 4134, Vancouver, BC
Canada V6B 3Z6

Animal Architecture

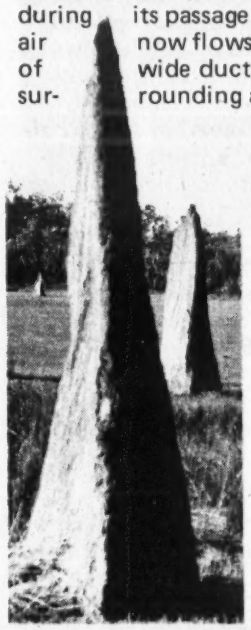
*A sensitive and wonder-filled look at how animals shelter themselves and their young. This is one of those books that has you continually jumping up to show someone what you've just learned. It also could cause you to reinspect your attitudes towards "house" and two-by-fours. The author is the same man who gave us those amazing dance-language-of-bees books. (***The Dancing Bees: An Account of the Life and Senses of the Honey Bee***, 1961, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.) This book is in the same spirit and of the same high intellectual and artistic quality.*

—J. Baldwin

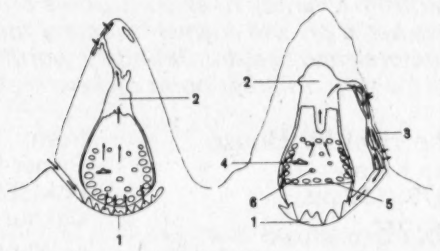
Animal Architecture
Karl von Frisch
1974, 1976; 306 pp.
$7.95 postpaid

from:
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc.
757 Third Ave.
New York, NY 10017
or Whole Earth

The ventilation system of the termitary is completely automatic. This is how it functions. The air in the fungus chambers is heated by the fermentation processes taking place there. Like any tightly packed group of breathing animals, the termites themselves cause a rise in temperature. This hot air rises and is forced by the pressure of the continuous stream of hot air into the duct system of the ridges. The exterior and interior walls of these ridges are so porous that they enable a gas exchange to take place. Carbon dioxide escapes and oxygen penetrates from outside. The ridges with their system of ducts might be called the lungs of the colony. As has been experimentally confirmed, the air is cooled during its passage through the ridges; this cooler, regenerated air now flows into the cellar by way of the lower system of wide ducts. From there it returns to the nest via the surrounding air space, replacing the rising warm air.



The structures of compass termites in the Australian steppe. Their broad sides face east and west. The weak morning sun cannot greatly heat the structure.



The arrows indicate the direction in which the air moves. (1) Cellar; (2) upper air space; (3) ducts in the ridges; (4) royal cell; (5) fungus chambers; (6) brood chambers.

Institute for Local Self-Reliance

Most of us are well aware of the New Alchemy Institute and its attempt to find small-scale, self-reliant ways to conduct our affairs. The Institute of Local Self-Reliance is the urban equivalent of New Alchemy. They are a non-profit, research and consulting organization promoting neighborhood self-reliance. They have done an amazing number of good works: rooftop gardens for elderly citizens in an apartment house; a task-force to provide insulation and energy conservation for low-income neighborhoods in Newark; community-based solid waste collection and recycling; research on community-controlled banking and on and on. The Institute issues a jam-packed newsletter every other month. The cost of **Self-Reliance** *is $6/year (individuals) or $12/year (institutions). They have a great, free publications list. You can become a member for $25 (individuals) or $40 (groups).*

—Peter Warshall

Institute for Local Self-Reliance
1717 18th Street NW, Washington, D.C. 20009

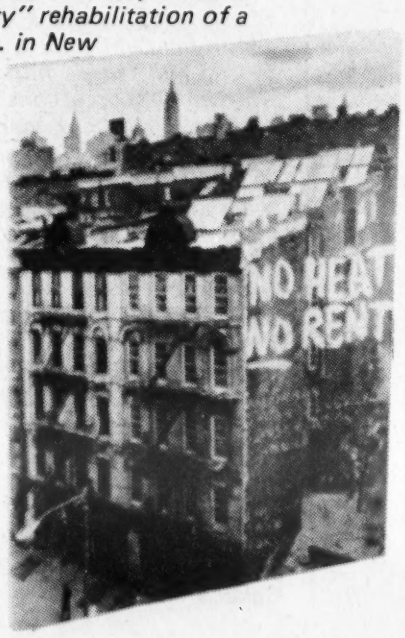
All over the country, cities and towns are facing the problem of what to do with surplus school buildings now that the "baby boom" has ended. HEW estimates that almost 2.4 million fewer pupils are attending public schools this year than six years ago when enrollment reached a national peak. During the 1975-76 school year, 9,974 fewer public elementary schools and 1,267 fewer public secondary schools were in use than ten years before. As enrollments continue to decline steadily, more and more schools will be declared surplus.

In most cases, area residents are very concerned about the fate of vacant neighborhood schools. They have paid for the buildings with their taxes and use them for community events. To tear down a structurally-sound school building because it is no longer needed can deprive nearby residents of what one Maryland school official has called "an important source of community identity." To allow a school to lie vacant and boarded up can contribute to the deterioration of the surrounding neighborhood. But surplus schools need not be abandoned: they can become catalysts for renewed community cohesion and development.

No Heat, No Rent
Windmill Power for City People

Tradition has it that one good way to alleviate civil tension in a ghetto is to build a swimming pool for the people trapped there. Even better is to arrange things so that they build it themselves. The famous "sweat equity" rehabilitation of a burned-out tenement on East 11th St. in New York City seems like an elaborate swimming pool project to me because the real problems of urban ghetto life have not been addressed. Maybe I'm wrong. These two publications show the project, which is beyond reproach as you might expect. But the effect of this project has been tremendous, as news of it has spread, so perhaps it is yet another case where attitude is a lot more important than hardware. Reading these dispatches from the front will help you decide for yourself. Certainly the spirit, skill, and hard work shown is just plain amazing.

—J. Baldwin
[Suggested by Bob Crews Earth Metabolic Design]



No Heat, No Rent
(An Urban Solar and Energy Conservation Manual)
1977; 90 pp.

Windmill Power for City People
(A Documentation of the First Urban Wind Energy System)
1977; 65 pp.

$1.00 each
from:
Energy Task Force
156 Fifth Ave.
New York, NY 10010

Since the cost of each unit of Con Ed electricity is a high $ .10/kwh (once all taxes and adjustments have been totalled), the corresponding value of each unit of electrical energy produced by the wind generator is also $ .10/kwh. In areas where the normal utility company cost of energy is low (e.g., $ .03/kwh), the output of a wind energy system would have to be quite high (resulting from high wind speeds) to justify the system's investment. On the other hand, in areas where the normal utility company cost of energy is high, as in most urban settings, investments in wind systems with lower energy outputs (resulting from only moderate wind speeds) can still be termed economical. Clearly, though, both winds and high utility company rates create the best savings from wind energy investments.

—Windmill Power for City People

Comment on "Pedal Power"

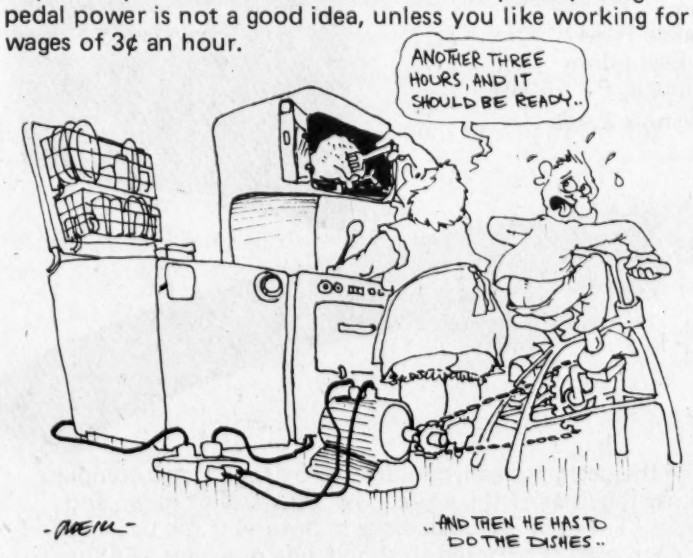
by Jim Stumm

Before we go too far with this idea of human powered devices, it might be useful to look at some numbers. A human person, working hard, can put out at most about 1/8 horsepower (HP) on a continuous basis. Mathematically, one HP is equal to 746 watts. Taking 1/8 times 746, we find that a person working rather hard for one hour, can do about 93 watt-hours of work. *[75 watts is more realistic – JB]*

Consider one alternative. Instead of powering our grain mill (or whatever) with human power, we could rig up a 1/8 HP electric motor to power it. I have a 1/8 HP electric motor here, and according to its plate, it draws 3 amps at 110 volts, which is 330 watts. So this motor uses 330 watt-hours, or 0.33 kilowatt-hours (KWH) if I run it for one hour.

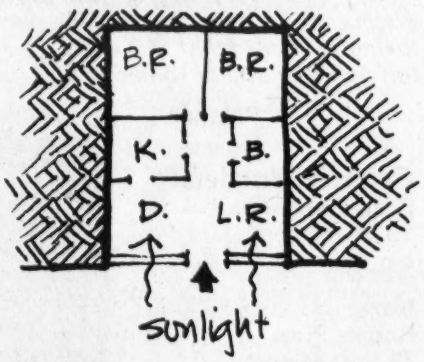
My electricity now costs me about 7¢/KWH. So this 1/8 HP motor costs 0.33 times 7¢ @ 2.3¢ to run for one hour. This means that pedaling an energy cycle for one hour saves less than 3¢ worth of electricity. Putting it another way: we can avoid an hour of rather hard work by spending just 3¢ for electricity. Or still another way of looking at it: by using an energy cycle we are working for a wage of 3¢/hour.

I do think it makes sense to use small human powered devices, like pencil sharpeners and can openers, where the amount of power required is trivial. But for devices that require anywhere near the human limit of power, using pedal power is not a good idea, unless you like working for wages of 3¢ an hour.



Underground architecture footnote

I'm still getting book orders from your review of **Underground Designs**. Thanks to it and some other reviews we're well into our 4th printing of 10,000 copies. As a result, I get a lot of mail from customers asking for further information (which I send them), or submitting sketches of the underground houses they plan to build. My estimate is that between 1000 and 2000 such houses will be started in the U.S. during the next 12 months. Those which follow the basic rules, and take advantage of solar heating will be dramatic demonstrations of the earth-sun potency, but I'm very much disturbed by two things which I see appearing again and again on the sketches and/or letters I'm getting, and I wonder if you'd be willing to spare a column inch or two to help head off some real trouble. Life safety is the subject, and these are the problems:



1) *Lack of safe exits.* A surprising number of the plans submitted show rooms, often bedrooms, located deep inside a hill, far from the out of doors. I don't even like to think about the tragedies such plans could generate. It's most important to provide *2 ways out of every space*, even if the second way is by window (provided there's not a two-story drop to the ground outside). Be sure to comply with the building codes!

2) *Misconceptions about concrete.* An equally surprising number of people mention just enough about their concrete (or "cement") roofs and walls to tell me that the material is assumed to be superstrong across any span, under any loading, and in any region of the country, regardless of its earthquake potential. Concrete is an excellent material for use in underground buildings but it is a highly temperamental material that can fail for any number of reasons. I urge everyone to consult a qualified structural engineer familiar with conditions in his own area before attempting any structure larger than a curb or sidewalk.

Malcolm Wells
Box 1149
Brewster, MA 02631

Transportation and Energy: Some Current Myths

"Environmentalists" have often been frustrated by well-meaning but poorly informed persons who mindlessly espouse a cause without finding out what's really going on. Mass transit is one such cause. This paper is highly controversial, but when you peek around theory and observe what is happening in the real world, Mr. Lave makes sense. Just the thing for enraging your smug Liberal friends.

—J. Baldwin
[Suggested by Lee Sailer]

Transportation and Energy: Some Current Myths
Charles A. Lave
1976 (revised 1977); 25 pp.
$2.00 postpaid (Must make payable to "Regents of the Univ. of Calif.")

from:
Publications Dept.
Institute of Transportation Studies
Univ. of Calif.
Irvine, CA 92717

The new generation of transit systems appear to be energy wasters. Yet these systems are receiving a great deal of public interest around the United States. There are glamorous new rail trainsit systems that have recently opened (San Francisco), or are in construction (Washington, Atlanta), or are proposed for construction (seemingly everywhere). Their costs are astronomical: the one that Los Angeles voters just considered promised to be the largest public works program of all time. Their effects on congestion and pollution are either very small, or even negative. And the amount of subsidy the transit systems require is startling: the BART system in San Francisco currently subsidizes its passengers by about $12 per round trip; the newly opened section of the Washington METRO system subsidizes its passengers by $22 per round trip (though this figure is supposed to drop when the entire system is opened). . . .

The energy invested in constructing BART is so large, and the operating energy savings are so small that it will take 535 years to break even on its investment, much less save any energy.

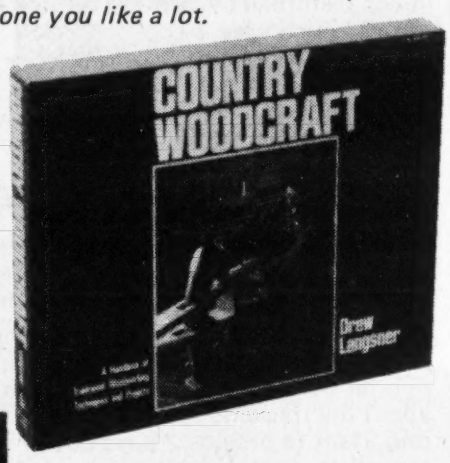
If energy saving were its main rationale, it should never have been built in the first place. Furthermore, because these figures compare BART to a 14 MPG car they are strongly biased toward the effectiveness of rail transit. Congress has already mandated an average auto fuel efficiency of 27.5 MPG by 1985, and such a car is actually 15% more energy efficient than BART. Given that BART is drawing its passengers from more efficient buses and cars, it will actually save energy to simply shut down the system, even ignoring the invested energy. . . .

The "engineering" studies put together to sell a transit system to community voters generally manage to both overstate the number of passengers the system can attract, and to understate the cost of building it. BART again provides an interesting example of the contrast between reality and forecasts: it cost almost twice as much to build, it draws less than half the passengers, and it uses double the energy that was forecast. The system that was projected to "make a major impact on traffic" actually carries only 2% of the trips in its patronage area.

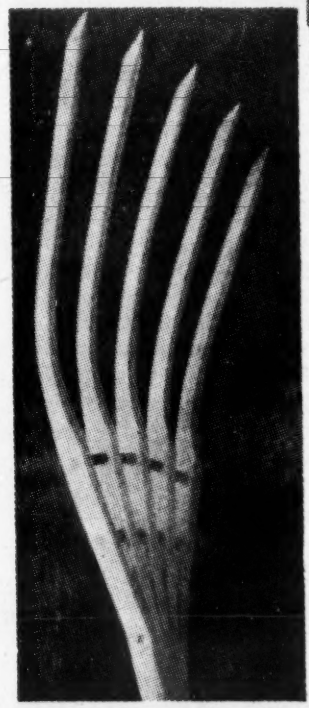
Country Woodcraft

Once in a while a book crosses my desk that is so impeccable that I find myself grinning from ear to ear as I read it. I had seen early rough drafts of this and knew it would be a good one, but it's better than I could have dreamed; damn near perfect. Drew Langsner and his wife Louise give more than the usualy dry history of old-time woodworking techniques; they've become masters of the art. They want you to be too, and give all the information you'll need for making a wide variety of objects ranging from plows to baskets. The photographs are unusually clear. The text is spare, competent, and loving. I'm sure that this will be a classic. Get one for yourself and give one to someone you like a lot.

—J. Baldwin



Country Woodcraft
Drew Langsner
1978; 304 pp.
$9.95 postpaid
from:
Rodale Press
33 East Minor
Emmaus, PA 18049
or Whole Earth



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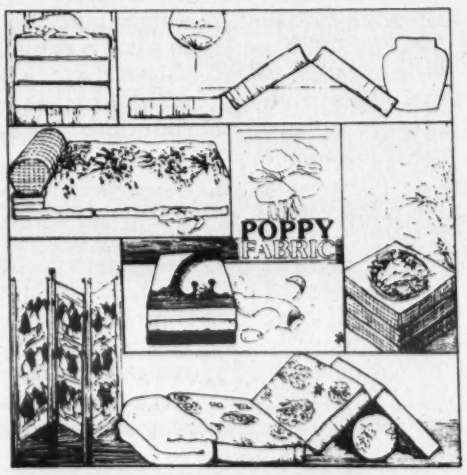
Poppy Shiki-buton (Japanese folding bed)

Pattern and instructions for the fabric-covered hinged foam mattress that folds into a sofa, in single, camper and queen sizes.

— Diana Sloat



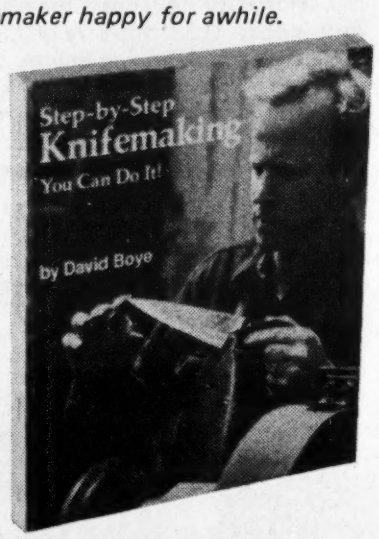
Poppy Shiki-buton
$4.00 postpaid
from:
Poppy Fabric
2072 Addison St.
Berkeley, CA 94704

Step-by-Step Knifemaking

A straightforward step-by-step how-to book on knifemaking, and the perfect companion to **How to Make Knives** *by Barney and Loveless (CQ Fall 1977). This one manages to be a hair different in that it gets into making and adapting equipment as well as using less of it. The big bonus comes in the chapter on Etching on Steel — everything you need to know for embellishing the blade by etching. What this must do to the school of knifemakers who refuse to so much as stamp a trademark on a blade because of stress risers, etc.! Two opposing camps.*

Boye talks about cutting up vegetables, while Barney and Loveless have a curious line about cutting up people. I guess that does get into the history of knives. These two books should keep the budding knifemaker happy for awhile.

—Charlene Modena



Step-by-Step Knifemaking
David Boye
1977; 270 pp.
$7.95 postpaid
from:
Rodale Press
33 East Minor
Emmaus, PA 18049
or Whole Earth

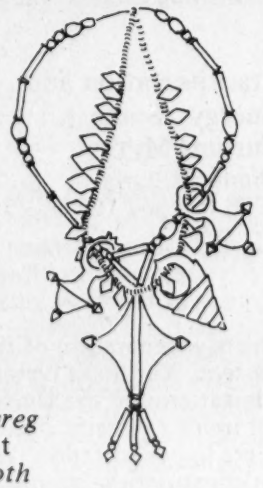
Make the designs clean, centered or balanced, and complete. Follow the lines of the knife. Use contrasts of detail and blocks. The etching looks more sculptural if the background is etched out, as opposed to simple line drawings. Be sure to get through the wax, clear down to the steel, even in the fine lines and in the midst of great detail.

Ornament

This magazine was around for about four years as **The Bead Journal** *and has only recently changed its name to* **Ornament**, *indicative of a slight shift in emphasis. Earlier issues were limited to ancient and ethnic work, but it has now expanded to become the forum for anyone interested in any or all aspects of beads and jewelry. It somehow manages to just about cover it all*

—Charlene Modena

Ornament
(A Quarterly of Jewelry and Personal Adornment)
Robert K. Liu, Ed.
$12.00/yr. (4 issues)
from:
Ornament
P.O. Box 24-C-47
Los Angeles, CA 90024



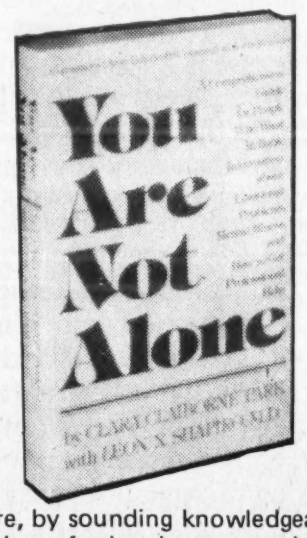
Two necklace ensemble worn by Tuareg adult women, showing how tainakimt *and* tanaghilt *are worn. Note that both necklaces are strung together through the holes of the latter ornaments.*

The magazine for jewelers, researchers, collectors, craftspeople. Contemporary, Commercial, Ethnic and Ancient Jewelry.

You Are Not Alone

A tough-minded primer of emotional problems and mental health, and guide to seeking professional psychological help. Part One leads you through methods of treatment and diagnostic catagories while at the same time questioning whether some diagnoses (e.g., schizophrenia) serve any useful purpose. Part Two is a consumer's guide to mental health resources likely to be available in your community, and includes a useful chapter on paying for such services. Part Three, entitled "Outrage — And How to Use It," is a guide to making the mental health establishment meet your needs.

The author is the mother of an autistic child. She's been there. Her book is a model consumer's guide — crammed full of relentlessly practical information and a wealth of well-chosen resources. —*Tom Ferguson*



You Are Not Alone
(Understanding and Dealing with Mental Illness: A Guide for Patients, Families, Doctors and Other Professionals)
Clara Claiborne Park with Leon N. Shapiro, M.D.
1976; 496 pp.

$6.00 postpaid
from:
Consumer's Union
Book Sales Dept.
Orangeburg, NY 10962

There are other matters you may want to get clear at the beginning. Can you call the practitioner at night in an emergency? Will he or she furnish records, test materials, diagnoses, reports of therapy and progress to your family physician? To institutions who can use them — schools, hospitals, social agencies? Promptly? Fully? Repeatedly? Will he furnish them to the patient? To you? Will he act as interpreter to you and to others concerned with your relative, or do his functions cease with the therapy hour?

•

The professional's first allegiance is to his patient. The professional's trust is something that relatives have to earn. How can you earn it, then? You don't do it as you might elsewhere, by sounding knowledgeable, even if you are. Mental health professionals are more interested in who you are than in what you know. If you establish that you're open, reasonable, and not too full of yourself, they'll be more ready to accept you on their turf. Avoid fancy psychiatric terms, at least at first, even if you've read them in this book. It's surprising how well you can make out in plain English. Though psychiatric professionals use those words continually, they don't seem to like them nearly as well when they hear them from us.

Common-Sense Suicide

This book says old people should be able to stop being alive when they want. Says it very well, too.

—*Anne Herbert*

Common-Sense Suicide
Doris Portwood
1978; 142 pp.
$6.95 postpaid

from:
Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc.
79 Madison Ave.
New York, NY 10016
or Whole Earth

There is a continuing increase in suicide by the under-24 age group and few would argue against the need for suicide prevention centers, counselor hot-lines and research projects. When you are under 24, there is so much time to change your mind. People with many productive years to live should be helped to have that chance.

Equally, older persons should be accorded the courtesy of an assumption that we know what we want. By the time we reach 65 most of us have made many decisions. On a private decision we deserve the dignity of a respectful concurrence. When an older woman leaves a social gathering — perhaps an hour after dinner and when younger guests are settling down to a game or a fresh drink — no one urges her to linger on. Someone may call a cab or offer a lift. She will receive thoughtful words during the process of departure, but no insistence on her staying. There is the assumption that she has, in fact, some good reason for going.

When we have a good reason for voluntary departure from life, similar courtesy would be appreciated, but we cannot count on it.

•

"Maybe he's death, the great lover," she says. "Anyway, he carries two guns and we have our rendezvous in a saloon-like bar. But luxurious — you know? Ripe leather and polished wood. He buys me a neat whisky and we talk about his beautiful guns. They *are* beautiful. Lots of intricate design in the metal. And heavy. I lift one. He speaks of Russian Roulette. I believe there are no empty chambers in this heavy gun. And then there is a sound of firing. I notice the men at the bar turn their heads toward our table. Slowly, like a replayed sport detail. And — well, that's all."

"The man — gun-toting Death or whoever. Is he young or old?"

"Funny," she says. "I never noticed."

Why S.O.B.'s Succeed and Nice Guys Fail In A Small Business

So many people of good heart start a small business only to have it fail miserably. Most of the failures I have known and/or been a party to would have had a lot better chance of making it if this unscrupulous book had been handy. Oh, there's nothing here that is against the law, but the fine line is certainly approached. All of the advice comes under the heading of "sound business practice" but it is definitely aggressive stuff, and many will find it offensive in every way. On the other hand most of what is presented is normal business procedure for large corporations, which are the enemy. (The customer is not *considered the enemy; it isn't* that *kind of unscrupulous.) If you are struggling along with a small business or are about to, a look here might prove mighty useful.*

—*J. Baldwin*

Personally I find the tone and much of the advice of this book odious and its premise incorrect. (Of 300 Briarpatch businesses dedicated to "right livelihood" only 2 have gone out of business, says Mike Phillips.) Nevertheless a lot of the realities of small business depicted here may be found in no other book, but keep a firm grip on your conscience while reading.

—*SB*

Why S.O.B.'s Succeed and Nice Guys Fail In A Small Business
Financial Management Associates, Inc.
1976; 374 pp.

$20.65 postpaid
from:
Financial Management Associates, Inc.
3824 E. Indian School Rd.
Phoenix, AZ 85018

For the "grunt" jobs, those semi-skilled and low-level positions in your organization, one of the best sources of potential employees is from your own employees. Almost all of them probably know people who would make better than average employees, and by simply letting them know what you are looking for, you can get a great number of people to interview at no expense to yourself.

You should not, however, use this source too often for judgment jobs. Here you could get into a problem with the perception of your employees as to what a job requires. For judgment or management position jobs, you need to deal at arms' length with everyone. You don't want to risk upsetting or irritating your employee by turning down the individual who they consider perfectly suited for the job, and who have gone out and shot their mouth off by telling this individual that they can get him this particular job because they have great influence with you.

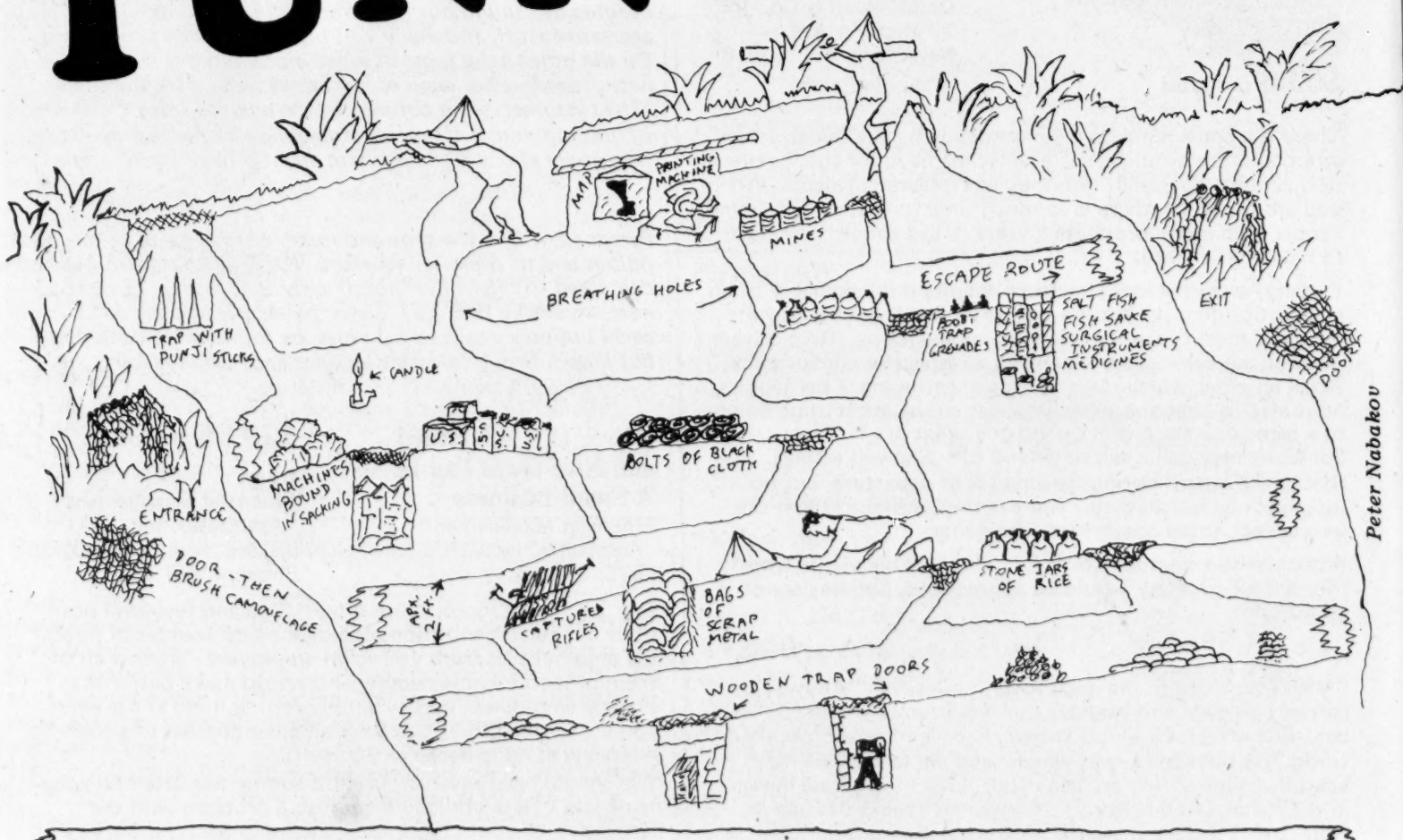
TUNNELS

BY PETER NABOKOV

NORMALLY tunnels are built to find oil, diamonds, stone, coal, gold, etc., and to penetrate mountains and river or bay bottoms for cars, trains, buses and pushcarts, etc., or to transport water, oil, slurry, sewage, steam. Normally things and people don't stay in tunnels any longer than they have to.

Under abnormal conditions – flight to avoid, earthquakes, air raids, extreme paranoia, times of plague, holocaust, repression, etc. – tunnels become refuges for people. Stress, anxiety, a heightened pulse rate, are normal under this mole-like existence, a world-view premised on the observation that it is safer to keep away from the light of day. New York's notorious Collier Brothers honeycombed their urban mansion with burrows weaving through booby traps and trap doors, cul-de-sacs and U-curves sliced through decades of baled newspapers. In the stone burial galleries of ancient Rome, legend has it, persecuted Christians held their secret meetings. Through the labyrinth of Parisian murky, mucky sewers, Victor Hugo has the 19th century hero of his *Les Miserables*, Jean Valjean, flee the cops. Many a fictitious nuclear holocaust ends with the planet's surface a toxic wasteland, with survivors inhabiting a THX underground – a vision verified once already: the Warsaw Ghetto rebels occupying the city's sewers in 1944 during the last desperate weeks, commemorated in Andrzej Wajda's amazing 1957 film, *KANAL.*

But no tunneleers can match the incredible resourcefulness of the Viet Cong. Photo-journalist veteran of the Vietnam War, Horst Faas, recently revisited the North Vietnamese battlefield to exhume these facts about their fabled subterranean headquarters: The V.C. took 30 years to construct a tunnel system – a yard cut away every eight hours – stretching over 150 miles, at some points layered up to three tiers deep with hospitals, toilets, even water buffalo living underground. Tentacle-like extensions reached practically to Saigon, 20 miles off from Cu Cui, and to surrounding provincial capitals. A 12 by 12 ft. map looking like a New York City subway directory managed the elaborate system of slippery, humid, dark corridors little more than 2 ft. in diameter. Sometimes tunneleers could overhear the chatter of American military personnel in their bivouacs above them. Travelling in the dark to conserve precious candles, they fought with rifle butts and bayonets the American German shepherd dogs who followed them into the holes, until they began washing with Ivory and Camay to throw them off. They built

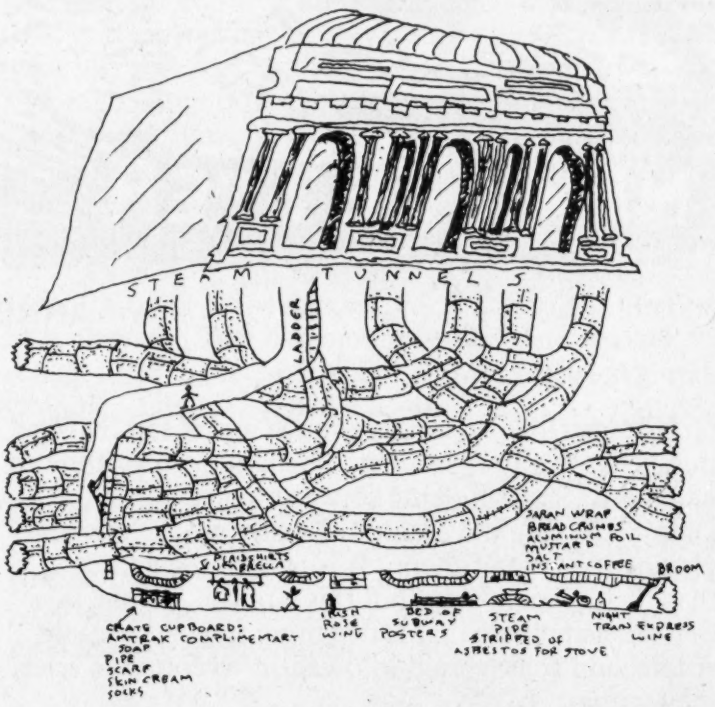


Peter Nabokov is a free-lance writer who also wrote an article on Kickapoo Indians' houses in **Shelter II** *(reviewed on page 38 of this issue). Indians are his main interest – he's taught Indian studies, recently finished editing* **Native American Testimony**, *an anthology of Indian-White relations seen through Indian eyes. He's now working with Bob Easton on a book about American Indian houses and houselife and on a bibliography of writing by American Indian women. If you can help with the latter, write him in care of Bob Easton, 209 E. Mountain Drive, Santa Barbara, CA 93108.*

additional tiers to escape the American "tunnel rats" – especially selected for their slightness of build – sent underground with satchel charges, and they also fought them hand to hand in pitch blackness. When Americans tried flooding the tunnels, upper tier escape routes were plotted on the large map. The 1968 Tet Offensive and the 1975 Saigon Takeover were planned in these tunnels.

Recently, to move back home, New York *Times* reporter Dena Kleiman lucked on a cadre of underdwellers almost as ingenious. Five years ago, when Grand Central Terminal authorities tried clearing the waiting rooms of early morning derelicts, the hobos simply and literally dropped out of sight. Circulating into the maze of cavernous tunnels that extend six levels below Park Avenue from Grand Central Terminal to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, as many as 40 members of the "steam pipe community," between the ages of 17 and 70, began living underground for upwards of four months at a stretch. Amid the rumble of passing subway trains this tramp brigade – many having abandoned families and jobs to drop out below, where at least it is very warm – still survive beside scalding puddles, hissing pipes, and flickering candles. By day they panhandle, by night they fight huge rats and giant roaches and fleas – and perhaps New York's fabled underground alligators – to set up their individual territories every hundred feet of tube length. There are many possible entrances: 49th Street between Park and Lexington, the 47th Street Chemical Bank Building, the 43rd Street Greenwich Savings Bank.

It has been said that only a society which learns from its enemies and its outcasts will survive. Next rainfall, follow the flow off your eaves down into the street and test if the gutter grates lift up. Ask your city planning department, nonchalantly, if you may scan the town sewer blueprint. Join your kids in their plank-over-trench backlot hideaway for a few hours. Get the feel, just in case. ■



The Grass Roots Fundraising Book

This is an excellent book, one that should be treated like a dictionary: you need to know it exists.

—Michael Phillips

The Grass Roots Fundraising Book
(How to Raise Money in Your Community)
Joan Flanagan
1977; 219 pp.
$4.95 postpaid

from:
Swallow Press
811 W. Junior Terrace
Chicago, IL 60613

or Whole Earth

Grass roots fundraising proves you have a lot of people who support your work. If most of your neighbors will help you sell tickets, you know, and the people outside of your group will know, that your people want the program enough to work for it.

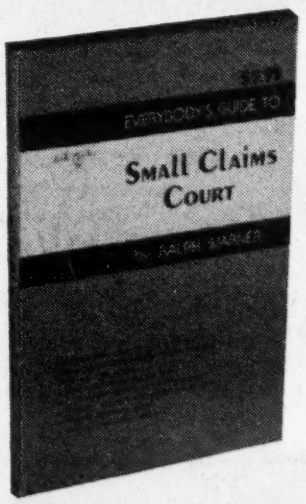
This gives you a boost with other funding sources. Ironically, successful grass roots fundraising makes it easier for you to raise money from institutions. Foundations and national church giving programs that hand out grants are interested in groups that can show their own people will support them. Corporations and United Way executives want to choose the best outfits from a flood of applications, and they need some way of judging your effectiveness. If you can go to foundation executives and show them that you signed up 60 new members last month, or had 500 people at your dance, or that you raise 75 per cent of your budget yourself, they can feel confident that their money will be well spent if they give it to you. Since most big-money funders have little or no staff support, the depth and breadth of your grass roots fundraising is their only concrete evidence that the people in your community *want* your program.

Small Claims Court

This is a superb book, flawless! No small business should be without it. If you like to sue other people and businesses, then you'll also find it helpful.

—Michael Phillips

Everybody's Guide to Small Claims Court
Ralph Warner
1978; 208 pp.
$5.95 postpaid
from:
Nolo Press
P.O. Box 544
Occidental, CA 95465



When thinking about presenting your case to a judge, there is one constructive thing that you can do. Imagine yourself in the judge's shoes. What would you value most from the people appearing before you? Before I ever sat as a judge, my answer was politeness, good organization of the material to be presented and reasonable brevity. After experiencing Small Claims Court from the judge's chair, I would only add – documented evidence. By this, I mean evidence that is supported by more than the word of the person bringing, or defending, the case. Witnesses, written statements, police accident reports, photographs – all these give the judge a chance to make a decision on something more than who tells the best story. And one final thing. Remember, the judge has heard thousands of stories very much like yours and will either cease paying attention or get annoyed if you try repeating your story three times.

Kathleen O'Neill

BY ANNE HERBERT

May 21, 1978

Mrs. Stacey loves goats very much and is sad that she doesn't have any right now. She used to play flute to her goats. She is looking forward to attending the Ohio State Fair and seeing the many goats there and playing to some of them. It is possible, she knows, that their owners may find this strange, but she says that the happiness that flutes bring to goats is quite visible, and goat people will want it to continue once they witness it.

Goat people always love their goats very much though goats are very wild and don't care about much. Goat people are placid and care about everything. When the goats eat anything at all unguarded (stamps, plants, shoes even if they're the only ones), it's not that the goat people don't care, but they still love the goat as they scream curses and rebuild the fence.

Mrs. Stacey also has played to snakes who also love flute music. They much prefer certain medieval modalities whereas goats like anything well-played. The goats do dance, really, she says. The snakes become quiet and so do people. At the Ohio State Fair, she expects to make a circle of quiet for people as she has in other jumble crowd places she has played. (The goats won't dance probably; their pens aren't big enough.) At parties often people keep talking even louder when the flute plays, fighting, she thinks, not the noise but the stillness.

•

Peter studied a community of baboons in Africa for two years. He talked about how at first you think something a baboon does is indicative of how baboons behave; later when one exhibits aggression, as you might say, you think "oh yeah, there's old Norris with a chip on his shoulder again." You get that they have personalities and bad days and you don't know what you're learning.

•

The rich are very clean. It's all they have to do. When they need mud, they have to steal it from us.

•

The Moon hasn't changed much in the last four billion years since many, many large and small meteorites hit it at once. Many of them are exactly where they were. They are being looked at and appreciated by the new Moon Lovers Club at the high school. Jane and Michael, who started the club, think that the Moon is going to change very much before they die and they want to slow down the process and to remember what the moon was like in the billions of years before people. "Neil Armstrong was like Lewis and Clark," Jane says, "and it's not far from Lewis and Clark to parking lots and strip mines. The main delay in both cases is developing the travel machines and the destruction machines that make far-away places convenient.

You can get Anne Herbert's "Rising Sun Neighborhood Newsletter"

Anne is assistant editor, sometimes co-editor of CQ, *but the* Newsletter *is all hers. She puts it out every two weeks, a good four to eight pages of single-spaced xeroxed typewriter. All of it as good and various as the fraction printed here. So far the circulation is 15 – to Anne's good friends.*

I have recommended that Anne make the publication available to the general public. I have further recommended that she charge $100/year, because it's art, it's enjoyable, it's worth it, and it reflects some real costs of living and mailing. The traditional view that her art is not supposed to help pay her way until she's old, dead, or famous is one I strenuously oppose.

Bottom line. We see a lot of publications (hundreds) around this office, and many are outstanding, but none are as eagerly anticipated and then pored over as the "Rising Sun Neighborhood Newsletter." I would pay the $100. If you do, for once your payment will go straight to the artist, with no middle-people. –SB

Send check to:

Rising Sun Neighborhood Newsletter
Box 428
Sausalito, CA 94965

We want to slow that down, but first mostly we want to be good Moon lovers." They look at the Moon frequently from different angles, in their telescope and in their minds. "The picture to remember hasn't been taken yet. From Mars, we look like a double planet, because we are. The little one is a fourth as big as the big one, and they're very close. You can tell they're in it together.

•

Dr. Weaver will be teaching a history class in the basement of St. John's United Methodist Church for people old enough to have seen an important part of their lives forgotten. "It's a mistake to try to teach history to teenagers. You can't really get interested in remembering and analyzing the past until something that you thought would last a long time is over. I'd like to have some people who fought in the sixties there and also some people who fought in the first and second world wars. The course is going to run backwards in time. We'll start with present indifference and work back to valuable things you remember and further back to valuable things you've forgotten too, and that's where I hope there are people older than you in the class to tell you about their lost time. And I'll be telling what our professional community rememberers (historians, you should pardon the expression) think about what happened. I hope you come."

•

When Ellen's grandmother was walking to teach in the one-room school Mr. Schaeffer on the road on the way would always be standing by his gate and say, "Good morrow, Anne. These are thy golden days," every morning.

•

The Moon Lovers, like other lovers, talk on and on about the beloved. Here's some of what they say: "There are land tides, too, you know, both here and on the Moon. We're pulling each other. The edge of the shadow of the Earth is called the terminator. It's always moving. It's the best place to look at the Moon to see how sharp everything is without water to round it off. Water is really the main difference; the Moon does it without water. I like to lay by the creek and listen to the water running down the valley, in my veins, around my stomach, in the air and look at a close place where nothing changes because nothing is wet. If you look at the Moon every night, if you put in 60 or 70 hours looking at the Moon and then you look at one of those pictures of the Earth, what hits you first is that it's soggy. I mean we're all sloshing around down here together in a big moist mess. Even humans, even on land, even on a parking lot in Arizona, for God's sake, nothing is dry. The Moon helps you see that and a lot of other things that are harder to say. I think what we'd mostly like for starters is for everyone in town to look at the Moon through binoculars once. You won't believe how close and how different it looks. And someday it may look the same, another factory out your window. Look now, please."

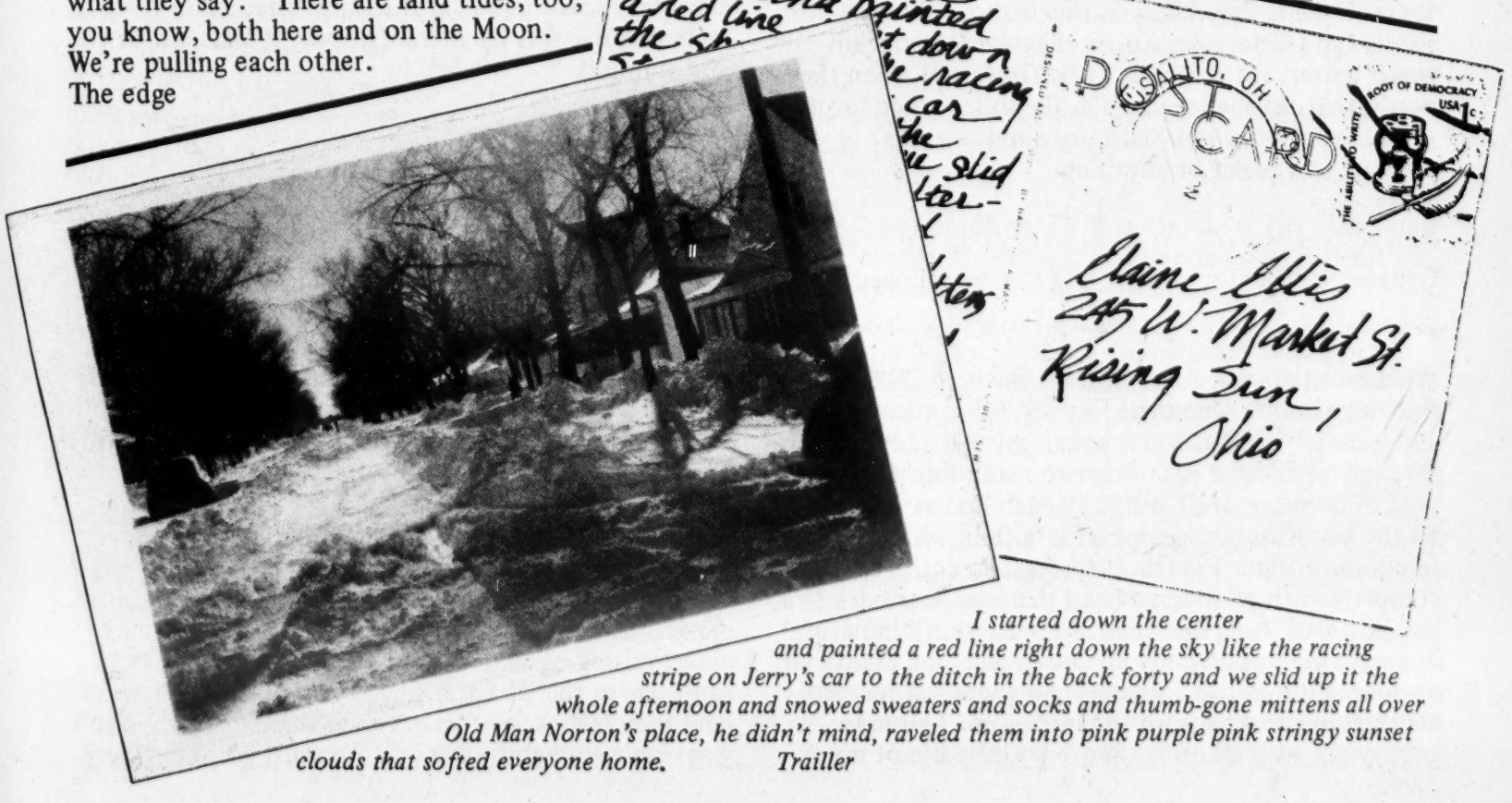
•

People here know my father is a minister, etc., so Isabella wrote me a note: "One night Nader, my Persian friend, asked me who/what the Holy Ghost was. After I tried to explain he said he thought it sounded like trying to paint a fart."

•

May 29, 1978

Report from another place – Over there, they sing on their buses and underground trains. They sing the bus songs they learned at school which are mostly either nonsense or long stories. They have special cross-country songs that have very long stories, intermarriage, generations, puns based on a verse 20 miles back,



I started down the center and painted a red line right down the sky like the racing stripe on Jerry's car to the ditch in the back forty and we slid up it the whole afternoon and snowed sweaters and socks and thumb-gone mittens all over Old Man Norton's place, he didn't mind, raveled them into pink purple pink stringy sunset clouds that softed everyone home. *Trailler*

changes of tune on irregularly alternate verses and 8 part harmony.

•

June 18, 1978

"The way I see it you can treat your life like a fastball or a knuckleball, that's the choice. Now, a fastball pitcher grasps tight on the ball, throws it as hard as he can, it spins through the air in a straight line, the batter knows where it's coming and either he can hit it or he can't. A knuckleball pitcher just lets the ball go, he holds it with his middle two knuckles like a claw and lets it go, no spin and no straight line. It floats toward the batter and any little breeze can make it do something else, and there's always a little breeze and the knuckleball surprises the catcher (who uses a bigger glove and misses a lot anyway), the batter and the pitcher and the ball. Knuckleball pitchers can pitch a lot more years than fastball pitchers, but there aren't very many of them."

•

June 31, 1978

There isn't an unknown soldier from Vietnam because they identified them all.

•

David Frost talked to the priest in India who goes around all day feeding starving people and helping very sick people and Frost asked him what was the worst thing about it and he said the worst thing about it was that it was so boring.

•

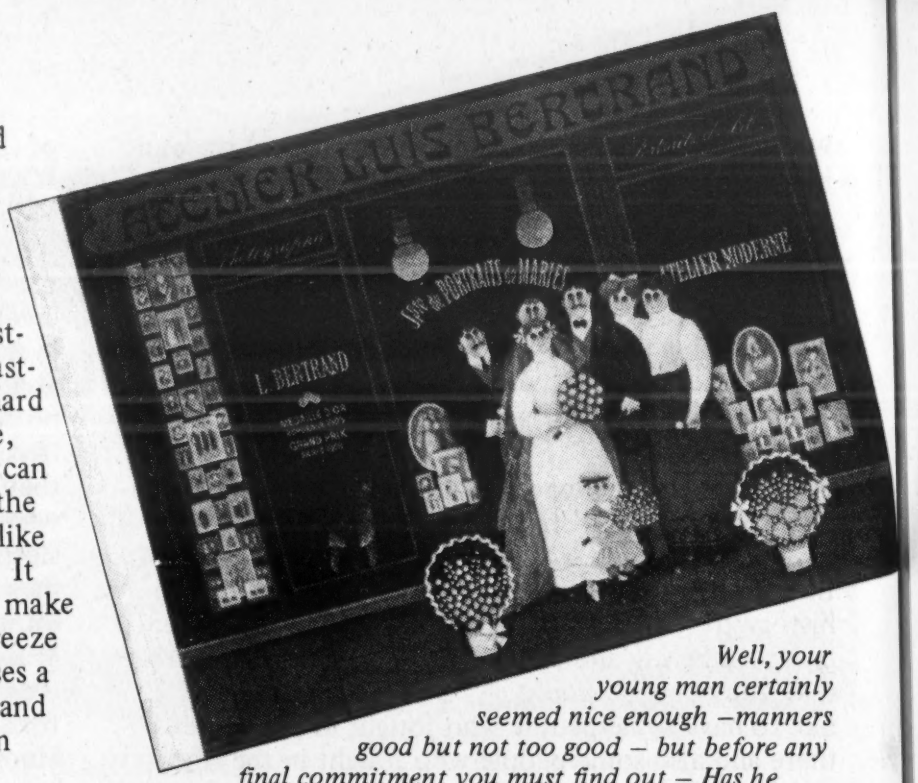
Did you ever notice that when newspapers, magazines and television decide to report on regular people, all they do is test them on whether they've been paying attention to newspapers, magazines and television? They go to some hog farmers in Indiana and quiz them them to see if they know as much about the current media fad (Watergate, Korea, whatever) as the editorial writers for the New York *Times* and when they don't, that finishes them. I'd like to see some farmer interviewing Harrison Salisbury about weather or saving a sick piglet or anything.

•

General Washington does not like to be touched.

•

Whenever they ask I say, Date of Birth: 5/29/50, so two days before Memorial Day 1976 I'm turning 26 and remembering that every man my age had to go through one desert or another to reach this promised year of no more draft and they each lost something on the way: innocence, an arm, faith in whatever, freedom to flunk French, both legs, an entire country complete with relatives, a head that can hear back fires and not dive under the chair, friends, a certain natural honesty, the opportunity to cut college, the ability to do simple things like tie shoes and some just lost and aren't going into 26 with the rest of us. I glide to twenty-six with all of the above and the life of my



Well, your young man certainly seemed nice enough –manners good but not too good – but before any final commitment you must find out – Has he played with his shadow in the last five years. Has he ever once lifted his foot just to see his shadow rise? The answer is crucial, my dear, because a man who doesn't play with his shadow and doesn't want to is a man who will never burst into laughter in the middle of an argument while he himself is talking & that, let me assure you, is a fatal flaw.
Amanda

choice since you knew on 5/29/50 that they weren't going to put my date of birth on any draft card or tombstone in Arlington at 3:01 p.m. when my vagina was born.

•

Some married people when they're cleaning up after a party and some of the guests are still there look at each other like they have a secret joke. Other married people look like they have a secret but it's not a joke.

•

If you have a fancy rubber stamp and you want it to stamp different colors at the same time, color it with water-soluble felt tip markers, spray it with windex and stamp it.

•

July 24, 1978

Compare and contrast People and Man: The History of Man. The History of People. Man's Search for Meaning. People's Search for Meaning. Man Discovers the Wheel. People Discover the Wheel. The trouble with Man is not just that he's a man but that there's only one of him. One tall, jut-jawed, clear-eyed, well-hung male striding purposefully through the ages toward some goal both logical and grand. The History of People sounds casual and messy and it was.

•

They're fencing the commons today. No matter what we do they will fence the commons today. We can't graze our sheep together anymore and we can't talk about raising our sheep together anymore and we can't live in the village together anymore because the land they left each of us between the fences we didn't want isn't enough to live on. We must go somewhere

else. We will go to the city and they will keep fencing the commons until there is nothing shared for us to talk about and we will hide from each other in small rooms and watch the ghosts of other people's friendships dancing in a dead black box.

•

It's a good thing to be a preacher's kid. You learn 9 valuable lessons. Here are four of them:

1. God did not create this particular room in a state appropriate for this particular meeting. Someone had to set up the folding chairs.
2. God has not yet created a single person who is seized by sudden wild impulses to set up a few folding chairs for fun. Therefore, whoever set up the folding chairs would rather be doing something else.
3. One fourth of all chairs unfolded at this particular church are unfolded by you.
4. No one thinks about the person who set up the folding chairs except the person who set up the folding chairs.

•

Why Alice B. Toklas Brownies are called Alice B. Toklas Brownies: Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein lived together in Paris from before World War I until after World War II. Then Gertrude died. She left Alice the apartment and the paintings in the apartment and an income for life. (In old pictures of the apartment you can see that it had high ceilings and that the large walls were entirely covered with paintings, most of which you've seen reproductions of in books. Gertrude arrived in Paris when modern art was starting and bought from her friends like Picasso and Matisse.)

The Stein family spent the rest of Alice's life trying to cheat her. When she was away on summer vacation in the country, the Steins took all the paintings from the apartment. (Gertrude Stein was not interested in her family. She said, "Families are things you come from not things you belong to.") The Steins were successful enough in their machinations that Alice B. Toklas in her seventies did not have enough money to live on. She solicited recipes from her many well-known friends to be put in an Alice B. Toklas cookbook to raise money. She didn't actually put the book together, the publisher did, and she didn't know until it was published that one of her younger friends had contributed a brownie recipe calling for marijuana. She was deeply shocked and offended, but there was nothing she could do. Though she had slept with a woman all her life and though she had friends that did all the unconventional twentieth century things, she had almost all the respectable standards of the century she'd been born in, and having marijuana brownies in her cookbook was a fairly important bad thing in the long bad time after Gertrude died. When people talk about Alice B. Toklas brownies I feel like explaining all this to them in something of the same spirit that my mother explained to me about not saying Indian giving, but that would be a bit much. But every time I hear a great magic brownie story, I think about old, old Alice staying on alone in the bare-walled apartment. (*Staying on Alone*, edited by Edward Burns, is the collection of Toklas' post-Stein letters where I learned all this. It's a good, fast, debilitating read.)

•

August 2, 1978

Susan points out that another important lesson of being a preacher's kid is that whenever vacation is finally planned & definite, especially a good one like the eternally planned trip to the Smokies, someone will die and Dad will have to stay to do the funeral and that will be that.

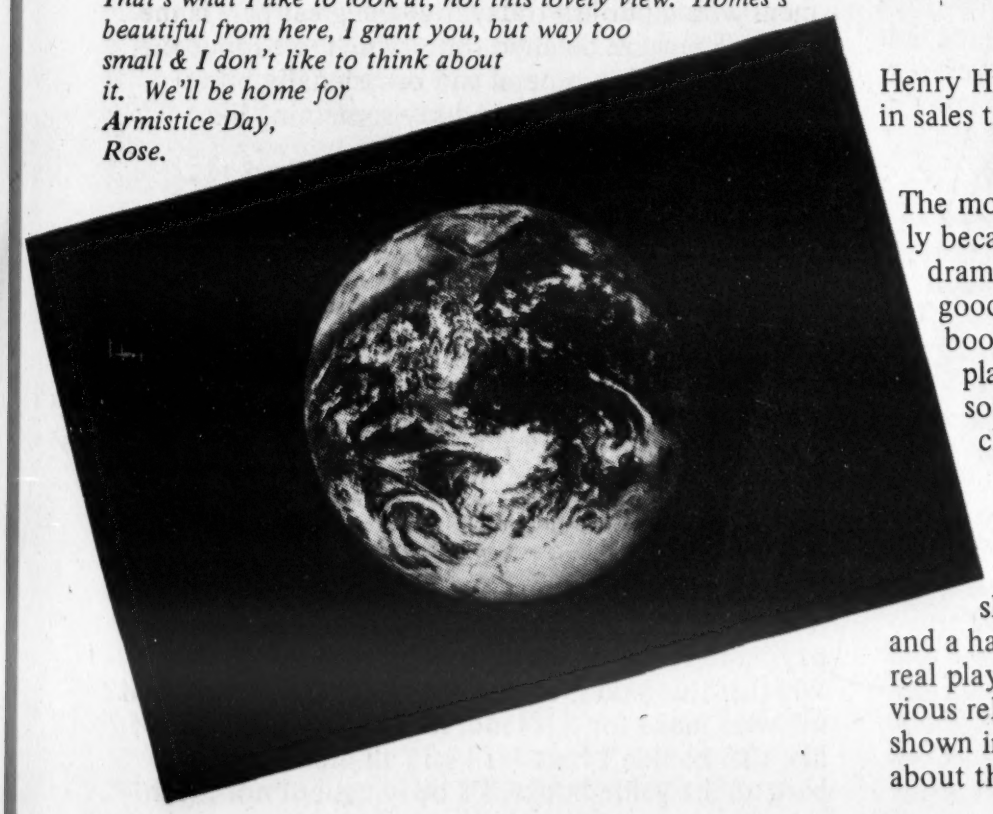
•

Henry Huber, the hardware store man, doesn't believe in sales tax, so he doesn't charge it, just pays it.

•

The most insidious TV show going is *The Rep*, mostly because it's as good as everyone says it is. It's a dramatic-with-some-comedy series about a young, good, college-related performing company in the boondocks. For four weeks they rehearse a play, have love life problems, argue with professors, argue with mom and dad – generally high class soap opera with occasional surprisingly intelligent discussions of how to perform George Bernard Shaw thrown in. And most actors I've talked to say the rehearsal scenes are also good. Then on the fifth week, the show expands from one hour to two or two and a half hours and the company performs a play – a real play, the play they've been rehearsing. (The previous rehearsal scenes, like good movie previews, have shown interesting moments of crisis but nothing about the ending.) So what the series has going for it

Well, I wanted Europe, I like things I'm used to, but Amanda insisted on the Moon and I must admit as an old light and shadows fan, the border of the dark part has some of the best light and shadows I've seen – That's what I like to look at, not this lovely view. Homes's beautiful from here, I grant you, but way too small & I don't like to think about it. We'll be home for Armistice Day, Rose.



is the addictive power of any continuing story, the only real plays seen on TV in years, and the ultimate amazing trick – acting. The viewers get to see acting really happening by seeing the same people in different hard roles, and what it's like to prepare for them. But more than all that, the biggest reason why everyone has to watch the show is that when you watch it you get to watch a community of people working together to do a good thing. Hardly anyone gets to do that anymore; hardly anyone gets to do good work and those that do often have to work alone. So who wouldn't want to watch people having fun and making something worthy, at the same time? That's what is so insidious about it – it exploits the hole we're in but it doesn't do a thing to help us out of it. What are we supposed to do – become superb actors and get this fantasy job? Maybe television couldn't do anything to help us out of isolation, since it's essentially isolating, but maybe it could do something, like celebrating amateurism. Like having an amateur theatre group that was truly uneven and seeing how anyone can start a group to do anything if they don't expect slick perfection. The media render us more and more powerless by convincing us we shouldn't pay attention to or take part in anything that isn't slick and error-free – we should only be impressed by things not necessarily good but flawless and not showing weakness, like the opening production number on a TV variety show. The old rituals were nice cause as long as you could walk in a straight line and follow simple directions, you could be part of something that was impressive – impressive because of the other people doing the same thing, or the clothes you had on or where you were doing it (Stonehenge, Chartres) but not because you were paid to practice til you did complicated things perfectly. But I guess if television tried to show us anything about stuff like that and how to do something like that today, we'd get bored.

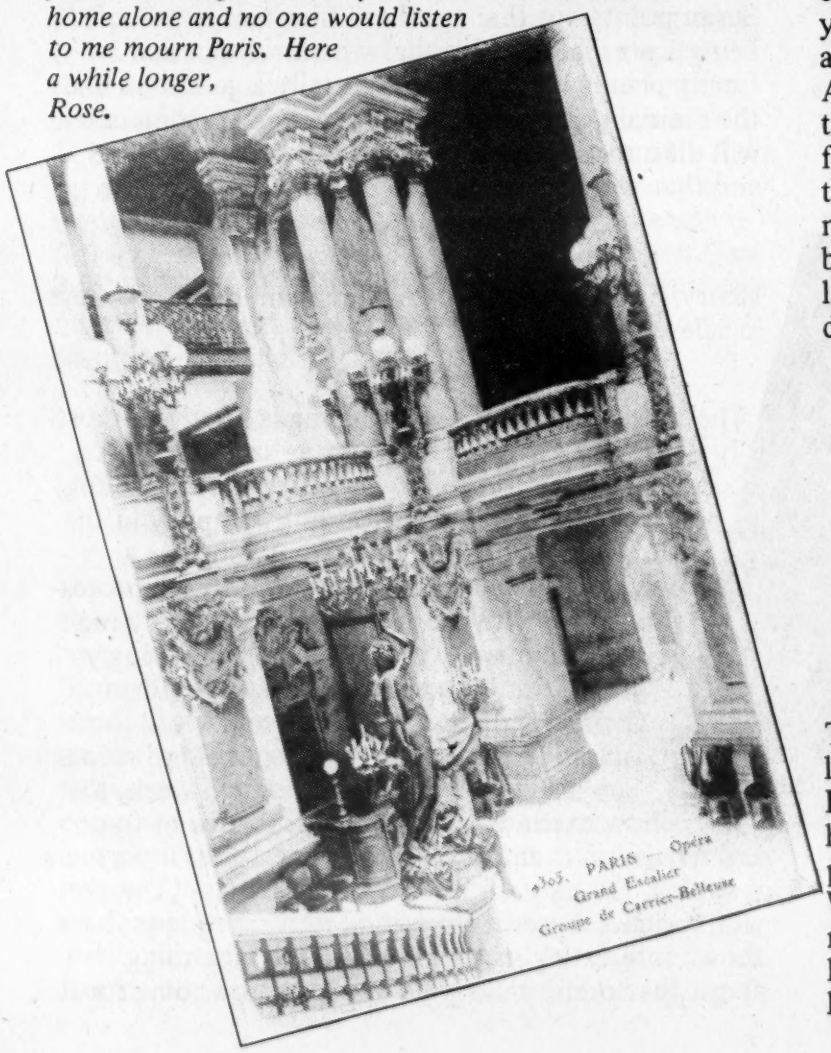
•

What happened was that there was this Depression and nobody had jobs so Roosevelt started the WPA to give people jobs even though giving jobs was more expensive than the dole and part of the WPA was arty and part of the arty part was the Federal Writers' Project. But it was hard to figure what to have the writers write because if they wrote what they wanted all Republican and most Democratic congressmen would have heart attacks and withdraw funding because writers then were very political and very left. (Something about the Depression made them think capitalism didn't work and wasn't kind.) So someone came up with the idea (in those days there were many ideas in Washington and some of them worked) of having them write guidebooks – a guidebook for travelers for each state. Interesting idea cause Americans were just getting that there was a way to be about America besides H.L. Mencken cynicism or 4th of July hysteria – a way to look at the folk and the land and see something good. A Woodie Guthrie way in fact, and the Federal Writer's Project guidebooks are the encyclopedia to illustrate "This land is your land," and they're still a hell of a read. There are essays in the front of each of the 48 books about Agriculture and History and Labor and so forth and they're pretty good, often written unsignedly by later famous writers and the labor part is more workery than anything you'd ever believe the Federal government would publish today, but the great part is the back. There are detailed tours which tell about the lay of the land in general and occasionally burst down into 6-point type and say something like:

> Right on this road paralleling Dingman's Creek to the junction with a private dirt road (*open daily in summer months*) 0.4 miles; R. here, across the creek, to a parking space 1.1 m.; from which a footpath leads 400 yards to SILVER THREAD FALLS (adm. $ .25), a giant step in the creek's 953-foot descent in a seven-mile course. The abundance of game is indicated by the signs requesting visitors not to take bear cubs or baby deer out of the woods. One third of a mile distant, on a similar path, is larger DINGMAN'S FALLS, 177 feet high; trees, ferns, and spray-drenched moss fringe the foaming white water.

That's about Pennsylvania. I figure things aren't quite like that now, but you read that and if you're in Pennsylvania you notice how much it's changed or how much it's the same and either way you start paying attention, see a little depth around you. Whether this land is made for you and me or you and me were made for this land, reading a bunch of stuff like that couldn't hurt. If I said all branch libraries have all the guide books, I'd be lying, but not much.

The trouble with Paris is that it doesn't have any blizzards & it doesn't have any barns and I don't know any cows to milk & the Kinnikinnick Gazette takes two months *to get here, but it does have my sweet Jean Paul who fills his mouth with parts of me that Eddie wouldn't touch with his hand & it does have Henri's cafe where I can sip wine on credit and mourne the Auglaize County of my youth & in Auglaize County I'd have to drink wine at home alone and no one would listen to me mourn Paris. Here a while longer, Rose.*



What was the place you live like in 1934? Even if you were there, I bet you don't remember. Look in the card catalog under Federal Writers' Project. (One way for us post-war babies to find out what we hath wrought.)

Ouch Dept. – The Federal Writers did a lot of other stuff like collect folklore and slave stories from the last remaining ex-slaves and most of it never got published because the project as a whole ended, voted out by Congress. (Information from *The Dream and the Deal: The Federal Writers' Project, 1935-1943*, by Jerre Mangione, Avon, $3.95.)

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August 11, 1978

A man on the BART train asked a woman on the BART train if she was done with her paper and she said yes, but she wanted to tear out a cartoon. So she tore out the cartoon and gave him the paper. The cartoon was a picture of a woman kneeling by a bed saying, "Dear Lord, was I put here on earth to cook, clean, sew, raise children, attend PTA meetings and be a loving wife, or was I put on earth to pull down $30,000 a year as an executive for a top New York-based firm? Send me a sign." The woman looked at that cartoon and smiled from the Oakland West station to the Financial District station, where she got off.

•

Sometimes I wonder what Africans do with their time when they're not getting massacred or getting their leaders changed. I mean, if you only hear about folks when they suffer disasters, death looks natural on them.

•

And now, in memory of Pope Paul, who from a central location in the largest palace in the world bestowed on millions of Latin American women and children more birth and more death, who was the inspiration behind the successful movement to give black women back their coat hangers, who assured fag baiters that god is on their side, who was, within the limits of his changing time and his changing church, as anti-sex, anti-love and anti-life as he could possibly be, let us all spit three times toward Rome and vow that we will not let TV obituaries written by hallmark cards make us forget who our real enemies are.

•

I once burned off my eyelashes watching some toast toast on acid, Evelyn said when we were exchanging tales of the sixties.

•

Did U know? in the 16th century, the Pope, after due consideration and talks with God, reached the conclusion that Indians had souls, so good Catholics were instructed to convert them which they did by a variety of methods. Protestants, on the other hand, were left to their own consciences, decided they weren't people, and killed them outright en masse. I never got about how North Americans get off on being self-righteous

Dear Amanda, I know you like art almost as much as you like picnics so thought you would appreciate what a person can do if they bat about a piece of bronze for an hour or two. My mother went on a picnic once. At the beach. Besides the slight tremor and tidal wave (very small one, don't worry), she had a splendid time. Love, Trailler

about how the Spanish invaders forced conversions. At least the converts got to tell stories about Jesus as Coyote man and to live.

•

Last week of September, 1978

Pam went to Beloit College in Wisconsin. Daniel said that sounded like a frisbee landing on its side and Pam said they used to say it sounded like a marble dropping in a toilet.

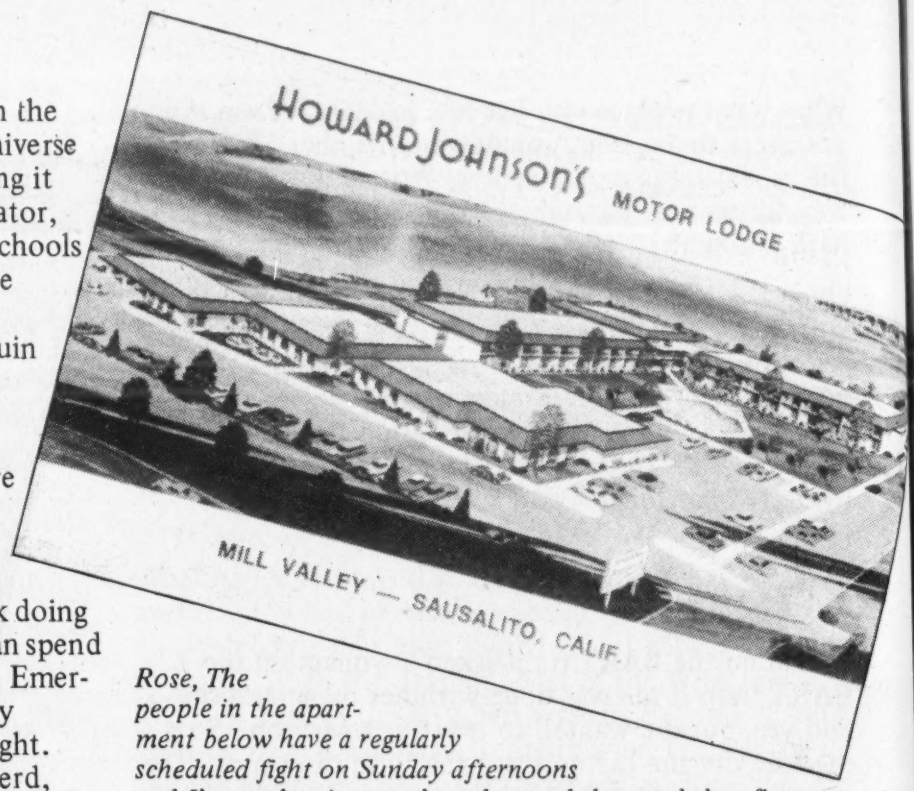
•

The only thing for schools to teach is how to fall in love, how to be ready to fall in love, what to do then to make it last, make it a lifetime thing, to teach how to find out more about the beloved, to build something with the beloved, within the beloved, to teach all this perhaps before love ever happens so that when love comes be it of caterpillars or dead painters or wood and nails or computers that talk back, when it happens the feeling doesn't dissipate into a hopeless infatuation – "It must be wonderful to do that, to know about that" – but is a release of power like real love that leads to knowing more because you know where to find it, to cherishing and building in this love because you know that someone can tell you how to do it and you keep looking til you find the one who can. But teachers are afraid to teach love, and when they do it too much usually they teach "love what I love" (switch your major) not the tech-

niques and possibilities of taking something from the universe outside your skin, anything from the universe outside you and making it part of you and helping it be itself and helping it go on, not just be a spectator, but lover of the thing you were born to love. (Schools don't do that much, libraries probably do it more cause they get out of the way and let it happen, remember the little kid who lived to look at Gauguin books in *Goodbye, Columbus.*

•

What's happening to libraries lately is like they're shooting the stars out of the sky, libraries are such unnatural, incredible, incandescent miracles and it's so easy to take little chunks out of them, like nighttime hours when people stuck doing something they don't much like during the day can spend a few hours checking out the rest of the universe. Emerson said that if the stars only shone once a century everyone would be out there in awe that whole night. Libraries to me are honest-to-God about that wierd, but they're there all the time too so chipping away at them don't seem much like amputating a unicorn, but they are a wondrous beast. You can take out expensive things that do not belong to you and keep them for a month, you can get the wisdom of the ages and the crap of at least the last century and the crap's important too – you can get lots more than what's selling this month, you can get the wisdom of the ages and the crap of at least the last century and the crap's important too – if you feel suffocated by current touchy-feely crap take a vacation in nineteenth-century striving-individualist or crazed socialist crap. Even a small branch library has a vast chunk of the whole world – to see how vast, compare it to what you'd see on TV in a lifetime which is always going to be determined by attention grabbing, but a library has everything. And it has it for free in walking distance – knowledge really is power and the library has the only kind of power it's easy for poor people and children to get. (When there are branch libraries, when they are open late.) Rightists and leftists gotta believe in libraries – for lefties they are the *only* property sharing thing, no qualifications, no strings, we got going and it's a sin to let it die. (Nineteenth century anarchists pointed to free public libraries as the beginning of the revolution – and they were right, just because the rest of the revolution didn't happen doesn't mean that libraries aren't a little bit of workers' paradise now – when they're open nights, so workers can go and not just club ladies.) And if conservatives want to believe that Horatio Alger can still make the big jump, that everybody has a chance if they work hard, they better have a library open for Horatio to study up on the business practices and skills of his choice and it better be close to his house cause he's tired and it better be open late. Whatever your fantasy America, it needs libraries to ever be even a little bit true, but who really needs libraries are kids. Libraries are the only nice things most towns do for their smart kids. Being a smart kid is not exactly a burden in the category with not having enough to eat, but it's often difficult and usually boring, and if we're going to build a better space station or solar collector or have a better class of people to talk to at parties it would be a good idea to not have being smart so unfun that smart kids start playing



Rose, The
people in the apartment below have a regularly scheduled fight on Sunday afternoons and I'm used to it – can't understand the words but figure they're pretty banal, but when I woke up at 12:45 a.m. Thurs. night (Fri. morning) to hear them fighting at a brand new time I couldn't understand the words but imagined they were vicious, just short of a gun fight, and I couldn't call the manager because they were the manager, calling the cops would probably not endear me to them, so I decided to freak out completely & took off for Howard Johnson's (I haven't stayed at a motel since my family visited Wash., DC in 1961) and on my way bought some tempera and sketchpads at Woody's All Day All Night Super Supermarket & checked into a quiet room at Hojo's and listened to the All Night Movie Go Round on Channel 11 while painting 17 pictures of bright colored desert flowers against azure skies – left 16 of them for the maid and have one on my kitchen wall to get me through the next fight – mine or theirs. There are 2 ways of looking at all that – 1. The advantages and disadvantages of living alone are rolled into the sentence, "There's no one to stop you from being strange" or 2. If you don't go to a shrink, you can spend $25 for a motel room and $5 for art supplies and figure you're off cheaper than one visit to an anal wise man and you don't have to go back next week. Love,
Mandy

dumb
so well that they
stay dumb and if you went
to public school you saw that happen
at least twice. I remember about the second day of eighth grade history class our history teacher was bullshitting and asking a bunch of general knowledge questions to pass the time and I answered 12 and everyone else combined answered 2 and everyone looked at me real funny the rest of the day and I remember going over the recommended reading lists in reading class in junior high and the teacher asking who had read each title and me deciding how many to admit to (about half of how many I'd read seemed right). I'd learned then that the way or one way to be smart and not hated was to be bored and to lie a lot, not raise your hand as soon as you knew the answer if ever and go to the library but not admit what you did there. (I sometimes wonder if tripping and being absent-minded about practical things were another part of my way of making up for it but to be honest they seemed to come natural.) If all you've got when you're a kid is heredity and environment and no choices, you can use a library to fake free will 'cause enough books read one after the other day after day

about everything you think you might be interested in become part of the environment and become part of you. It takes a lot of books before they're part of your world like your sisters and the trees and your friends and TV – it takes more books than you'd ever be able to buy. It takes more books than you would buy even if you were rich cause it takes books you wouldn't be interested enough to buy, just to open up and leaf through and after leafing through a hundred slightly interesting books like that you find another thing to love that you never would've met in your world. Only the library has that many books and only a library on your block can show you that many books – it has to be no more than ten minutes to the rest of the universe or you can never really go often enough or stay long enough to believe the rest of the universe is there. Some of us believe this is a free country and the rest of us believe it should be, but people without cars and without money, old people, poor people and children are prisoners of this town, whatever town they're living in, whatever block they're on and the only thing that frees them without trying to sell them seomthing they can't buy is the library and if the library ain't close because the branch got closed or it ain't open cause they cut back the hours, what you got is a bunch of dreamers stuck with 4 walls and a TV set while high city officials who deferred the raise on their $40,000 a year salaries until next year for economy and closed branches of the dream and cut back hours of the dream for economy are going to the latest movies and the opening of the civic opera and cocktail parties with their friends for their entertainment and never dreaming of people who need dreams cause they don't know what it's like to dream. There's always gonna be people who know that this block and this city aren't what they should be and if you don't let them have a library to see other ways that other places are and dream a way for this place, they are either going to blow this way and this place to hell with righteous anger and dynamite or they are gonna give up and let it rot while they watch TV forever and see things they can't buy and don't want and you won't have nobody or nothing to collect your $40,000 a year from. But you can't believe that can you? You were never one for dreaming. You always just did the assignments and minded your own business and look how far it's got you. Well, seems like people who believe in doing something besides the assignment need to kick the asses of the opera goers to make them keep one of the few miracles we've got and cheap at twice the price.

•

First half of October, 1978

Fun Phrases to Sing

1. "The Abraham Lincoln Memorial" to the tune of The Mexican Hat Dance.
2. "Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George" to the tune of Onward Christian Soldiers.
3. "Happy Anniversary" to the tune of the William Tell Overture.
4. "We gather together to gather together" to the tune of We Gather Together.
5. "George Washington Bridge" to the tune of that song they play at circuses while the trapeze show is on that may be called "The Loveliest Night of the Year" but I'm not sure because I always think of it as George Washington Bridge.
6. "Purple violets" to the tune of Purple Violets.

NOTE: Absolutely anything, no matter how mundane, obscene or nonsensical can be sung to the tune of Lead On, O King Eternal. At last week's party we sang The Declaration of Independence to that tune which is actually called Lancashire and next week we're starting on *Das Kapital*, in German.

7. "The Pentagon" to the tune of O Tannenbaum.

– some of the above courtesy of Ace B. Carothers and Alice Herbert

•

David was on a ferry going up the coast and saw Northern Lights dancing in the sky and being flames in the sky and filling the whole sky and never standing still. He danced around himself, on deck til three thirty, looking at the sky and the water shinier than with a full moon and being a little kid.

•

Don't tell them how to do it, show them how to do it and don't say a word. If you tell them, they'll watch your lips move, and if you show them they'll want to do it themselves, and know how, said Marie Montessori, who thought she was talking about kids.

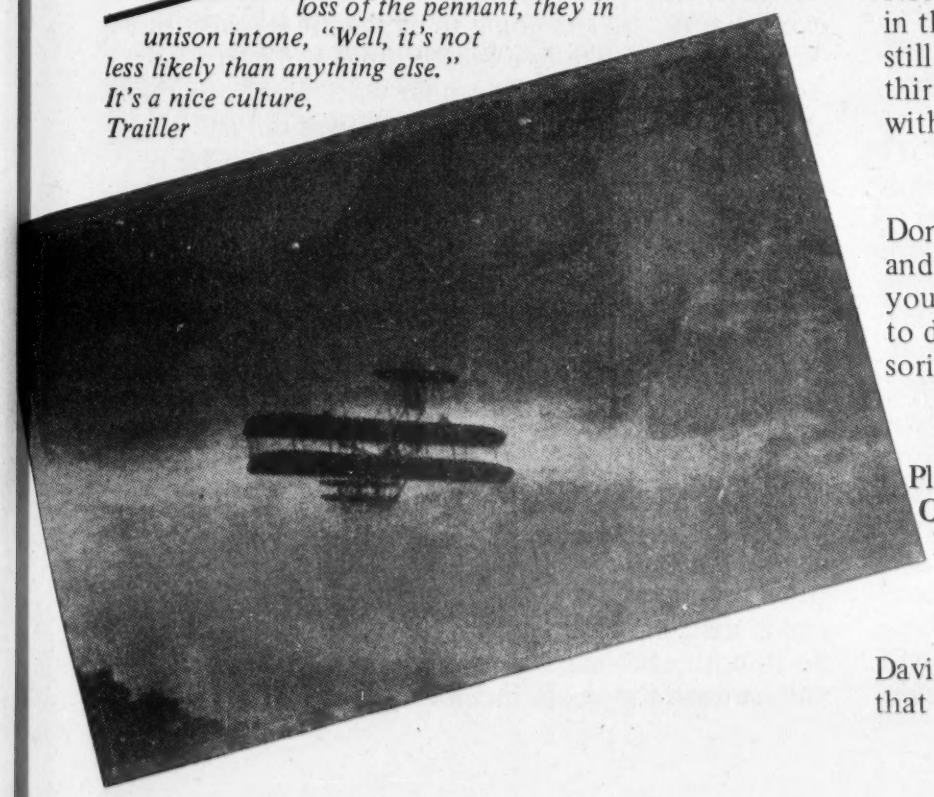
•

Plutonium Leaks Are Made by Fools Like Me, but Only God Can Make a Nuclear Reactor That's 93 Million Miles from the Nearest Elementary School is the title of my solar energy pamphlet.

•

David showed me a pile of stones in Golden Gate Park that used to be a 14th century Spanish monastery.

After all double rainbows, tornadoes that didn't pass through town, and also the tragic loss of the pennant, they in unison intone, "Well, it's not less likely than anything else."
It's a nice culture,
Trailler



William Randolph Hearst bought it, dissassembled it with the stones numbered, brought it back and gave it to the City of San Francisco without giving them money to put it back together (very half assed, Bill). So the city never had money to put it together, the crates rotted off and the numbers washed away and the monastery is now two piles of stones in Golden Gate Park.

•

3rd Week in October, 1978

8. You can sing Robert Frost's Stopping by the Woods on a Snowy Evening all the way through to the tune of Hernando's Hideaway. —courtesy Conn Nugent via Stewart*

*Try it. Whose *woods*! These *are*! I think I know! —SB

•

If you notice that all the leaders who might make things better get shot you can:

1. Assume their deaths were no coincidence and give up;
2. Spend years proving their deaths were no coincidence and trying to convince others of same;
3. Proceed as planned and need leaders less.

•

How I Became a Good Listener

The year after I graduated from high school, I didn't go to college and I didn't get a job. Naturally people kindly or cattily wondered what I was doing. Since all I was doing was hanging around my parents' house feeling bad about myself, I didn't want to talk about it. So I got good at thinking of leading questions and follow up questions to ask people what they were doing. The best defense is a good offense and sometimes I would have whole conversations with people without them asking what my plans were. Coincidentally, I found out that most people have something interesting about them and not what you would have expected and if you listen long enough and ask enough questions, they'll tell you.

•

The woman asked the gallery guard if he liked the exhibit and he said he'd been working there a year and had gallery white out. It happens to pilots in snow storms and means you can't see anything.

•

57 Bumblebees alighting on my left arm for a moment and leaving without a sting were definitely a sign, but of what?

•

I am not familiar with the theories of modern architecture but what it looks like from the outside is that architects noticed they were designing for the masses and decided the masses didn't deserve to have any fun. Old architecture, Victorian, Gothic, you can play all kinds of games with – treasure hunt, hide and seek – because the builders left curlycues and knicknacks around for you to discover but about all you can say to the maker of a glass skyscraper is You Win. (You don't win fair but you win.)

•

I used to live right on the water and now I live right on a busy street. Some effects:

1. I am happy to see people moving like people outside my window. Seeing waves moving like waves was sometimes oppressive. (Maybe because, not being a sailor or a swimmer, I couldn't join in.)
2. I leave the windows open unless it's very cold because the air used to be alive.
3. I notice that distant or windows-shut traffic noise is not as different from distant or windows-shut water noise as good taste dictates it should be. (The water in waves goes round and round, the arms on pistons go round and round.) As Ngaio Marsh once asked, with almost no context at all, why is the spot of red in the forest so beautiful when we think it's a flower and so horrible when we find it's a candy wrapper?

•

I was reading the list of movies to be shown at this old movie place in Berkeley and noticed *The Lion Hunters and Margaret Mead* and loved it until I found out it was two movies, both pretty predictable. There for a minute I thought I could see everybody's favorite wise short anthropologist observing a bunch of studs out of Ernest Hemingway.

•

Thinking the world should entertain you leads to boredom and sloth. Thinking you should entertain the world leads to bright clothes, odd graffiti and amazing grace in running for the bus.

•

First week of November, 1978

People are tired of explaining the Amanda Madison Memorial Nonsense Box at Smitty's Bar to out-of-towners, and some people in town don't know the whole story. So I'm going to explain it all because I knew her and I like to explain things and everybody else who knew her would rather write postcards than explain. Amanda died in 1969 and was old and everyone loved her. She started her unusual career by not marrying which was quite unusual at the time. Some people like to tell Delta Dawn stories about that, but Amanda said, when I asked her about it once, "I never had a beau who surprised me once as much as I surprise myself 8 or 9 times daily. I see no reason to marry into boredom when the streets are littered with it." So she lived on almost no money in her father's house and did typical small town things in weird ways. She taught Sunday School, for example, and one time had her 8th graders read the story in Matthew where Jesus curses the fig tree for no apparent reason and it dies. She asked each member of the class if they understood why Jesus did that and if they thought it was nice. After they all said no to both, she said, "You don't understand Jesus and he wasn't nice. Remember that. Now let's go

play volleyball til it's time for church." She took unexpected gifts to people, like the time she took Lisa who had been a girls' basketball star and then got laid up with leukemia a purple baseball cap with yellow foam wings sticking out on the side and said, "I know you are tired of people looking at you with mushy eyes like you really are a sick person. Wear this and for one moment when they walk in they will forget that you are a sick person and remember you are a wierdo." Amanda did lots of other stuff, but the relevant thing here is that she wrote notes. She attended everything in town, and wrote alert thank you notes to participants. One time she wrote Tommy Wills, "Dear Tommy, I know it was difficult to keep a straight face in the Christmas program when Amy was having such unfortunate difficulties with her undergear, but I appreciate your making the effort. Many others would have laughed outloud and yet you said your lines exactly as you were supposed to. This denotes a level of self-control and consideration for others that will no doubt be of use to you in many endeavours throughout your life. Your Admirer, Amanda." She always wrote to the assistant of the person who got all the glory, the last person on the cleanup committee to leave and also wrote to people who quit something or other, city council, the fourth of July parade committee, in disgust with bad feelings all around and thanked them for their past efforts.

But as time went on, she started writing other things. People say she got crazy when she got old, but I say she went from not caring much about what people thought to not caring at all. She started writing postcards to everyone, to people she saw every day, that had nothing to do with anything. Postcards of Miami Beach written as if she were an antarctic explorer – "Took this in my gear to remind me of warm weather. We'll meet on the beach soon, love. Progress is good, but we had to put down a penguin rebellion last night. It was rough but we're safe now. Think of you always. Norbert." Once you stopped worrying about senility, they were great, and people started writing back. Especially the young men going into the service who stopped by Amanda's house to say goodbye. She always said, "If you don't want to write me about what you're doing, write me about what you'd rather be doing," and they did. She got cards about preparing and serving a gourmet dinner from Anzio, about sitting in front of the fireplace drinking a case of wine from Korea and about planning and financing and building and using the perfect teddy bear factory from Vietnam.

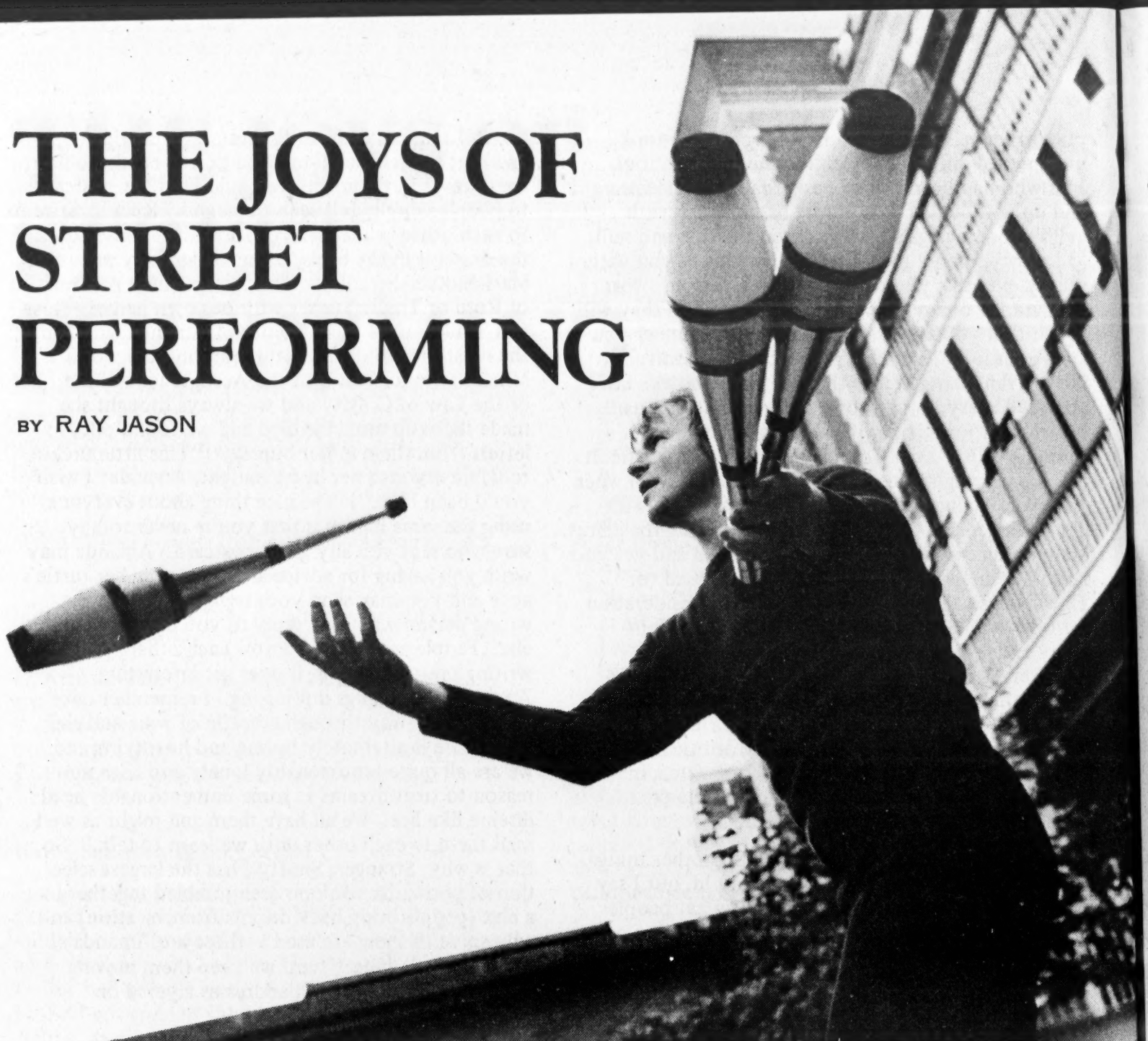
She and LuAnn Sellers, who was 8 at the time, carried on a long correspondence as if they were both going around the world, one west to east and one east to west. And even though Amanda and LuAnn saw each other at least once a week at church, they never talked about it. Just kept writing. LuAnn was one of the most crushed people when we met at Smitty's after Amanda's funeral to get wasted. "I'm only in Bengali," she said, "I never got to tell her how much I liked her card about the organ grinders' convention in Kansas City, Kansas. I thought we'd talk about our trips when they were over, but now we never can." I said write about the rest of your trip to me and that's when we all realized that Amanda could live forever in the mail. We could send her postcards to people who hadn't seen them and we could write to to each other in the spirit of Amanda – write about the dog shit in the backyard or the grocery prices on Mars and we do, and we usually sign them Amanda or Rose or Trailler, never with our own names. Rose and Trailler were these friends of Amanda who had the most incredible adventures around the world as Missionaries for Not Just the Acceptance but the Love of the Law of Gravity and we always thought she made them up until she died and we found piles of letters from them in her bureau. ("This little urchin took gravity into her heart tonight, Amanda; I wish you'd been here.") The nice thing about everyone using the same names is that you're never totally sure who sent you any given postcard. Amanda may write you asking for advice about treating her turtle's acne and you may send your reply as Rose to the wrong person who may reply to you or to someone else. People around here know each other's handwriting pretty well, but it does get interesting. Amanda liked things interesting. I remember once we were half-way through a bottle of wine and she said, "Life is alternately boring and horrifying and we are all quite unreasonably lonely and I see no reason to treat dreams as some unmentionable head disease like lice. We all have them and might as well mail them to each other until we learn to talk." So that is why, Stranger, Smitty's has the largest selection of postcards you ever seen jumbled together in a box (people bring back dozens from vacation) and why some of them are used – those are Amanda's, that she wrote herself, and we keep them moving, some have 25 stamps and addresses layered on by now.)

This doesn't, however, explain why the sign over the bar says, "Invest in it!" That's there because whenever you'd ask Amanda if one of her fantastic stories was true, she'd say, "Are you planning to invest in it?" One time I was fed up with her and I said, "What the hell do you mean by that?" and she said, "Well, if you thought it was true, you'd invest in it, wouldn't you? You'd make something else be true because this was true. If you thought the true thing was bad, you'd try to stop it and if you thought it was good you'd try to spread it, but why do you need to know if it's true? If it hits your heart close enough that you care if it's true, you should invest in it anyway." So if you like Amanda enough to care if she's true, invest in her. Send a dream postcard to a friend and she's true for you too. ■

– This item written with the help of Andrea Sharp who surprised me when I sent her a strange postcard signed Amanda by sending back an even stranger one signed Trailler and never saying a word about it. (That postcard is on page 51.) If you surprise your friends with a postcard, have your friends send them on to us after they have been surprised or send us one too, and we'll print some in the **CQ** *or* **RSNN**. *Over to you . . .*

THE JOYS OF STREET PERFORMING

BY RAY JASON



Ray Jason juggles a knife, a sickle and a hatchet! He juggles four torches and then he juggles two hatchets and an apple while eating the apple while riding on a unicycle. He juggles five balls and catches the last one without using his hands, elbows, armpits, knees, feet, or crotch!

Why does Ray Jason do these things? Well, in 1968 he was supposed to enter Columbia Law School, but the graduate student deferment was ended and he got drafted and went to Vietnam. When he came back he didn't feel much like contributing to the society. He was washing dishes and writing a book in San Francisco when he noticed that a lot of people were making good money as street performers even when they weren't good. He noticed there weren't any jugglers, and he had learned to juggle when he was a kid. He practiced a while and started juggling on the streets. He was a mute act at first; he was afraid to say anything even though he'd been a public speaking star in college – leader of his college debate team. The hard thing in the beginning was developing an audience. Recently, he performed at a shopping center in Castro Valley and doing his stuff all day he never had more than 8 people at a time. They just stared and kept walking. Too strange, too different than TV. That's what everyone was like at first, but now a lot of people are used to street performers and are willing to get involved, which is what makes street performance different than most of the entertainment people are used to – the audience is part of it. Toward the end of his torch juggling, Ray Jason says, "Keep those hands ready. We're approaching a major applause point." Toward the end of his act he says, "This is the last trick of the day so we're going to permit unrelenting applause." Sometimes on his cigar box trick he has half of the audience ooh and the other half ahh. He's changing the way his audiences think about being entertained, and they love it.

Ray would also like to change the way performers think about entertaining, and his article about that follows. The captions to the photos are Ray's descriptions of San Francisco street performers from a conversation Ray had with Stewart Brand, photographer Andrew Fluegelman and me.

–Anne Herbert

SAN FRANCISCO is the birthplace of modern American street performing. It began in the early 1970s as a spontaneous, personal movement. There were no secret meetings or clandestine guilds – instead, the streetcorners suddenly blossomed with musicians, puppeteers, mimes and an entire grassroots galaxy of eccentric entertainers. Now street performance is spreading all across the country and sidewalk buskers can be found in dozens of cities and towns. The rapid growth makes this a wise time to reflect on the implications and directions of American street entertainment.

WHY DO PERFORMERS CHOOSE THE STREETS?

There seem to be three motives which fuel most sidewalk entertainers: Desperation, Ambition or Enjoyment. Persons in the first category perform on the streets because they can't get hired anywhere else. People in the second bracket entertain on the streetcorner in the hopes of being "discovered" by the agents of Show Biz. Folks under the third heading choose street shows because they enjoy performing on the sidewalks more than anywhere else. This last group could be considered true or pure street performers. The bottom line for them is the fact that they need nowhere else. They are not striving to "make it big." They might perform in other situations, but they always return to the street and would be content with it alone.

Once a sidewalk minstrel has mastered his craft well enough to stay ahead of hunger, and has cast off the yoke of ambition, he or she has become a true street performer and can lead an amazingly free and happy life even in late 20th Century America. My hope is that this article will inspire sidewalk performers to view their art not merely as a Stairway to the Stars but instead as a viable, vital and vibrant form of alternative entertainment.

THE REWARDS OF TRUE STREET PERFORMING

Many of the best street acts have now gone on to the "bigger and better" world of traditional Show Business. They have gained fame and fortune, but perhaps they have lost some of the less tangible yet more meaningful rewards that the street artiste constantly receives. Here are some reasons why sidewalk theatre should be viewed as an end in itself rather than just a stepping-stone to the Big Time:

Challenge – The people who have suddenly stopped before you are actually headed somewhere else. They didn't choose to come and see you – they just happened by. And now your task is to captivate and enchant them, to make them laugh, to amaze, to bewilder or incite them; and to make them thankful enough that they drop something in your hat. All of this you must achieve without spotlights to glamorize the act or amplifiers to improve the voice or makeup to hide the blemishes. It is an awe-inspiring challenge, but the sense of satisfaction if one succeeds is equally awesome.

Freedom – The streetcorner player is not bound by contracts or agreements and therefore has a great deal of freedom and integrity. If you are not genuinely in the mood for performing, you do not have to fake it. You can instead simply go home.

Censorship – Street acts can express their political viewpoints openly since they don't have sponsors or censors to upset.

Experimentation – You have more freedom to experiment with artistic material when doing sidewalk gigging because the fear of failure is not as paralyzing as it is when working theatre or television. Also, within the Entertainment Establishment, it is increasingly difficult to be creative since producers in the Industry are taking their cues from ad agency men whose primary concern is what is marketable.

Excellence – Once a performer has made the philosophical committment to stay with the streets he has implicitly selected moderation rather than greed. This allows him to concentrate on improving his repertoire rather than widening his reputation. Choosing the streets also fosters cooperation rather than competition among the various entertainers since the ultimate objective is not fame and fortune but rather making a reasonable living doing something that one enjoys. So excellence and camaraderie are promoted rather than fame and jealousy.

Moderate Renown – Almost all performers desire a certain amount of recognition. The problem arises when fame becomes addictive. A craving develops that cannot be satiated no matter how well-known the performer becomes. Therefore, instead of becoming liberated by success, the person becomes enslaved by it. Street performing offers an escape from this treadmill by providing moderate and personal recognition. Also stars are haunted by the problem of attracting friends because of reputation rather than character. Do the people who purportedly like you truly care for you or is it the notoriety of being seen with you that entices them?

Time – Performers obsessed with "making it big" have little time for anything besides career advancement. They seem unable to afford time for the slow pleasures: gentle friendships, home cooking or long walks to reflect on the quality of their lives.

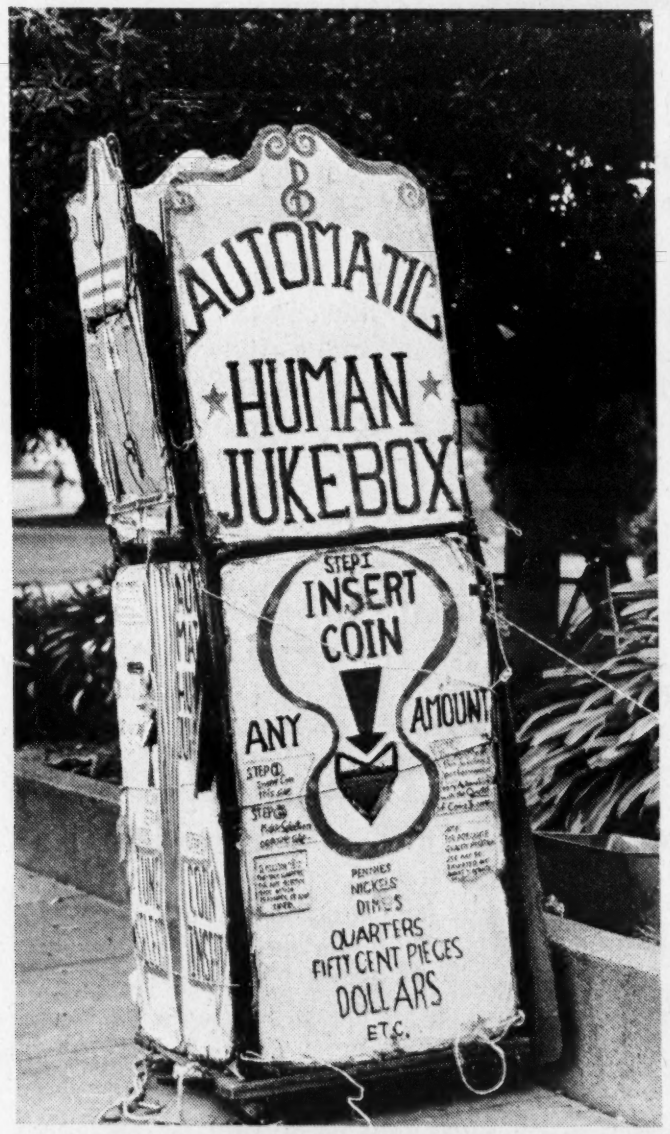
There are many good reasons why entertainers should select the streetcorners as their performing forum: likewise, there are many good reasons why communities should encourage sidewalk entertainment.

(text continued on page 60)

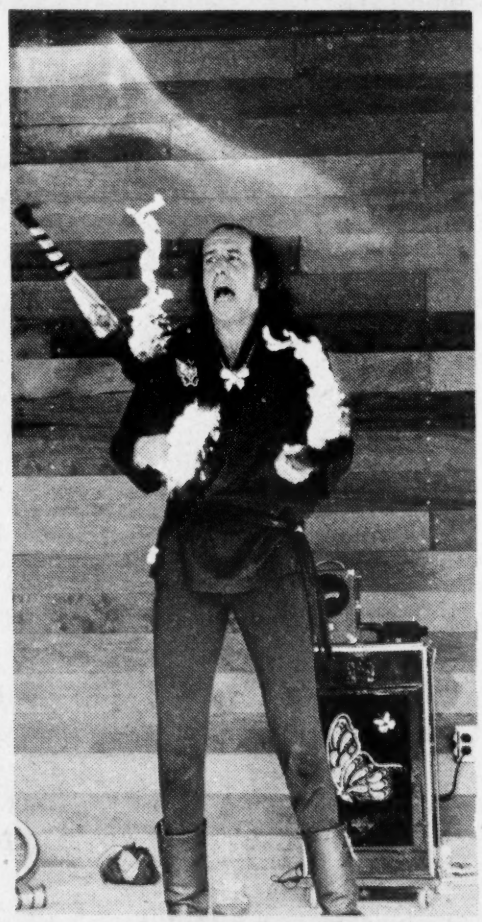
Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965

RAY JASON ON STREET PERFORMING

RIGHT: "Whitney Brown and His Dog, Renown, is a comedy trained dog and juggling act. The master juggles, not masterfully, and the dog performs masterfully. It's very different from a circus dog act. The dog is trained to go into his dog house, which is a common trick, but this dog only does it when his master tells boring jokes, like he can't handle it. The dog has a real personality; often it will not perform his tricks out of sheer whim. It's that kind of act. It wouldn't work in a lot of other environments, but it works great on the streets."



ABOVE & RIGHT: "The human jukebox is great. His name is Grimes Poliakin. He encloses himself in this very tiny box, about half the size of a phone booth, and the setup is that you place a coin in a proscribed slot for any tune that you'd like to hear, and at the same time he does a slide whistle, this flap opens, and out sticks this very '68 Haight-Ashbury fellow, with a trumpet, and plays a tune. He plays amazingly bad trumpet, by the way. I'm not sure if that's part of the act or if that's just his level of competence."



ABOVE: "Suggs the Mime does classic mimicry. It's taking gestures and postures and movements of people walking by and exaggerating them to point out the humor inherent in them. It's taking the sunglasses and hat off one person and putting them on someone else. Her act is almost totally audience participation."

LEFT & BELOW: Andrew Fluegelman: "Robert Nelson is a kind of comedy juggler. He's always on the verge of dropping a torch. He's afraid of being burned; he's constantly being taken advantage of by his audience. And he plays to that."

Ray: "He calls himself Nearly Normal Robert. He freaked out over Tom Robbins' **Another Roadside Attraction**, *so he went and had butterflies tattooed on his head. Remember Nearly Normal Jimmie in the book?"*

Andrew Fluegelman

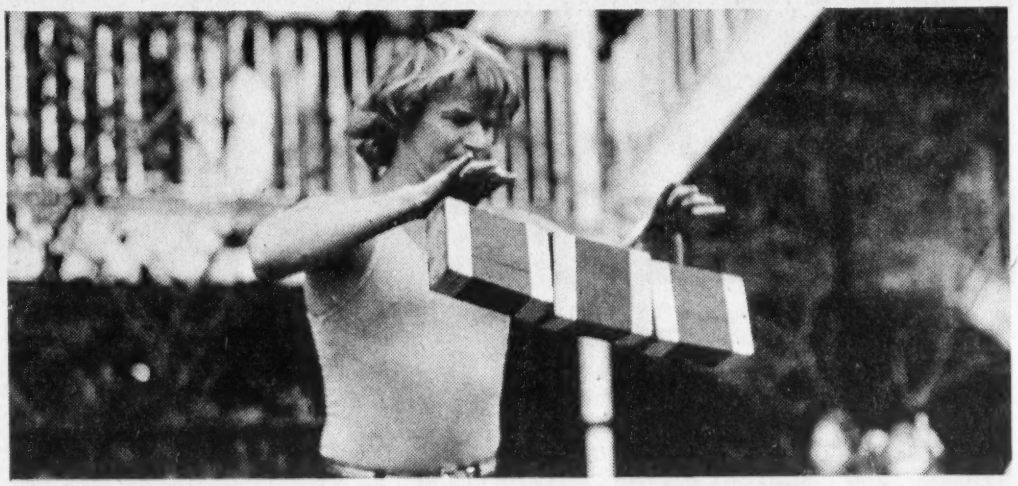
Andrew Fluegelman

LEFT: "John Timothy plays fine ragtime piano on the back of an old Ford Falcon pickup. This summer he faced one of the problems you have as a street performer, poor imitation. A guy who could play piano so-so went out every day and rented a truck and a piano and set up shop on another street corner. A good act with good ideas spawns tacky imitators, but mostly people who suffer from that are philosophical about it."

BELOW: "Her name is Bess Beyer, but she calls the act Rosie Radiator and the Pushrods. They call themselves guerilla tap dancers, because they usually tap dance in the streets. They dance without music – they only use the beats and rhythms of tapping or shouting or hand jive."

ABOVE: "There's beginning to be a circuit of tourist places, the Cannery, Ghirardelli, Pier 39, aside from the street corners. The acts are scheduled by the proprietors. There you don't have to worry about getting arrested by the police, you don't have to worry about whether somebody else is going to be in the spot when you want it. But there are disadvantages as well, you can't be quite as loose as you would be verbally there because they have a certain image.

"I've been trying to move street acts away from tourist centers and out into the neighborhoods. I think it's a logical and wise next step. Because, to a certain extent, it's unfulfilling always working for strangers and never working for the neighbors. I worked for five years a regular spot that was 2-½ blocks from where I lived, so I was truly the neighborhood juggler."



ABOVE: Talking about his own act, Ray said, "Most of the tricks that look difficult are a lot easier than the ones that look easy. The cigar boxes look like a cinch and they're very hard. They're the one thing that people come up after the show and try because they think they can do it. You don't see people picking up hatchets and sickles and knives and trying to throw them around. But juggling those things is a very basic trick, except don't miss."

[more→]

NINE REASONS FOR SUPPORTING YOUR LOCAL STREET PERFORMERS

Good street performing:

1) Can help deflate the rapidly rising cost spiral of the entertainment industry;
2) Is energy efficient – especially in comparison to rock 'n' roll shows or lavish theatrical productions;
3) Encourages simplicity and self-reliance instead of complexity and dependency;
4) Can help liberate us from our national addiction – television;
5) Is non-sexist. Many of the greatest sidewalk artistes are women;
6) Is healthier for both audience and performer since it takes place out of doors rather than in smokey clubs or artificial environments;
7) Promotes equality. Anyone can enjoy a street show – regardless of income, race, religion, etc.;
8) Offers an alternative for performers who find Las Vegas, Hollywood or Disneyland unacceptable;
9) Can upgrade degenerating neighborhoods by bringing joy and laughter to areas submerged in idleness and despair.

WHY AMERICA NEEDS STREET PERFORMING

Street performing seems like just a tiny, inconsequential part of the modern world. Commentators, social philosophers and futurists either ignore it or are unaware of it. But in spite of its modest pretensions, it has far-reaching implications. Why? Because the entertainment forms of a society both reflect and shape the attitudes of that culture. Witness the difference in world view between Ancient Rome with its gladiatorial combat and Bali with its refined, placid puppet festivals. So as we approach the 21st Century which will we choose – an entertainment world dominated by "products" that are slick, hyped-up and prepackaged or the alternative – street performing – which is simple, honest, unpredictable and joyous? ■

Andrew Fluegelman

Ray Jason juggles on his restored 1932 Model B Ford truck. Stewart asked what kind of money street performers make and Ray said, "You can make considerably more than you would as a standard support act or opening with the exception of the really major clubs. The norm is, if you're a good performer, and you go out and work 2 or 3 hours at a fairly decent spot, you should make $100. The problem is you can't go out and work 28 or 30 days a month to make a hundred dollars a day. You're pretty much limited to weekends and to one season. You can have a couple of months where you make a couple of thousand dollars, but the rest of the time you're glad if you make a thousand dollars.

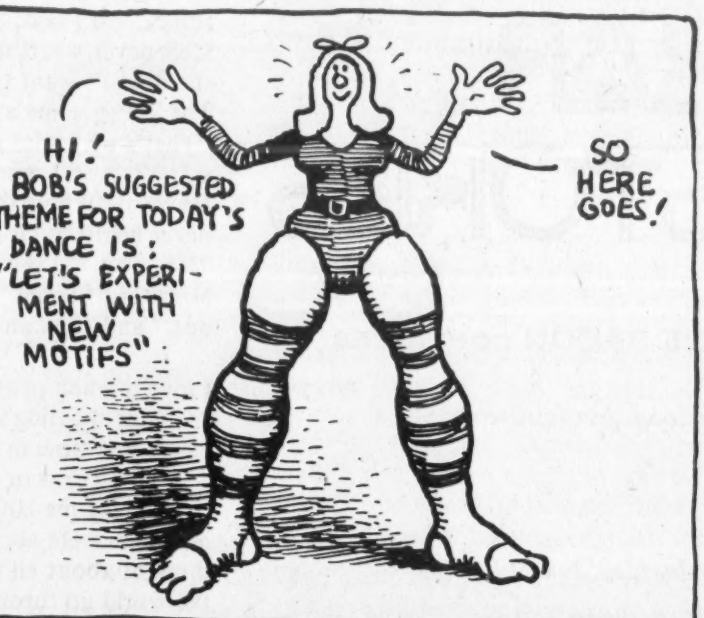
"A lot of the reward is the audience reaction. I've had street shows where I was stunned afterwards. I had one show recently where I was stumbling around afterwards, the affection from the audience was so overwhelming. It was a more invigorating and beautiful experience than I had the whole time I was touring with the Jefferson Starship, performing for 10-12,000 people. I think that kind of response is one of the discoveries club performers could make if they gave the street a try. When it goes badly on the street, it's crushing and probably a lot tougher than when it goes badly in a club, because people walk away. But when it goes well on the streets, it's tremendous."

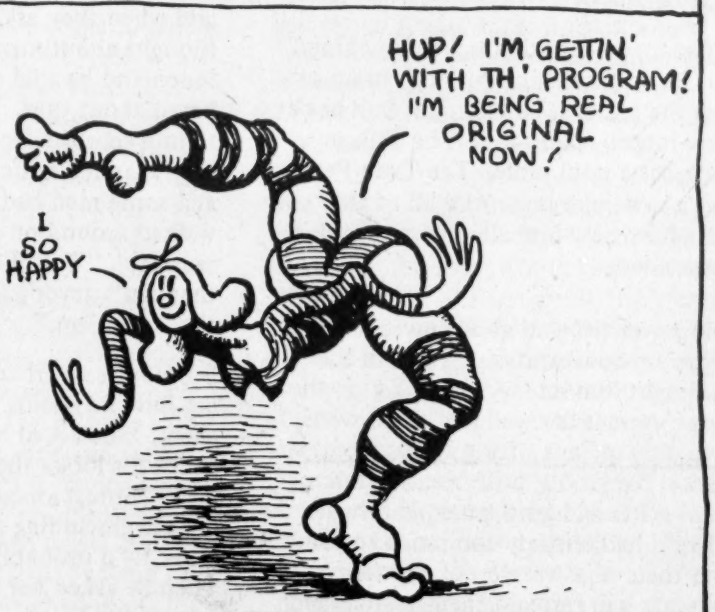
R. CRUMB'S

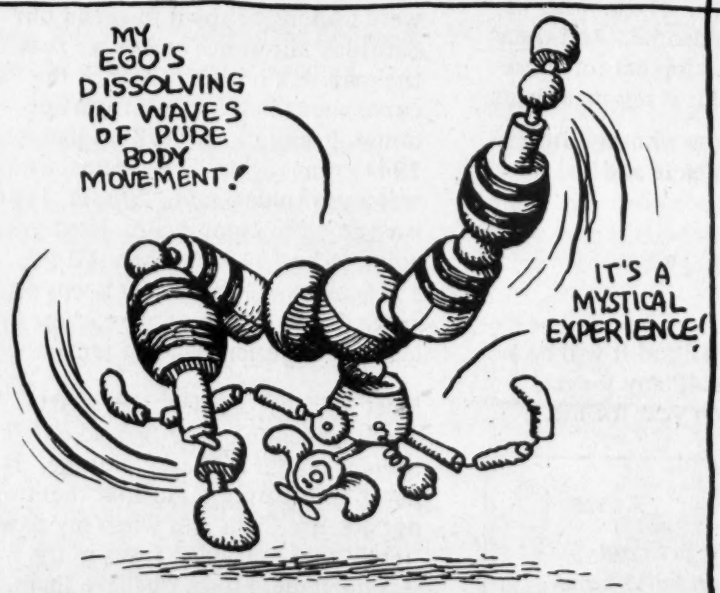
MODERN DANCE WORKSHOP

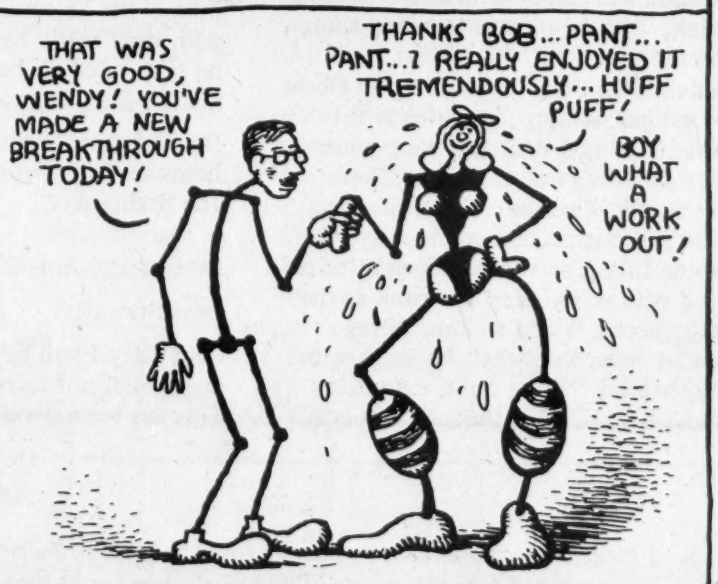
— IN —

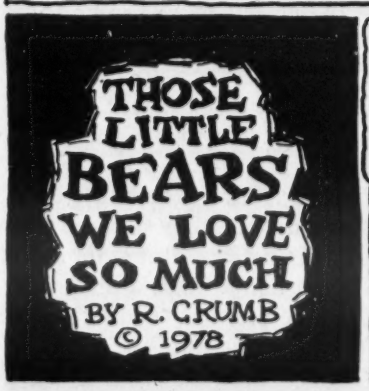
"A PURELY AESTHETIC EXERSIZE"











BAR STORIES

JOE BACON CONTINUES

Cartoons by Jim Green

Wednesday, June 14, 1978

Dear Stewart:

After a two-month absence I returned to Castro Street and found it more or less the same. The Midnight Sun has a new interior paint job. The Village now has a pool table. The Twin Peaks has a new juke box. And all of the bars have new pinball machines and bartenders.

Did I ever tell you about my favorite barroom conversation? I was in the Midnight Sun one night, sitting on the ledge against the wall and there were two drag queens sitting across from me on bar stools, both wearing micro-mini skirts and gold lame pantyhose. They'd had entirely too much to drink and their wigs were crooked, their mascara had run and their lipstick had faded. But the most interesting thing was their posture. They were both slouched on their bar stools, one elbow on the bar, waving cigarettes in the other hand and their legs were wide apart, flashing huge beavers. There was no way I could look at this spectacle and not make a comment. So I turned to the person sitting next to me, a kid who was at least as drunk as the drag queens. I said to him, "Drag queens never keep their knees together." And he said, "They can't, man, they got balls." Which I thought was rather funny. So I said, "That's why Golda Meir never wears mini skirts, because she doesn't want to show her balls." The kid gave me a blank stare and said, "That's why who never wears a mini skirt?" And I repeated, "Golda Meir." He says, "Who's that?" I said, "You've never heard of Golda Meir?" He said, "No, man." I said, "She was Prime Minister of Israel." The kid said, "Far out," and took another slug at his beer.

I love it when people react to what I consider startling information like that. I read one time in the newspaper about a man in Texas or somewhere who was celebrating his 100th birthday and the reporters were asking him what he thought about all the changes he'd seen the world go through in his 100 years and when they asked him what he thought about men walking on the moon and he told them he hadn't heard about that. So they explained to him that the United States had actually landed a rocket on the Moon and some men had gotten out and walked around on the Moon. The old man said, "Well, I'll tell you one place they ain't never going to walk on and that's the Sun."

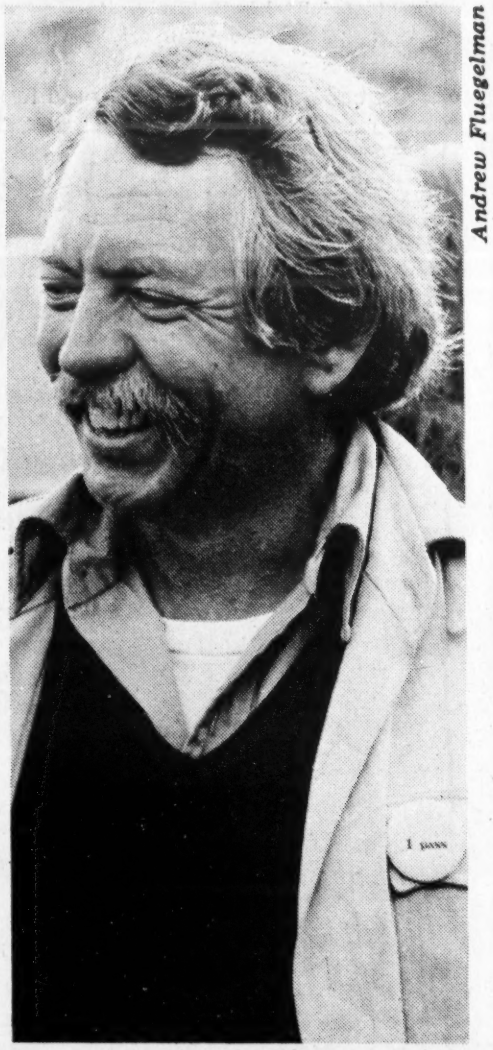
Did you see Barbara Walters interviewing Burt Reynolds on television last week? She asked him what he thought about his looks and he said that if there was a contest among all of the men present, including the cameramen and grips, he'd probably come in third. Then he asked her if she'd seen the men in the Salem ads. Those men, he said, were really handsome. And then he said, "I could be bisexual for those men." Burt Reynolds is my main man.

Do you want to know who my literary heros are? Taylor Meade and Joe Brainard.

Wednesday, June 21, 1978

Dear Stewart:

On Friday I will be 41 and it will be a huge relief not to be 40 any longer. This has been a tough year for me.



Andrew Fluegelman

Joe Bacon

Tougher than any I can remember. I think my best year was when I was 7. But I can't remember why. It was 1944 and my brother and sister and I were walking to town to spend our Saturday allowance and as we passed the mail box on the corner of the "S" curve about half a block from our house, I said, "I sure will be glad when 1944 comes again." My sister, who was a year older, said, "Stupid, 1944 isn't going to come again. Next year's going to be 1945 and then it'll be 1946 and 1947 and it just keeps on going." That's one of the earliest learning experiences I can remember.

Most kids, by the time they start grammar school, have figured out that there is no Santa Claus. Not me. It never entered my mind that there was not a Santa Claus and when my parents finally told me, when I was in the second grade, I didn't believe them. I thought they were playing some sort of sick joke on me, trying to make me believe that it was them that put all those toys out under the tree. When I reminded them that I had actually seen sleigh prints and deer hoof prints in the dust in front of the house one Christmas morning, they told me it was only my imagination. But what about the milk that Santa Claus drank and the cookies he ate that we'd left in the living room and the notes he left us every year thanking us, I asked. They

Dear Joe,

I forget how these letters of yours from the San Francisco gay community got started, but since I'm a total stranger to bars and also hopelessly straight, they couldn't be addressed to a better editor. (Would other editors say, "Aw, everybody knows that stuff?") There's a Nineteenth-Century quality about your writing that makes me feel you're unusually contemporary.

Do you mind if I visually enrich your pages **New Yorker** *style, with cartoons that bear no relation to the text? I've been looking for an excuse to be the first to publish the work of Gary Hallgren's friend Jim Green, of Provincetown, Massachusetts. May he soon achieve escape velocity and freedom.*

—SB

said they drank the milk and ate the cookies and left the notes. Boy, was that depressing news. And as if that weren't enough for a seven-year old to digest in one afternoon, as soon as they had me convinced that there was no Santa Claus, they told me that there was also no Easter Bunny and no Tooth Fairy. I was a wreck for days.

Saturday, June 24, 1978

Dear Stewart:

I've been telling you a lot about Castro Street bars, but today I want to tell you about a bar in Chicago. I lived in Chicago for about a year and a half. In fact, I moved from New Orleans to Chicago the weekend the Democratic National Convention started in 1968. I knew the riots were happening because I would read about them in the papers the next morning. But I didn't know where it was all taking place because I didn't know my way around the city yet.

Anyway, I soon started hanging out at a bar called Figaro's on Oak Street between State and Rush. The place was a real dump and during the winter you never took your overcoat off because number one you'd freeze to death and number two, someone would probably rip it off. One day after work I stopped in for a beer and one of the regulars who was called Rat Fink Clare, at 5:15 on a Monday afternoon, was in that classic passed-out-at-the-bar position; forehead on the bar, arms wrapped around the head. I gave her a little hug and said, "What are you doing, Rat Fink?" She lifted her head about an inch and said, "Slipping into Tuesday."

Another time I was in Figaro's on a Saturday night sipping a beer and Mona, a hooker who worked Rush Street, came in to warm up and rest a bit. She sat down next to me and said, "How's it going, Joe." And I said, "OK, Mona." And we started to talk. There was a guy sitting on the other side of me who had not said a word up until now, but the minute Mona sat down I felt his knee bumping my leg and he whispered in a heavy Spanish accent that he wanted to know who the blond was. I told him to relax, that she was a hooker. He wanted to know what a hooker was so I told him she charged money to fuck and he wanted to know how much and I told him I didn't know, probably around $20 or $25. He asked me to ask her. So I turned to Mona and said, "Mona, this guy wants to know how much you charge." And she said, "What do you think I should tell him?" And I said, "I told him $20 or $25." And she said, "Tell him $25." So I turned back to the guy and said, "$25." And he said, "For how long?" So I turned to Mona and said, "He wants to know for how long." Mona said, "What does he mean, how long?" I turned back to the guy and said, "What do you mean, how long?" The guy said, "I want to take her to dinner." So I turned back to Mona again and said, "He wants to take you to dinner." Mona, not one to mix business and pleasure said, "I already ate." I turned back to the guy and told him, "She already ate." He was about to ask me another question but I picked up my beer bottle and stood up and told him to do his own negotiating.

Monday, June 26, 1978

Dear Stewart:

What a weekend! Friday night my friend, Bud, had a few people to dinner at his summer place in Mill Valley to help me celebrate my birthday. Dark gave me a huge bamboo fan and some suede place mats. And he and Billy Sue Cook gave me a very smart paisley print cloche hat with lots of pearls and rhinestones on it. And a very smart mink cape. Both were treasures from a Good Will store. After dinner Dark, Billy and I headed for the Ambush, south of Market Street, and after drinking a few more beers and snorting some amyl, I went back to the car and got my mink cape and walked back into the bar with it draped across my shoulders. In the midst of all that leather, it was a curious sight. Billy, who has a big hairy chest, decided he wanted to wear it. So he took off his shirt and wrapped it around his naked torso. The boys in the Ambush loved it.

After the bar closed we ended up at someone's house on Bernal Heights and had a real old-fashioned orgy. There must have been about 10 people in there committing every sin you can think of. Which led us to the bright idea of bringing portable confessions down to Folsom Street and setting up at 2:00 a.m. when the bars close. One would say "Mortal Sins" another would say, "Venal Sins" and the third would say, "Express Confessional. 9 sins or less."

Thursday, June 29, 1978

Dear Stewart:

I'm on the rag today. Have been for the past couple of days. My only comfort is the knowledge that it will pass. But having that knowledge pisses me off, too. It just means that now I'm old enough to understand these things and I don't want to be that old.

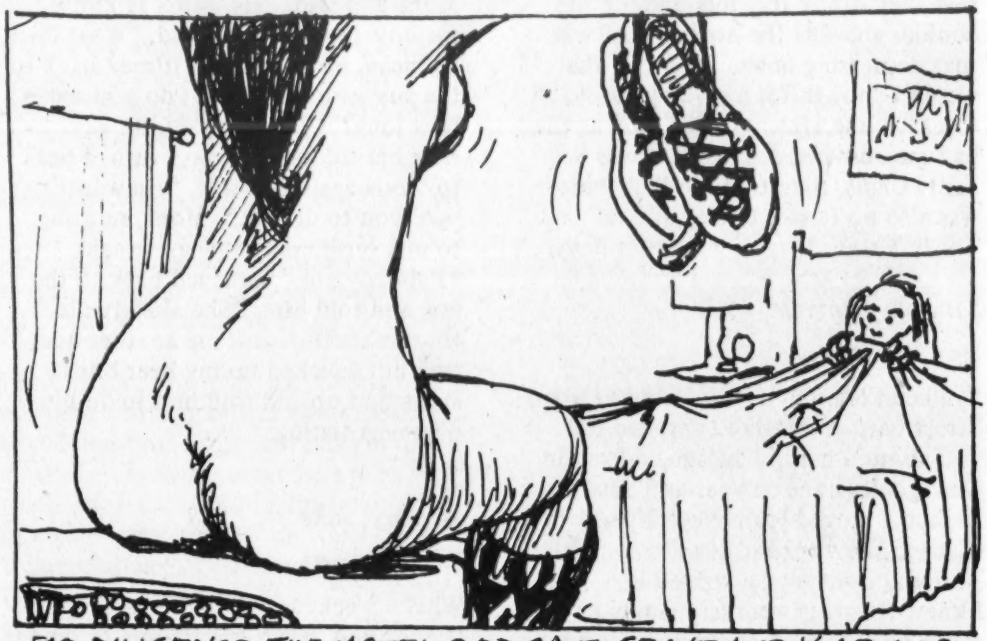
What I can't stand are the hours between the time I get home from work and when it gets dark. I never know what to do. I hate watching the news on television. And lately I haven't been able to interest myself in reading. So I play a little backgammon by myself, but I either get bored or mad at the dice. I think about doing some needlepoint, but the light's not right. So I play the harpsichord for a while. But I'm tired of Bach and I don't have any new music to start working on. Then I look through my address book to see if I want to call anyone. Nope, I don't want to call anyone. Maybe I should go down to Castro Street. And face those same old tired faces? Maybe I should go somewhere else like Polk Street or Folsom Street or even a straight bar. But I don't feel like driving that far. So I call Dark and his machine answers the phone. Then I call Steve and his machine answers the phone. What I really should do is clean up around my apartment. But I don't want to do that either. So I have a beer. The refrigerator is a mess, so I get out a plastic trash bag and empty all of the molded lettuce out of the crisper, or whatever it's called, and

A REAL ARTIST JOINS THE STAFF AT JIM'S SHOP

gather up the empty wine bottles and haul all of that to the trash bin on the side porch. Then I bring the typewriter from the desk in my bedroom to the round table in the living room and try to do some writing. No good. I could take a shower, but I don't feel like it. I could hang the Bobbie Creeley portrait of me, but I don't have the right nails. So I turn on the television, but without the sound. And have another beer. And smoke a joint. Pretty soon it's dark. And I've made it through the crisis.

When I get to feeling like this, I remember a lady in New Orleans. A friend of mine had a standing appointment at her beauty parlor every Thursday morning at 7:30. There was another lady who also had a 7:30 standing appointment on that day and this lady was always in a foul mood. My friend, Betty, walked in one Thursday morning and said good morning to the lady and asked her how she was doing. The lady said, "I was doing all right a couple of days ago, but I got over it." As they say in California, I know where she's coming from.

Last night, while I was busy being crazy, I thought to myself, "Tomorrow I'm going to do something extra specially nice for Joe to help pull him out of the blahs." Now wasn't that nice of me? So far, though, I haven't had time. I mean how can I do something extra specially nice for myself when I'm working all day? And at lunch, I have to go to the bank, so there's no time then. By the time I get off work it'll be too late. Unless you consider buying myself a double Beefeater martini on the rocks in some bar doing something extra specially nice for myself. I don't. Hell, I'll do that for myself any time I feel like it. And not think twice about it.



FOR DILIGENCE, THE MOTEL GOD GAVE GRANT A 13 YEAR OLD VIRGIN AND A DYNAMITE PAIR OF RUNNING SHOES FOR XMAS

One thing I have to start doing is slowing down. I don't know if you know this or not, but it is not possible to be butch and in a hurry. Next time you see a big butch number, watch how he walks. He's taking his time, giving the crowds plenty of time to admire him.

I suppose you realize that being butch is a major preoccupation of most gay men these days. Muscular bodies were a rarity five years ago. Today, they're commonplace. Gay men are going to gyms the way Irish Catholics were making novenas in the 1950s. Pumping iron and building their bodies, to the delight of tit queens like myself and hordes of others.

Wednesday, July 5, 1978

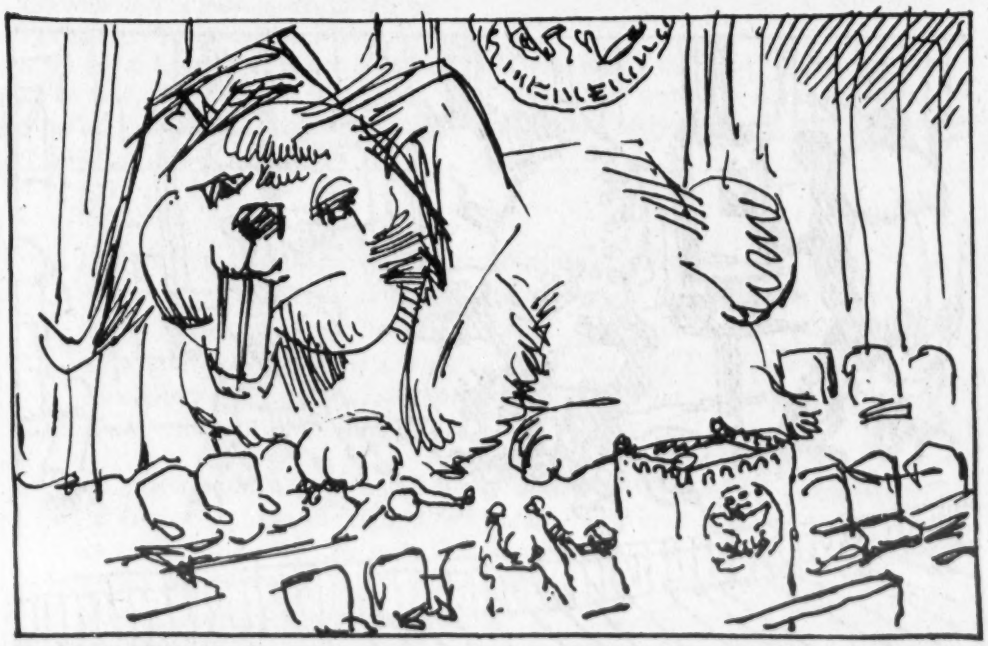
Dear Stewart:

Yesterday, I felt very fragile. I thought I might even flip out. Go over the edge. It started early in the morning when I first got up. Dark called and I agreed to meet him and some other people for lunch at the Bakery on Castro Street. I started imagining myself at lunch gnarling like a dog at Dark and the other people. This both intrigued and scared me. I'd really like to look someone in the eye and gnarl. Then I'd probably giggle some. I wonder how Dark would react to this.

I hate questions and answers and cause and effect and all those things that go together. Let's erase all of that shit and go it alone. You put one foot down, lift the other and put it down in front of where you put the other foot. That's all. It's not going to get you anywhere. And it's not going to take you away from where you've been. . . .

So the new Kinsey Report says, "Gays Don't Fit Stereotypes." No shit. One paragraph in the paper actually says, "An important lesson to be learned from our data is that homosexual men and women are best understood when they are seen as whole human beings, not just in terms of what they do sexually." I would like to suggest that we lift the phrase, "homosexual men and women" and insert in its place, "black men and women" or "white men and women" or "White Anglo Saxon men and women" or "Southern Baptist men and women" or even "laboratory mice." It goes on to say that gays are "as well adjusted as a heterosexual control group of men and women. . ." I would like to state here and now, unequivocally, that to achieve the level of adjustment enjoyed by heterosexuals has never been one of my goals in life. Thank you.

Homosexuality has gotten to be entirely too trendy lately. I have a straight male friend who claims to be bisexual based on one contact in which he gave a blow job to another gay male friend of his. I've tried to explain to him that



UNUSUALLY INTELLIGENT + LARGE BUNNY ATTEMPTS SEIZING POWER

sucking one cock does not make you bi. But he insists he's paid his dues and is entitled to that appelation. What I'm getting at is that I'm not sure how much further I want to see this go. I mean, I'm not looking for respectability. Let those people out there think whatever it is they want to think about homosexuals. I don't want to be trotted out at some smart cocktail party as the hostess's latest coup and face a room full of newly converted fag hags. And a room full of nervous straight men trying desperately to prove to all in presence how liberal they are by draping their arms over my shoulders while they sip their Lilets. Good God, I can see them now, standing in line to kiss me good-bye on the lips, then rush home and fuck the shit out of their wives to prove that they're still turned on to women. It's all too preverted to think about. I think a little ignorance and a little distrust is much healthier. And infinitely more interesting.

A curious note: I once had a landlady who told me that she sometimes wished that she were a gay man. That way, she explained, she wouldn't have any of the disadvantages of being female and she'd still dig men.

Thursday, July 13, 1978

Dear Stewart:

Last night after a martini and several beers at the Midnight Sun, I decided to go have Chinese food on 18th Street. I sat at the counter, ordered beans and chicken, and an elderly man sat down next to me. He ordered a pot of tea and started talking to himself. Except he wasn't using words. He was speaking numbers. "Seven, three, seven, two, nine. Four, one, two, nine. Two, four, five, nine, eight, six." He gave the numbers the same intonation one would ordinarily give to words forming sentences. I put down my chopsticks and asked him what the numbers meant. He said, "Five o six one." Then he drew a picture for me that he said was in Chinese caligraphy. He told me to keep only the fortunes I like from the fortune cookies. He said he was Howard Hughes' brother and Hughes had left him two billion dollars. He said he knew Cardinal Richilieu, that he was over 5,000 years old, and that as a matter of fact, he *was* Cardinal Richilieu in another life. He said he turns into a horse every now and then and his wife rides him at Del Mar. Pope Gregory makes his bed. He was once Moses and was raised by the Pharoahs. His brother, Ralph, was King Solomon and he was King David. "Like seven nine two," he explained. Seven nine two is his Thankful number. Five seven one is his Acknowledgement Number and one o eight is his Charity Number. When I looked a bit confused, he explained that he was speaking Chinese Yiddish.

Thursday, July 13, 1978

Dear Stewart:

When I was growing up we didn't have television. No one in the country did. During the summers we would go outside after supper and sit in folding chairs or on the ground in the front yard. When the neighbors finished their suppers they would come out and join us. Or if they'd finished first, we'd go join them in their front yards. The grownups would talk and us kids would mostly listen. In those days, children were seen, not heard. A lot of times someone would have a bushel of peas and we'd all shell peas while we visited. When it got dark we'd set fire to an old sock and it would burn slowly, smoking the mosquitoes away.

When it was cold or raining, we'd stay in after supper and sit in Mama and Daddy's bedroom and listen to the radio. I remember black-outs during the war and we'd have to cover the radio with a blanket so the light wouldn't show.

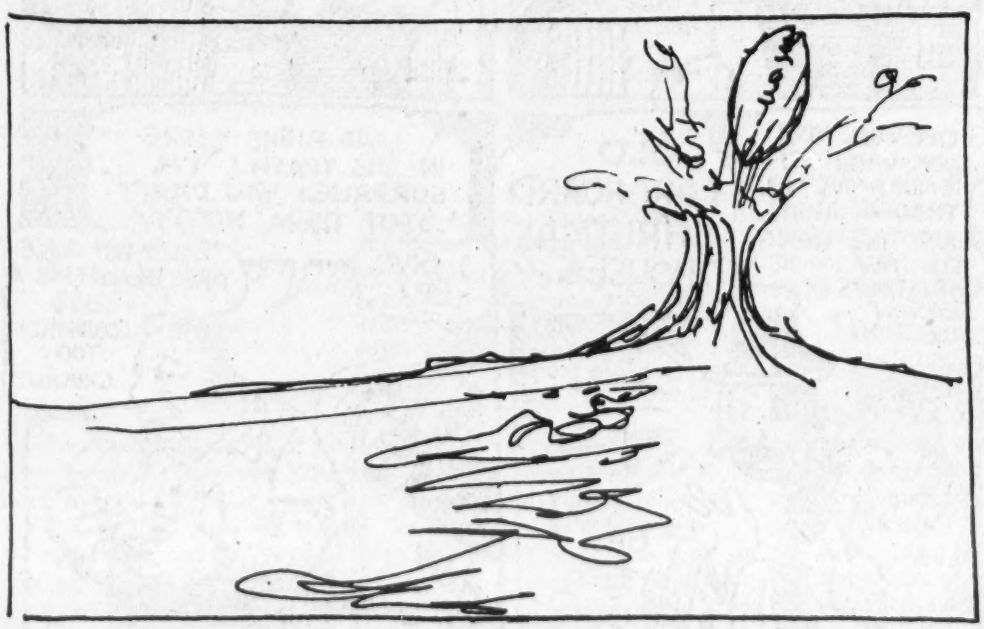
We didn't have dial phones then, so when you wanted to call someone you'd pick up the telephone and wait for the operator to come on the line and she'd say, "Number please," and you'd tell her the number and she'd ring it for you. When we heard the fire alarm someone would run for the telephone and when the operator came on the line we'd say, "Gracie Mae, where's the fire?" And she'd say something like, "Oh, it's just a grass fire in the nigger quarters." And we'd hang up relieved. Or when we'd hear an ambulance we'd grab the phone and say, "Lou Pearl, I just heard an ambulance. What happened." And she'd say, "It's a bad wreck. On the highway." And we'd say, "Well, who was it? Was it anyone from Elmview?" And Lou Pearl would say, "Naw, it's just a bunch of soldiers from Fort Polk." It was sort of like having your own answering service. If I was leaving the house and no one else was there, I'd pick up the telephone and tell the operator that I was going to Albert's house and if anyone called our number for her to call me over there. And one time I picked up the phone to call my friend Stevie and when I gave the operator the number she said, "They ain't there, Joe, they all went to the picture show."

Thursday, August 24, 1978

Dear Stewart:

I went to Castro Street Friday night and I picked up a trick and he said his mother was in the straight bar on 18th St. and we would have to go over there and give her a ride home before we went to my house. So we went into the straight bar and there she was, a nice little lady with a yellow dynell wig all curled up on top of her head, wearing a cotton print dress over a full set of foundation garments. She told me Bob was her friend, not her son. An old man was courting Mama and he bought us all a drink. When we finally got to Bob's car, another car had backed into him and smashed his headlight. So in retaliation Bob got a lug wrench out of his trunk and smashed the rear window of the car that had backed into his and said he was going to call the police to report the accident. I suggested that he not call the police as 1) he was very drunk, and 2) because he had just trashed the offending car. At this, his sweet, nice little mother, visiting from Oregon, lashed out at me and said, "Shut up, you dumb shit. You don't know nothing."

Your friend,



A CLAM ACHIEVES ESCAPE VELOCITY AND FREEDOM

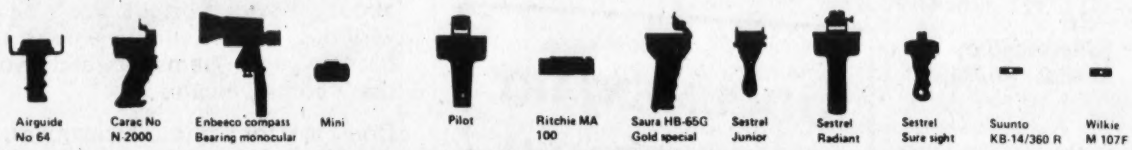
R. CRUMB'S
MR. NOSTALGIA
©1978
BAROOOOM
HATE TH' MODERN WORLD..
UNISEX TYPE
DON'T WALK
HONK
HONK
HONK
SCREECH
HONK
BEEEP
TOO MANY CARS!
HONK
I WISH IT WAS 1910 WHEN THERE WERE ONLY A FEW AUTOS AND YOU COULD HOP ON A TROLLEY CAR FOR A NICKEL!
LIFE WAS BETTER THEN!
ARROGANT NEGRO
HEY, WHAT'S THIS 1 SPY IN A SECOND-HAND STORE WINDOW!?
USED FURNITURE & APPLIANCES
DUMPSTER
WOWIE ZOWIE! A 1930s MONITOR-TOP GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR!! LOVE IT LOVE IT!
LOOKS CLEAN!
MUST HAVE!
UH OH! MY ARCH-RIVAL, COLLECTOR ZIDEM IS IN THERE TALKING TO THE GUY!
GODDAMN! THAT LOUSY CREEP ALWAYS BEATS ME TO THE GOOD DEALS! BLAST HIS LUCK!
ALL SALES FINAL
AH! MR. NOSTALGIA! FANCY RUNNING INTO —
HM! I SUPPOSE YOU'RE GRABBING THAT MONITOR-TOP! HOW MUCH DID HE WANT FOR IT??
OH NO, I WAS THINKING ABOUT IT, BUT SINCE I ALREADY HAVE THREE MONITOR REFRIGERATORS I DECIDED NOT TO... BUT WHAT'S THAT IN THE WASTE BIN?
HUH... WHAT? WHERE??
DUMPSTER
OH WILL YOU LOOK WHAT SOME IGNORAMUS HAS THROWN AWAY! JUST THE THING FOR MY CHRISTMAS SEASON COLLECTION!
OLD CARDBOARD CHRISTMAS HOUSES!!
GLOM!
...AND RIGHT THERE IN THE TRASH! I'M SURPRISED YOU DIDN'T SPOT THEM, NOSTY!!
I GIVE UP!
MY, BUT THESE ARE BEAUTIFUL! GOOD CONDITION TOO! CHUCKLE
PLOP!
END

Geartest

Winter is the time to shop for your boat, when you can indulge the fantasy of excellence and ready-for-anything that your boat is really about. Not rushed to get half-ready for the weekend, you have time to find out about the best gear and time to get it.

This British magazine tests nautical equipment from everywhere in the world and reports the results with a dramatic clarity that puts **Consumer Reports** *to shame. Most of the items, taken a category at a time – radar reflectors, radio direction finders, lifelines, automatic pilots, boathooks, sextants, safety harnesses, deck boots, bilge pumps, etc. – are tested at sea and there humiliate or distinguish themselves.*

How the twelve hand bearing compasses fared on test...



	Airguide No 64	Carac No N-2000	Enbeeco compass Bearing monocular	Mini	Pilot	Ritchie MA 100	Saura HB-65G Gold special	Sestrel Junior	Sestrel Radiant	Sestrel Sure sight	Suunto KB-14/360 R	Wilkie M 107F
STAR RATING – overall quality value for money	♦	●	●● ▲ B	●●●● A	●● B	●●● B	●● B	● B	●● C	●●● B	●●● A	● ▲ A
Performance rating	fail	fail	☆☆	☆☆☆☆	☆☆	☆☆☆☆	☆☆☆	☆	☆☆☆	☆☆☆	☆☆☆	☆☆
Recommended Retail Price May 1976 excludes 8% VAT	£14.97	£25.00	£36 + 12½% VAT	£26.80 £ 0.80 = pouch	£29.50	£44	£32 case inc	£10.60	£36.50 case £17.40	£22.80	£20.12	£6.59
Dimensions in mm	115x140x80	96x190	190x 127x76	80x35	106x200	120x90x35	98x205	70x139	105x215	80x160	53x75x15	70x50x16
Weight in grams	190	450	550	135	1100	230	670	250	980	370	120	50
EASE OF USE												
Slight sea by day	●●	●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●●
Slight sea by night	●●	●●●●	●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●	no illum	●●●●●	●●●●●	NK	no illum
Moderate sea	fail	fail	●●●	●●●●●	●●●●	●●●●●	●●●●	●●	●●●●	●●●	●●●	●●
Rough sea	fail	fail	●	●●●●	●	●●●●	●●	●	●●	●●	●●	●
Wild or violent sea	fail	fail	fail	●●	fail	●●●	fail	fail	fail	●	●	●
Infrequent flashing light	●●	●●	●●●	●●●●●	●●●	fail	●●●	no illum	●●●	●●●●	●●●●(illum)	no illum

Movin' On

When somebody asks me what's a good book for learning about winter hiking and camping, this is the one I tell 'em about.

–J. Baldwin

Movin' On
(Equipment & Techniques for Winter Hikers)
Harry Roberts
1977; 135 pp.

$4.95 postpaid
from:
Stone Wall Press, Inc.
5 Byron St.
Boston, MA 12108

If there's a "secret" to pitching a tent on snow, it's this – start with a firm platform. Truck around on your skis or your snowshoes, pack out the kitchen and the tent area and pack out a trail to the area you'll use as a latrine. Be meticulous; be thorough – which means, get to camp on time! Pack the kitchen first, so the cook can start to work, and then do the rest. The tent should be up and the bags out and fluffed at about just enough time before chow call to change into a dry undershirt and a heavy parka.

International Home Exchange Service

Published three times a year, this is a shopping list of places and people to temporarily swap your home with. What a good idea.

–SB

from:
International Home
Exchange Service
P.O. Box 3975
San Francisco, CA 94119

Annual Journal Subscription and Home Registration

Your home is listed in three consecutive Journals published every November, March, and July. You receive a copy of our current Journal plus the next two issues. $15.00.

No hotel tab at the end of your vacation is just one of the benefits of exchanging. You can cut down on restaurant costs by cooking your own meals, and you can frequently include a car in your exchange. "Exchangers" give each other helpful hints that only a native can give about where to go or not go; where to shop and where to play. Friends and neighbors can sometimes be called upon as hosts. The worries about your vacant home being robbed, your plants or even your pets being properly cared for are greatly reduced.

Nomadics

Why hasn't some British or American publisher made an indispensible BOOK out of Geartest?

–SB

Geartest
Brian E. Grant, Ed.
£11.50 (airmail, about $22.45)/4 issues

from:
Geartest
Homewall, Havant
Hampshire
P09 1EF England

Cross-country Downhill

If you think that cross-country skiing is restricted by the inability to go down steep hills on those skinny planks, then this will be news to you. With the techniques neatly explained in this book, you'll be able to ski in country you wouldn't have approached before, and do it safely too. As an ex-member of the ski Infantry, I can vouch for the moves shown here; they work well. The book is aimed at those who already know how to ski with reasonable skill, and that may be just as well because it isn't a beginner sport. Still, just about anyone who can ski Nordic should be able to pick up the ability to do it. The photographs of each move are very clear rather than being showy.

–J. Baldwin

Cross-Country Downhill
(And Other Nordic Mountain Skiing Techniques)
Steve Barnett
1978; 95 pp.

$6.95 postpaid
from:
Pacific Search Press
715 Harrison St.
Seattle, WA 98109

The Compleat Freighthopper's Manual

For cheap travel and real adventures, here's a book without competition. We ran a piece of it in the Summer '78 CQ.

–SB

The Compleat Freight-Hopper's Manual for North America
(Hoboing in the 1970s)
Daniel Leen
1978; 95 pp.

$3.95 postpaid
from:
Daniel Leen
6601-116th Ave. NE
Kirkland, WA 98033

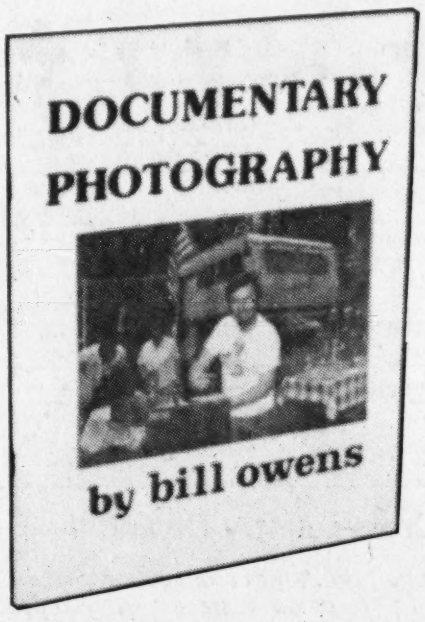
All trains originate, run to their destination, and terminate. In the yards however, the switchmen say a train is "made up."! This involves an hour or more of switching cars onto a particular set of tracks in a particular order, putting a caboose on the back end, one or more engine units on the head end, and connecting and pressurizing the air line. A train may stop and switch along its route but it is still the same train until it terminates or "breaks up." Theoretically the switching out in the yards and the preparation of the engines in the roundhouse are timed so that the engines will roll out of the roundhouse just as the last boxcar slams into place. Thus, when you find out when the engine is called for, you have a general idea of when your train will pull out.

Communications

Documentary Photography

*Every now and then we see something which sets a new level of excellence in how-to writing. That's what this book does. The author is one of the best photographers around (***Suburbia; Our Kind of People; Working***), known for the kind, brutal frankness of his eye. The same goes for his writing. It's all on the table, every inner trick and turn of how to be a photographer with your life. All the unspeakable stuff like getting published, getting grants, getting the confidence of subjects and the attention of audience, and not paying out too much immortal soul in the process.*

—SB
[Suggested by Michael Phillips]



Documentary Photography
Bill Owens
1978; 64 pp.
$4.95 postpaid
from:
Addison House
Morgan's Run
Danbury, NH 03230
or Whole Earth

The best place to get a start is the small town or suburban newspaper. These papers are often "throw aways." Basically they carry supermarket advertisements, but they also have an editorial department and use photographs. As a small town photographer I photographed everything; editorials, women's pages, sports, features, and advertising. It was an experience more enriching than a big newspaper because I did seven to ten assignments a day, on a large city paper you seldom do more than two assignments a day.

Some excellent photojournalism is being done on the small town paper. There you have the freedom to use good photography and develop your talents. If you can take a good picture of Little League Baseball teams, you can take a good picture of the Oakland A's. Perhaps the best jobs in photography today are on the small town newspaper because here you have personal freedom and, more important, *space* to publish your photographs. . . .

To approach an editor, there are several rules of etiquette. Most important is phoning and making an appointment. When on the phone, briefly explain the purpose of your visit. Give the editor a rough idea of what your story is about. Most important, don't be vague. Editors are often very busy people and because of the pressure of the job become vague themselves and two vague people . . . just don't communicate. . . .

Don't ask for a photo assignment. Editors always have regular photographers they work with. Instead, shoot an assignment on Sunday, a day when most photographers don't work. Have something unique that other photographers don't have! If there is another photographer your photos are dead because the other photographer is probably with A.P. or U.P.I. or another free lance trying to make it. . . .

After leaving a photo essay with the magazine, make a second visit in about three weeks. Get a decision about the story. If they don't want it, get it back and go to the next editor or magazine who might be looking for what you have done. Remember two completely different stories can be written about the same subject and both can be completely honest.

Finally, make friends with other photographers and writers. Share your information with them. Other photographers can help you get started by helping you understand editors and magazines. It's tough work to compete and sharing information is an important part of photography. . . .

The dream of being a photojournalist is crazy. It's not fun to shoot 50 rolls of film and never see what you got! It's not fun to stay in the Holiday Inn, eat plastic food and sleep with the air conditioner on. And, really, most of the people I met were not that interesting! Editors want close-up photographs of good-looking women dancing. I want overviews of a roomful of people dancing. They crop the photographs and show the good-looking women!

On Photography

If you have any interest in photography you must read Susan Sontag's book. The six essays were originally published from 1973 to 1977 in **The New York Review of Books**, *but they are more interesting when read as consecutive chapters. It is fascinating to watch Sontag's well-honed intelligence trying to make sense out of the seemingly "simple and mechanical" medium of photography. There are lots of false starts and contradictions between essays, but that is the fun of it. Sontag must have written a hundred sentences beginning "Photography is . . ." before she got it right: ". . . photography is not, to begin with, an art form at all. Like language, it is a medium in which works of art (among other things) are made."*

Books on photography aren't supposed to win the National Book Award, but this one did.

—Andrew Williams

On Photography
Susan Sontag
1978; 207 pp.
$3.95 postpaid
from:
Delta Books
Montville Warehousing Co., Inc.
Change Bridge Rd.
Pine Brook, NJ 07058
or Whole Earth

To take a photograph is to participate in another person's (or thing's) mortality, vulnerability, mutability. Precisely by slicing out this moment and freezing it, all photographs testify to time's relentless melt.

•

In these last decades, "concerned" photography has done at least as much to deaden conscience as to arouse it.

•

The lure of photographs, their hold on us, is that they offer at one and the same time a connoisseur's relation *to* the world and a promiscuous acceptance *of* the world.

•

While paintings or poems do not get better, more attractive simply because they are older, all photographs are interesting as well as touching if they are old enough.

•

To photograph is to appropriate the thing photographed. It means putting oneself into a certain relation to the world that feels like knowledge — and, therefore, like power. A now notorious first fall into alienation, habituating people to abstract the world into printed words, is supposed to have engendered that surplus of Faustian energy and psychic damage needed to build modern, inorganic societies. But print seems a less treacherous form of leaching out the world, of turning it into a mental object, than photographic images, which now provide most of the knowledge people have about the look of the past and the reach of the present. What is written about a person or an event is frankly an interpretation, as are handmade visual statements, like paintings and drawings. Photographed images do not seem to be statements about the world so much as pieces of it, miniatures of reality that anyone can make or acquire.

Beginner's Guide to Darkroom Techniques

Nice complete intro by an old hand to the hardest part of photography. My additional tip: make your tables and sinks high enough that you don't bend over or you'll never stand straight again. —SB

Beginner's Guide to Darkroom Techniques
Ralph Hattersley
1976; 160 pp.
$3.95 postpaid
from:
Doubleday & Co., Inc.
501 Franklin Ave.
Garden City, L.I.
NY 11530
or Whole Earth

Slightly underexposed areas of a print can be darkened with hot water in a cotton swab.

Darkroom

If you want to know what a man thinks about the universe ask him how to change a tire. If you want to know what a photographer thinks about photography ask him how he feels about working in the darkroom. In this book Wynn Bullock, Duane Michals, Jerry Uelsmann and ten other photographers explain in detail how they feel about darkroom work and exactly what they do once the white light goes out. Along the way personal feelings about all aspects of photography are expressed with more candor, eloquence and wit than in any other book I've seen. Skillfully edited interviews replace the ponderous approach found in most writing by photographers on photography. You're left with the feeling of just having had a stimulating conversation with each of these photographers.

Darkroom *also contains useful information on many topics such as making your own platinum printing paper, gum bichromate printing, and Victor's Mercury Intensifier. The last item is no longer available because "No company can afford to meet the government safety standards required to manufacture such a dangerous compound." The formula for Victor's Mercury Intensifier is here, along with the antidote. Be careful.*

P.S. Fifteen dollars is an outrageous price for this book. But it's worth it. However, you should know **Popular Photography** *magazine has reprinted some of the interviews. Most libraries have xerox machines.* —Andrew Williams

Darkroom
Eleanor Lewis, Ed.
1977; 183 pp.
$15.00 postpaid
from:
Light Impressions Corp.
Box 3012
Rochester, NY 14614
or Whole Earth

I make many prints before I get my final one. Sometimes it takes an hour and sometimes a whole week. I work for the delicate details in the shadow area. I'm concerned about this area because it is mysterious. There is an obscure world in the darkness. I don't feel much for the highlight but I respect it and treat it so that the whiteness may not seem the whiteness of the paper, but the whiteness of the thing itself.

—*Eikoh Hose*

•

One of my theories as to why more photographers have not worked with darkroom process is that their darkrooms are often versions of the black hole of Calcutta. My new darkroom is a pleasure. It has carpeting on the floor and a hi-fi. The water is temperature controlled. This is a place where I can spend eight or ten hours without feeling the least bit claustrophobic.

—*Jerry Uelsmann*

Collection, Use, and Care of Historical Photographs

A good solid technical treatment of the labor and joy of working with old photographs. Some illustrative why and a lot of detailed how. —SB

Collection, Use, and Care of Historical Photographs
Robert A. Weinstein and Larry Booth
1977; 222 pp.
$16.00 postpaid
from:
American Assn. for State & Local History
1400 Eighth Avenue
S. Nashville, TN 37203

Collodion plates that have been varnished constitute a special problem. In the same manner that collodion had been poured onto a plate and spread over the surface by tilting, an amount of varnish was poured on over the collodion. The resulting varnish coating is not always smooth and often does not extend entirely over all of the corners. As the varnish ages and deteriorates, it frequently fractures into tiny segments, flaking off and taking the collodion with it.

To prevent loss of flakes (bits of image) when the varnish fractures, tape a cover glass the same size as original over the emulsion side with 3M acrylic polyester tape no. 850. Use 1-inch lengths of tape on each of the four edges of the sandwich to hold the cover glass firmly but allow future deterioration gases to escape.

A spray coating of Krylon or gelatin is a way of dealing with fractured collodion, but violates most conservators' philosophy that whatever remedial work is done to historical photographs should not be irrevocable — but should be capable of being undone. Collodion probably would not survive removal of Krylon.

Cedarhome

Most Americans can detect excrement miles away and will accept no substitutes. Like his compatriots, Barton Sutter has a sharp sense of the phoney, the plastic, the spoiled, the faecal; he has, however, no compulsion to roll in it. If you aspire to pay high prices for fake food, fake songs, fake saviors, fake feelings, he is likely not your poet.

—*W.D. Snodgrass (Foreword) [Suggested by Paul Loeb]*

Cedarhome
Barton Sutter
1977; 37 pp.
$3.95 postpaid
from:
BOA Editions
92 Park Avenue
Brockport, NY 14420

A CURSE AGAINST THE OWNER

Lord Cockroach, Old Sir Empty Belly,
Bring this bad man down.
May his woman's womb ripen
With children blessed
With testicles for ears
And breasts behind their knees.
May he have more than he bargained for.

•

HOMING

The river whispers the way
My grandmother used to talk to herself.
I lean against a tree and listen.
When I open my eyes, my frozen
Breath waits in the air,
Ready to break into speech.

Ahead in the path, tattered birch bark:
Pages torn from a book.
I have forgotten
The language in which the story is written.

But I know the story by heart.
I shrug my shoulders, shift
The weight on my back.
My feet read the braille of the path
I follow. I know this story. It ends
In fire, food, all the old friends.

GOOD MOVIES

BY
SHEILA BENSON

SLAVE OF LOVE

A WEDDING

below: AUTUMN SONATA

Unlike many film reviewers, Sheila Benson loves movies. Unlike damn near all film reviewers, she has won my trust that some bad seed in her personality or judgment won't lead me eagerly to a film I wind up loathing. That trust is based on nearly two years of using her reviews in the excellent Marin County weekly, **The Pacific Sun**. *(Lately she's been branching out to other publications, from* **L.A. Times** *to* **New Times**.*)*

Sheila is 47, mother of three, and a daughter of Hollywood. Her mother, Mary C. McCall, Jr., wrote screenplays ("Ride the Man Down," etc.), and her father, Dwight Franklin, designed men's costumes ("Shane," etc.). Her film sense is informed by a depth you can't get any other way than growing up there.

Her assignment as a **CQ** *regular is to give us the benefit of her quarterly professional reviewing experience – her cream of the cream of the movies at large or about to be at large. I realize this feature is rather standard-magaziney, but movies, I think, are that important and Sheila Benson is that good that we can stiff the competition.*

–SB

Like **The Earrings of Mme. de . . .**, **SLAVE OF LOVE**'s heroine is an apparently foolish woman transported by a great love. Russian director Nikita Mikhalkov's luminous film is set just at the end of the 1917 Revolution as a silent movie company grinds out its sappy film, caught in a crossfire between Red and White, old and new. Elena Solovei is both films' star, a radiantly self-absorbed, petulant creature whose helplessness magically becomes touching through an impossible love affair. The echoes are Chekov and Gorki and Renoir, without, perhaps, Renoir's tough-mindedness. **Slave of Love**'s last frames, a lemon-yellow trolley car rocketing into a murky future, empty save for its sweet, silly heroine, are as enduring an image as you could want.

☆

Melanie Mayron is the chief reason to see **GIRL FRIENDS**, an in-group look at the New York Soho career scene and at the webs of friendships. One roommate (Anita Skinner) scuttles into a "secure" marriage; the other (Mayron) moults interminably, then pulls herself together to get on with her photography career. You may find yourself asking what she got from Skinner anyway, and/or feel that the film speaks exclusively to the 25-35 age group who made it, but it is a more than decent first effort by director Claudia Weill, and Mayron's unsentimental central performance is worth it all.

☆

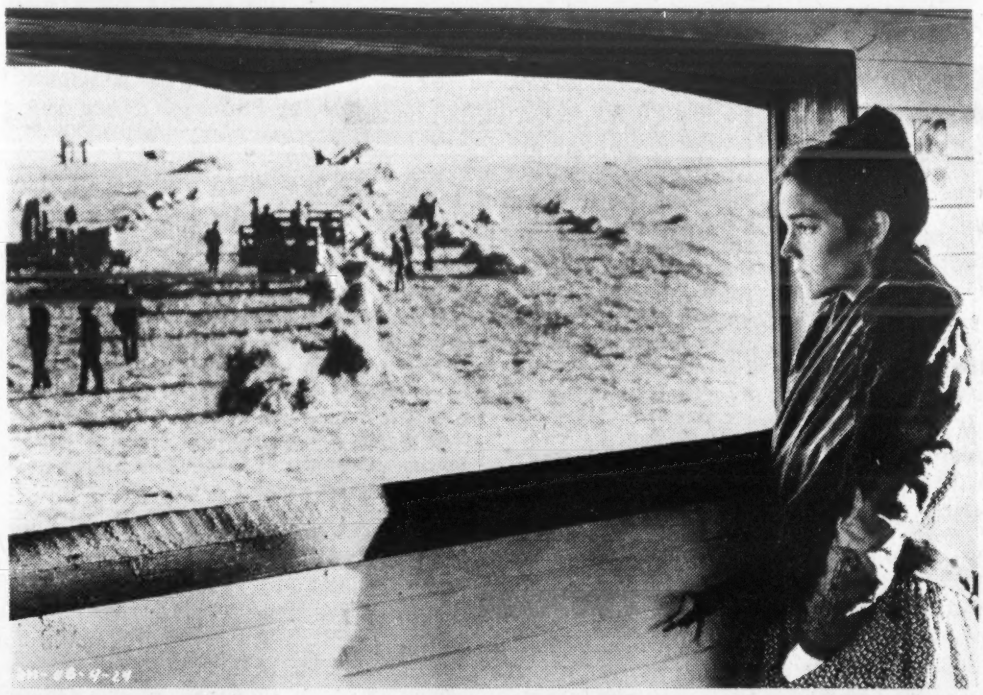
It's hard to fathom the long string of reviewers who found Robert Altman full of contempt for his 48 prosciutto-deep characters in **A WEDDING**. He seemed to have an avuncular affection for them in this under-the-surface look at one of life's more rigid events, the high Episcopal wedding. There are generally fine performances and one superb pair: Carol Burnett and Pat McCormick, with Howard Duff ambling through as Altman's alter ego. The abrupt shift at the film's end seems too much even for an indulgent audience, and the final piling-on of incidents has an air of desperation to it. But for the body of the film, Altman does his quick-sketch characterizations brilliantly, and the picture is fun to be at.

☆

For all **AUTUMN SONATA**'s moments of melodramatic excess and overexplicitness, and the fact that it feels more like a play than a film, the grandeur of the performances of Ingrid Bergman as an internationally famous concert pianist and Liv Ullmann as her country mouse daughter are undeniable. So is the underlying bitterness in the mother-daughter confrontation, Ullmann at last confronting her egotistic mother with a legacy of hurts. The physical embrace of understanding or reconciliation which redeemed **Autumn Sonata**'s American counterpart, **Interiors**, is withheld by director Bergman, and transferred to a letter: too little, too late, and contemptible in its ungivingness. With all these cavils, actresses Bergman and Ullmann work like a great cello and viola duet.

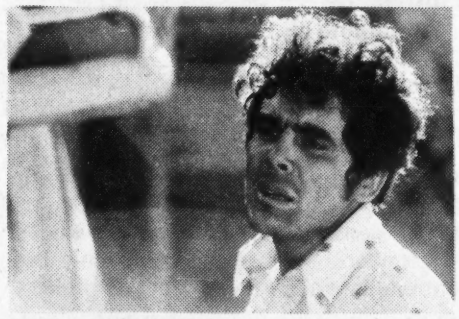
☆

WATERSHIP DOWN's impeccable washes and backgrounds, far more like W. Homer than W. Disney, carry this animated version of Richard Adams' animal parable into new levels of film technique. There is a blighting song by Art Garfunkle plunked down into the center of things, but if you can ignore that you may find yourself touched by the film. It was made in England by Martin Rosen, who had the courage to scrap a full year of animation which had gone in the wrong direction. His second director of animation, Tony Guy, understands every stick and bramble of the English countryside.



DAYS OF HEAVEN

ANIMAL HOUSE



¡ALAMBRISTA!

below: WATERSHIP DOWN

below: GIRL FRIENDS

Guy's rabbits bleed, they fight savagely, they die, but they do so with a minimum of sentimentality. The voices are carefully chosen, among them Ralph Richardson, Roy Kinnear, John Hurt, Michael Hordern and Zero Mostel (the film has been *that* long in the making). It's probably too stiff for very young children, but 10 or 12 year-olds could handle it beautifully, and it is as much for adults as the novel was.

☆

God knows **NATIONAL LAMPOON'S ANIMAL HOUSE** is undergraduate humor, but its satire of the 60s is sharp and quick as a paper cut. The lines are clear, it's the Animal House members, future dissidents all, vs. the prestigious frat down the row, a nurturing place for future John Deans and H.R. Haldemans. Fortunately, this simplistic attitude is offset by Our Heroes' sweetness and lack of malice, and the film is more than endurable, it's honest fun. John Belushi's performance grows on repeated seeings, it has almost silent-film comedy quality. Everyone will have his own favorite moment, but the Camelot float at homecoming, a towering head of J FK in crepe-paper carnations against a field of sorority girls in Jackie pillboxes and that particular pink suit, has to be close to the top.

¡ALAMBRISTA! won prizes this year at Cannes and at San Sebastian and was presented at the San Francisco Film Festival. It is a moving portrait of a young illegal Mexican migrant worker by the co-maker of **Nothing But a Man**, Robert M. Young, who directed **Short Eyes**. It makes its angry points gently, with compassion and humor. (Humor is always a tip-off: you can't be lofty or pompous about "important issues" and still have great, redeeming gusts of humor blowing through a film.) **Alambrista!**'s genuinely funny sequences come straight from character. One of Young's devices, not translating the film's Spanish dialogue for us, pulls us closer to Roberto (Domingo Ambriz), subjected constantly to a barrage of English he understands not at all. In a great cafe sequence, Roberto has a long cowboy monologue directed at him. He can't catch one word, but mustn't give himself away to the patrolman who's sat down next to him. All the actors, including Ambriz and Linda Gillin as a young bordertown waitress, are splendid. **Alambrista!** is a moving work, not a liberal's duty call.

☆

And finally, a defense of a film which has been called too beautiful. No one can say that **DAYS OF HEAVEN** is not volumptuous visually, but it seems entirely in keeping with this vision of the expanses of the Texas panhandle wheatlands in 1916.

Director Terence Malick uses a quote from **Boy Life on the Prairie** (1899) by Hamlin Garland in his notes on the film:

Troops of nomads swept over the country at harvest time: reckless young fellows, handsome, profane, licentious, given to drink, powerful but inconstant workmen, quarrelsome and difficult to manage at all times. They came in the season when work was plenty and wages high, and were very independent of bearing. . . .

They told of the city . . . they were scarred with battles. They came from the far-away and unknown and passed on to the north, mysterious, leaving the people of Sun Prairie quite as ignorant of their real names and characters as upon the first day of their coming.

Malick has magically invoked just this flavor in this love story of a pair (and a spare) of migrants and a quiet, doomed landowner. He keeps us at as much emotional distance from his lovers as he did in **Badlands**, yet his film draws you hypnotically. Brooke Adams, in the pivotal woman's role, is a young American Moreau, with every hint of quirkiness and sullen seductiveness intact. And Sam Shepherd (the playwright) is simple and fine as the inarticulate landowner who loves her. Only Richard Gere is weak among the three principals.

Malick's Southwest has morbidity and apocalypse within its boundaries, and something about the film rings of **Wisconsin Death Trip**. But its sounds, its vistas, and the rootless life of its characters seem eminently real. ■

How to Get Happily Published

A wise and insightful book about getting your words into print by two former editors of **Harper's Weekly**. *Covers self- and commercial publishing, publicity, agents, contracts, and money, and includes a fine annotated listing of resources. The most truthful and helpful guide available to the part of a writer's trade that happens* after *you finish the final draft.*

—Tom Ferguson

How to Get Happily Published
(A Complete and Candid Guide)
Judith Appelbaum and Nancy Evans
1978; 272 pp.

$9.95 postpaid
from:
Harper & Row
Keystone Industrial Park
Scranton, PA 18512
or Whole Earth

Copy editors have a lot to put up with. Their status is low, as is their pay, and their job — which tends to be literally thankless — demands a peculiar, contradictory blend of character traits: copy editors must be highly intelligent, dazzlingly knowledgeable, keenly alert nitpickers.

The copy editor is responsible for making a manuscript correct in all its details. Authors are generally disinterested when he conforms their work to house style ("theater," not "theatre"; **The New York Times**, not the **New York Times** or the New York **Times**) and they're grateful, on the whole, when he catches and corrects their mistakes, by supplying appropriate double consonants in "accommodate" or "desiccate," for instance, by taking San Antonio away from the Pecos River and placing it on the banks of the San Antonio River, or even by pointing out that the action in a particular story couldn't happen (take the tender scene in a leading novelist's work in which a father tiptoes in to place a goodnight kiss on the cheek of his child as she lies asleep in her crib; Listen, said the copy editor, you can't kiss a kid in a crib unless you balance on your stomach over the railing; God, how embarrassing, said the novelist; thanks very much).

It's when the copy editor presses for documentation or defines as a correction something the author sees as a distortion that trouble starts.

The Unborn Book (TUB)

Bright idea — summarize your book manuscript for this little publication that goes to publishers, strike it rich, and publisher *pays TUB 10% of your advance (not out of your advance) and you pay TUB 2-1/2 % of your royalties. Editor/publisher Bill Ryan was a long-time editor at* **Esquire** *and once started a lovely magazine (***Contact***) right here in Sausalito.*

—SB

Sample copies
$1.00 postpaid

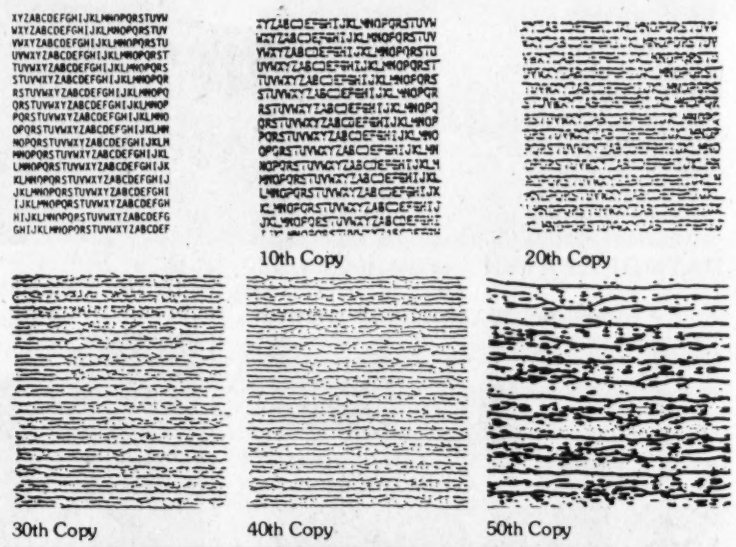
from:
TUB
Box 3484
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10017

Copyart

Fun things to blow xerox paper on. Reminds me of when everybody at the Esalen Institute San Francisco office was xeroxing their gonads on the office machine. Very lightweight book. *—SB*

Copyart
(The First Complete Guide to the Copy Machine)
Patrick Firpo, Lester Alexander, and Claudia Katayanagi
1978; 157 pp.

$7.95 postpaid
from:
R. Marek
c/o G.P. Putnam's Sons
200 Madison Avenue
New York, NY 10016



The Rubber Stamp Album

This starts out with what you'd expect — a good list of places to buy rubber stamps. It quickly goes on to the unexpected — artists using commercial and self-made rubber stamps to create wierd and wonderful effects and how you can too. Not mainly a consumer guide but an invitation to join the fun.

—Anne Herbert

The Rubber Stamp Album
Joni K. Miller and Lowry Thompson
1978; 215 pp.
$6.95 postpaid

from:
Workman Pub. Co., Inc.
231 East 51st St.
New York, NY 10022
or Whole Earth

MARK J. KINNA

Large Print Books

Large print books exist and are wonderful. Libraries often have lots of them — classics and popular novels and kids' books and fact books. They're relaxing to read if your vision is perfect and a re-entry to a lost world if your vision is poor. A good thing to pick up at the library for someone who doesn't get around much, and also nice for you. **Large Type Books in Print**, *also at the library, lists 3300 titles, and is a good place to find out what there is if you're gift giving.*

—Anne Herbert

Large Type Books in Print 1978
(Subject Index, Author Index, Title Index)
1978; 674 pp.
$17.50 postpaid

from:
R.R. Bowker Co.
1180 Ave. of the Americas
New York, NY 10036

EAGLE HAS LANDED. Jack Higgins. 1976. 18 pt. 6 x 9. 14.95 (ISBN 0-8161-6330-8). G.K. Hall.

EARTHLY POSSESSIONS. Anne Tyler. 1977. 18 pt. 6 x 9. lib. bdg. 10.95 (ISBN 0-8161-6532-7). G.K. Hall.

EAST OF DESOLATION. Jack Higgins. 18 pt. 5-1/2 x 8-3/4. 9.00 (ISBN 0-7089-0082-8). Ulverscroft.

EAST OF EDEN. condensed ed. John Steinbeck. 1976. 18 pt. 5-1/2 x 8-3/4. 9.00 (ISBN 0-85456-562-0). Ulverscroft.

EDGE OF GLASS. Catherine Gaskin. 18 pt. 5-1/2 x 8-3/4. 9.00 (ISBN 0-85456-279-6). Ulverscroft.

EDINBURGH EXCURSION. Lucilla Andrews. 18 pt. 5-1/2 x 8-3/4. 9.00 (ISBN 0-854-56-236-2). Ulverscroft.

EIGHTH DAY. Thornton Wilder. 18 pt. 8-1/2 x 11. 9.95. (HarpT). Har-Row.

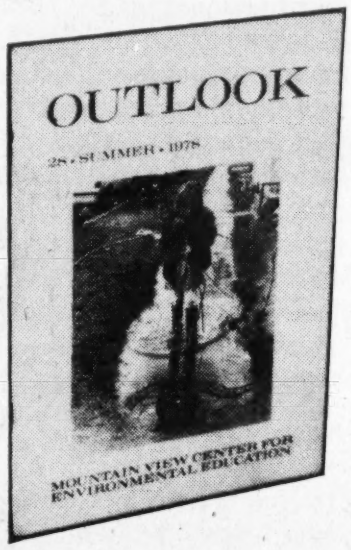
"Some one with a good deal of intelligence," remarked Poirot drily.

Learning

Outlook

The sort of teacher who is reminded of one child in the classroom even during the casual Saturday night movie will find much delight and support in this magazine. It contains thoughtful, philosophical enquiries into learning; reprints of classics that provide insights into the growth of children; open-ended, often surprising, examination of the subject matter of the arts and sciences; and pieces vividly recounting teachers' own experience.

—Phylis & Philip Morrison



Outlook
(The Magazine of the Mountain View Center for Environmental Education)
Tony Kallet, Ed.
$8.50 /yr (4 issues)
from:
Outlook
Univ. of Colorado
1511 University Ave.
Boulder, CO 80309

John C. (*third grader*) on salamanders: "Mrs. Easley has two salamanders."
Mr. A.: "She has three salamanders."
John C.: "Two salamanders and one shy one. I didn't count the shy one."

•

Oceanography! After an hour of busy, hectic identifying of sea specimens I had all books put back and all children seated. In a final burst of desperation, yelled, "Be quiet."
Children: "But Sir, you said we should get interested."
Mr. A.: "I know I did and I'm sorry and I take it back."
Children: "Too late, Sir; We're already interested."

•

The essence of Hegel's dialectic was that whether a point of view was right or wrong was less important than whether it had, as a transient perspective, some value in the developmental total of experience; for its contribution to the general scheme of things. You didn't have to cast anything out; you simply had to find out its limitations and discover where it should be incorporated within some larger system. Because this is what Hegel's philosophy was, it provided a framework far more adequate for the study of child development than any other that had come along.

•

Sixty to one hundred years ago, steps for the improvement of primary mathematics were being advocated. They included, as we have seen: 1) Don't start formal work too early; 2) Use materials and start from practical activities; 3) Give children problems and freedom initially to find their own methods of solution; 4) Children must have particular examples from which to generalize; 5) Go for relevance and the involvement of the child; 6) Go for reasons and understanding of processes. Never give mechanical rules; 7) Emphasize and encourage discussion by children; 8) Follow understanding with practice and applications.

Like Ballard in 1912, I can find no *evidence* that standards are falling. What should concern us far more is why the lessons of sixty years ago, consistently advocated and upheld since then, have not yet extensively been put into practice. The aims are almost universally agreed in principle: their translation into accepted and practical terms for the majority of primary teachers has not yet come about. The current outcry is against a revolution which has not yet happened. If we take, not a timid and unnecessary step back, but this belated and modest step forward, I am prepared to believe that standards would rise.

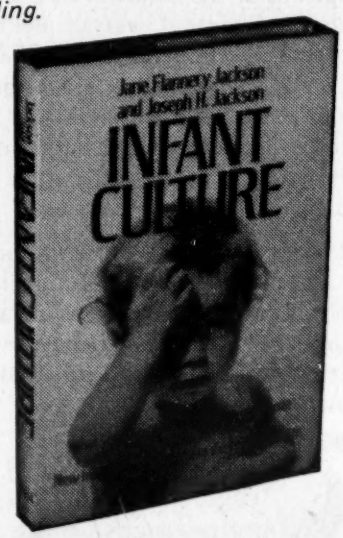
Infant Culture

A kind of Ripley's Believe It or Not about the generally unrecognized capabilities of the human infant. With few exceptions (notably Charles Darwin), scientists have traditionally considered the newborn infant to be no more perceptive than a cabbage, and hardly more responsive. **Infant Culture** *is a tribute to mothers who have always known otherwise, recognizing very soon after birth that their babies can perceive and discriminate and respond to a wide variety of subtle factors in their environment. Recent research outlined in the book goes further to show that the baby is far more perceptive than even mothers have been able to detect. A few examples:*

- *Even before its first meal, the newborn infant can distinguish subtle differences in odors and tastes, and respond to them with expressions and gestures typical of adult reactions to them.*
- *By the age of 20 days or sooner a baby can distinguish its mother's voice from any other.*
- *By 4 months of age, if not before, a baby can distinguish color and shows a definite preference for the primary colors blue and red.*
- *Infants an hour after birth are capable of imitating facial expressions and gestures.*
- *By the age of 2 days, infants can discriminate between the different sounds and rhythms of human speech and respond to them with almost imperceptible but well-synchronized body movements.*

This is not a how-to-do-it book about raising children; its great value for parents will be in giving them a new appreciation of the awareness, perception and capabilities their babies possess from the very moment of birth. For non-parents too — for anyone who was once a baby himself — it is exciting and delightful reading.

—Carol Van Strum



Infant Culture
Jane Flannery Jackson and Joseph H. Jackson
1978; 239 pp.
$9.95 postpaid
from:
Thomas Y. Crowell Co., Inc.
Keystone Industrial Park
Scranton, PA 18512
or Whole Earth

However, in the Bell and Ainsworth study, 'spoiled' infants, that is, the infants who cried and fussed a lot after the first few months, were the infants whose mothers had *failed* to respond to their cries or who had responded only after considerable delay. And it has been found in other studies that infants whose mothers respond promptly to their signals are more independent, tend not to be distressed when their mothers leave the room briefly, and need little physical contact with the mothers by the end of the first year.

•

Adults prepare for sleep by shutting the bedroom door, turning off the radio, lying down quite motionless, and covering themselves with blankets that provide a constant temperature. In other words, to reduce their state of arousal and get to sleep, they find it necessary to exclude as much external stimulation as possible. In infants, however, the conditions that lead to sleep are reversed. Nearly any continuous, moderately intense stimulus will tend to reduce their level of arousal and induce sleep. Loud sounds, strong lights, temperatures above normal, the continuing tactile stimulus of tight swaddling from neck to toes in strips of flannel, or even constant swinging or jiggling have been found to reduce infant arousal.

MARK J. KINNA

A Promise to the Oriole

BY JOHN WALLACE

Illustrated by Paul McKenna

"A Promise to the Oriole" is based upon the author's observations of the behavior of a group of 11-year-old boys in a small, semi-rural, western Pennsylvania town. It documents the very considerable extraspecies aggression practiced by young male humans. Since the targets of the boys' aggressive acts are infrahuman – insects, birds, fish and small animals – the essentially violent nature of these acts has gone unnoticed. However, only a small shift in perception is necessary for the behavior to be reconstrued.

The work is purely observational and concerns behavior in a naturalistic setting. It is not intended to shed light on the origins of either extra- or intra-species aggression. It attempts to present the actual behavior of young boys in a specific ecological setting and allows the reader to draw his or her own conclusions.

THE BOYS are down at the creek blowing up frogs. First they trap them. Then they jam hollow reeds up the tiny asses. The boys blow into these reeds and the frogs pump up just like balloons. Once inflated, the creatures are set loose to float about like rubber bathtub toys.

When they tire of playing with the floating frogs, the boys take up their BB guns and shoot at them. The air is filled with the popping of exploding frogs. When there are no more frogs to shoot, the boys start throwing stones at water skippers. They search the banks of the creek for large flat stones, since these are best for killing skippers. The skippers dart here and there and then, for no apparent reason, stand motionless on the surface of the water. The boys wait for the skippers to stop dashing about and then they drop the flat stones on them.

Hidden under the rocks of the creekbed there are crayfish. The boys call these spiny lobsterlike crustaceans "crawfishes." They pry up the rocks, wait for the muddied water to clear and scoop up the crayfish. They tie long strings around the crayfish and walk them like dogs on leashes. After a time, they pull the claws off and throw the mutilated bodies at one another.

Minnows are difficult to catch, but the boys manage to trap them in rusty tin cans and buckets. They carry the minnows home in creek water, stopping on the way to take the fish out to inspect them more closely. By the time they reach home, the boys are tired and hungry. They rush inside for spiced-ham sandwiches and glasses of cold milk, leaving the cans and buckets of minnows outside on the lawn in the sun. The boys finish eating and come back outside. They find the minnows floating belly up in the cans and buckets. They throw the dead fish one by one up into the air over the road and then watch closely as cars pass by and mash the fallen fish into unrecognizable blotches.

Andrew takes his magnifying glass from his pocket and goes to the anthill in the backyard. He tries to focus the rays of the afternoon sun on an ant. It is very difficult, even more difficult than trapping minnows. The ant won't stay still. Andrew tries to follow the progress of the ant, to catch it long enough in the tiny white-hot circle of light. He gives up on that ant and tracks another. It is long, hard work but Andrew

Reprinted complete with introduction from the August, '78 issue of the excellent magazine **Human Behavior**. *($14/yr., monthly, Box 2810, Boulder, CO 80302). John Wallace is a psychologist and the director of an addictions services agency in New York. Some kids comment, via Carol Van Strum, afterward. –SB*

is patient. Finally, he succeeds in setting an ant on fire. The ant curls up immediately like a singed hair and then gives up a thin wisp of smoke.

The other boys have been searching the tall grass for grasshoppers. They have already gathered a sizable collection of the insects. Some they squeeze gently, to make the "tobacco juices" run. Others are dropped into mason jars with air holes punched into the lids. Bits and pieces of grass and weeds are plucked from the fields and put into the jars. The boys stare at the trapped grasshoppers in the jars for a long time until the whirring of a locust distracts them. They trace the locust's flight to a fence post by the garden. It lands there and starts up an excited chatter. The boys spring to their feet and move swiftly to the garden. Joey goes into a crouch and steals toward the fence. The other boys hang back and watch him. Joey reaches out slowly for the insect and then, with only inches to go, lunges at the post, trapping the locust against it. He brings it back and shows it to the others.

They tie string to the locust and fly it like some kite bug. The locust rises into the air, a tethered helicopter beating its wings to no avail, and then zooms off sideways and goes crashing against the house. The boys retrieve the dazed bug and put it in a matchbox. Joey puts the box down on the porch steps, and they all rush off to play baseball.

There are five boys and two dogs. The boys are named Andrew, Joey, Walter, Henry and Juno. They are all 11 years old and are in the fifth grade at Sheffield Terrace Elementary School. Their fathers work in the steel mill, as do most of the men in this small, semi-rural, western Pennsylvania town. The dogs are named Gus, a big, black Labrador, and Lottie, a mix of golden and shepherd. They move off in a pack, the boys marching along in a tight cluster with the dogs working the point out in front of them. They go back down by the creek, cutting through the large gardens along the bank.

Up ahead of them, Gus and Lottie start barking. Something has aroused them. The boys pick up long sticks and rocks and chase off in the direction of the barking.

It is nothing, only "Potato Bug Richie" standing there in old man Dobrovolski's potato patch, plucking the bugs from the leaves and popping them into his mouth. Richie is 12, still in second grade, waiting for room in the special-education class.

The boys call off the dogs, throw down their sticks and rocks and surround Richie. They tell him not to eat potato bugs, but Richie wipes his mouth, smiles and stares dumbly back at them. Juno gives him two pennies for candy. But Richie pops these into his mouth, too. Juno makes him spit the pennies out while the other boys laugh. They push Richie gently onto the path and tell him to go home.

Walter has a salt shaker in his back pocket. He carries it around specifically for garden raiding. The boys size up old Dobrovolski's huge, ripe beefsteak tomatoes. They pull a dozen of the plump, scarlet berries from the vines and carry them down to the creek where they wash them in icy water. When the tomatoes are firm and cold, the boys take them from the water and sprinkle enormous quantities of salt over them. The salt clings to the skins that are still wet with creek water. The boys lick and suck at the fruit, biting through finally into the juicy interior and gobbling up the entire things in a flash.

Henry tears a kohlrabi plant from the ground, roots and all. He cuts the turnip-shaped stem away with his knife, peels back the outer layers of leaves and munches the small cabbage as though it were an apple. The other boys follow suit. After they have eaten their fill of the kohlrabies, they throw them like baseballs across the creek. The cabbages smash into the trunks of trees or go shooting off noisily into the woods. Juno grabs a beefsteak tomato from the vine and in seconds the air over the creek is filled with flying tomatoes. Walter jumps feetfirst into the pumpkin patch, kicking and stomping the round, yellow fruit and then falling down in a tangle of the coarse trailing vines. The dogs go into a frenzy, racing through the beds of lettuce and scallions. Joey takes the baseball bat and swings at the kohlrabies, tomatoes and small melons that Andrew pitches at him. Henry takes up a stick and runs up and down the rows of corn, lashing out at the tall stalks.

The savagery in the garden lasts only a few minutes. As suddenly as it begins, it is over and the boys are jumping the creek and racing up the hill toward the elementary school. They arrive at the top red-faced and breathless and throw themselves down on the manicured lawn. They roll over onto their backs and, breathing hard, gaze up into the sky until they quiet. Walter discovers a lady bug on his hand. He lets the lady bug crawl up his arm and across his chest. He cups it tenderly in his hand, tells it to go home and releases it to the breeze.

Mr. Williams, the black janitor, is out mowing, and as he circles near, the boys wave hello. Mr. Williams waves back and continues on his way around the great lawn that surrounds the school. The boys get up and move across to the ball diamond. They start out playing "hot pepper," with Joey slicing grounders and line drives at the others in the infield. Then they practice sliding into second base, doing it the way they have seen the young men do it in the community league. Juno takes the bat and lifts fly balls out into the outfield, shooting the balls up into the blue, giving the others time to gallop over and wait under the balls as they fall back to earth. The boys play hard for an hour.

They go home by way of Johnson's farm. In the woods, they run across Mrs. Myrak. The woman is bent and as gnarled as an old crabapple tree but is still agile. She stops her herb gathering to wave at the boys, and they wave back respectfully. She cocks her head like a wise chicken and tells them to watch out for wolves. The boys laugh and push on deeper into the woods. They come out in a clearing dotted with the droppings of cows. The boys punch through the hardened crusts of dung down into the moist, spongy interior with sticks. Juno accidentally steps through one of the crusts and, while the others laugh, wipes his shoe on the grass in disgust.

They go into Johnson's barn, watching out for rats

and wishing they had their BB guns. They make beds of hay and lie in them, looking up at the rafters far above their heads. The dogs are already running through the many tunnels formed by the great bales of hay stacked one upon the other like building blocks. The boys get up and crawl into the tunnels behind the dogs. They go off in all directions, coming across one another in surprise as the passages converge and intersect. When they do meet, they tussle briefly and then scramble over one another to get by and move off again in different directions. Inside the tunnels, they call to one another, whisper, shriek and let out loud animal sounds.

They surface then, coming up into the light like scarecrows, straw popping out of their clothes and covering their heads. Walter is the first to spot the barn swallow. He points it out to the others, and they all watch as the bird begins to swoop down to their level and then back up again to the roof. Henry runs to the door and slides it shut. Andrew grabs a rake handle and positions himself like a batter awaiting the first pitch of the ball game. The other boys throw things at the swallow, forcing it down out of the rafters and driving it again and again toward Andrew. The swallow streaks by Andrew and he swings and misses. Andrew is a good hitter, but he's no match for the speedy barn swallow. Joey watches for a few minutes and then takes the bat away from Andrew. He crouches as he does at the ball field, squints and lashes out at the dark figure hurtling toward him. Joey's bat meets the swallow head-on. He knocks the bird up into the hayloft. The boys scramble up the ladder into the loft.

The swallow is there. Its neck is broken. They each examine it one at a time, peering into its one intact eye, ruffling its feathers. Joey is the last to look at the bird. He smooths its feathers, spreads its wings apart and drops it out the loft window. He leans out the window and watches the bird fall, hoping that at the last moment before it hits the ground it will right itself and swoop off. But the swallow drops all the way, landing with a soft thud below. Joey turns from the window and, with his arms extended like a fighter plane, runs to the edge of the loft sputtering and roaring and goes right off. Down, down he goes, his arms still extended and the roar still on his lips. He lands in the deep cradle of straw below and grins upward at the others. The boys jump off the loft after him. Once below, they roll in the straw and wrestle. Then they lie back quietly and listen to the dogs scratching away in the hay tunnels.

Henry unzips his fly and takes his penis out of his jeans. He has an erection. He starts to masturbate. Joey watches him and then turns over on his side. He too takes his penis out and masturbates. One by one, the other boys do the same. They don't say anything to one another. When they are finished, they get up, brush off the straw, call the dogs and leave.

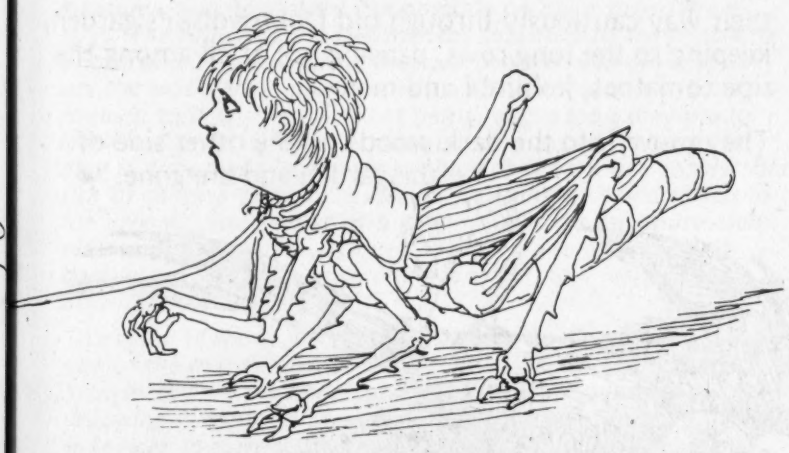
Back in their own neighborhood, they go into their separate houses for supper. They rush through their meals and come back outside. They gather on the lawn at Henry's house. It is still light enough for mumblety-peg and the jackknives come out. Andrew doesn't want to play. Instead, he takes his knife and digs for fishing worms in the flower beds. As he finds the earthworms, he drops them into an old tobacco tin. When the can is nearly filled, Andrew carries the worms over to the sidewalk. He takes out a worm, lays it flat against the concrete, reaches for his knife and slices the worm in half. He watches as the two worm parts wiggle and coil. Then he takes out another worm and slices again with the jackknife. The other boys ignore Andrew. They go on with their mumblety-peg. Joey is ahead of the rest of them. He knows how to balance the knife and how to flip it from the classic positions of toes, knees, chest and top of the head. And when he flips it from these, the jackknife doesn't tumble – it splits the air cleanly, landing straight up in the ground. He wins the game and sits and waits while the three others fumble through the throwing patterns.

With Andrew intent on the worms and the others absorbed in the knife throwing, Joey is the first to see the fireflies as dusk settles on the fields. He calls the insects "lightning bugs" and, after shouting out their presence to the others, races off. The others throw down their knives and worms and chase after him.

Once in the fields, the boys crouch down low so that they can frame the dark bodies of the fireflies against the lighter early evening sky. When the bugs flash, the boys reach up and grab them out of the air. They put them in Andrew's emptied tobacco tin. When they have gathered a large number, they mash the insects on their clothing, rubbing the phosphorescent material from the abdomens of the creatures into various letters. Henry has made a softly glowing *H* at the front of his baseball cap. Joey paints a *J* on his shirt, directly over his heart. Juno smears his initials on his shoes. Walter and Andrew draw straight lines across each other's forehead.

The boys twinkle in the dark briefly and when the phosphorous dims and goes out, they tell one another goodnight and go into their houses.

In the morning, Joey, Walter, Henry and Juno are up early. They meet at Juno's house and walk over to DeLuca's field to play basketball. When they get to the makeshift court, they find a cat hanging from a rope looped around the basket. There is an arrow sticking clear through the cat. They talk about who could have done such a terrible thing. Henry concludes that it was the older boys, the ones in their last year of junior high. Probably Wheaty Parker, because he's mean and everybody knows he hates cats. Joey shinnies up the backboard support and unties the rope from the basket rim. The cat falls to the ground. The boys gather around it and shake their heads in disbelief. Joey climbs down, picks up



the cat by the rope, and they all go off to his house, the impaled cat swinging along among them.

Joey's mother screams when she sees the dead cat. She says she can't bear to look at it. She tells them to bury it in the field. Joey takes a shovel from the toolshed. They dig a hole out in the field. The cat goes into the hole, the arrow still in it. The boys fill in the dirt and leave. They go over to Andrew's house. Andrew is in the backyard out at the anthill. He has a can of his father's lighter fluid and he's squirting a stream of the liquid down into the hill. The boys jump back as Andrew strikes a match and drops it into the entrance. The anthill belches fire and smoke like a tiny volcano. As the flames die down, the boys drift back around the garden looking for more things to burn. Juno finds an intricate and elaborate spider web that has been spun along the fencing. He catches a small grasshopper and tosses it onto the web. The spider is enormous. It comes out aggressively, moves directly to the hopelessly entangled grasshopper and attacks it. Juno is fascinated. He calls the others. They scour the weeds for grasshoppers, finding them and then throwing them on the spider's web. In a short time, grasshoppers are stuck all over the webbing like strange fish pulled up still dreaming in the long nets of fishermen. The spider is confused by so much good fortune. It advances, retreats and then advances again. Andrew rushes up with the lighter fluid, squirts a stream over everything and throws a match into the center of it all. The web, grasshoppers and spider disappear in a flash.

Andrew's mother yells out the kitchen window for him to stop fooling with the lighter fluid. She wants him back in the house. He has to do something about the flies in there, she tells him, because they are terrible. Andrew goes into the house. He takes a large, fat rubber band from his mother's sewing basket and cuts it in half. He grasps one end of the length of rubber in his left hand between his thumb and fore-finger. He pulls the other end back with his right hand, stretching the rubber and taking aim at a fly on the refrigerator door. Andrew lets go of the end in his right hand, the rubber zings forward and a red smudge shows on the refrigerator where the fly had been. He goes around the house smudging flies for 15 minutes until his mother tells him he has been a very good boy and can go out and play again.

When Andrew goes outside, he sees that the other boys have their slingshots. He goes back inside and gets his and then returns. The boys call the dogs and head out on Broadhead Road. They are going to a large creek out that way where people say there are water snakes and copperheads. Henry has read in the paper that the Fish and Game Commission will pay two dollars a skin for snakes that eat game fish. He has packed a bucket full of shards of glass from broken milk bottles. Henry says they will take the flat shards, slip them into the slingshots and shoot them at the snakes. If you hit a snake right, you can cut its head right off, Henry insists.

Out at the creek, the boys search all morning for snakes without finding even one. The big Labrador keeps jumping into the water and retrieving rocks from the creekbed. The boys shout at him and tell him that he's scaring the snakes, but Gus keeps on doing it. Lottie keeps running up and down the bank barking excitedly. Finally, she jumps in, too. The boys give up on the snake hunt and throw sticks into the water for the dogs to chase and bring in. By noon, they are hot and weary. They make the long trek back home empty-handed.

About a half-mile from his house, Joey breaks off from the group and heads off by himself through the woods. He is nearly home when he sees the Baltimore oriole glistening in a patch of sunlight. Joey can't take his eyes off of the black and yellow bird perched in a small tree about 15 yards in front of him. He reaches into the crab-apple tree he has stopped beside and pulls down a fruit. The crab apple is heavy for its size, cold and hard, about the size of a jawbreaker. Joey slips it into his slingshot. He aims at the oriole and shoots. His aim is accurate. The crab apple catches the oriole in its throat. The last note is high, garbled, unresolved. In the silence that follows his shot, Joey waits and then he walks the 15 yards to the fallen bird. He squats beside it, reaches out and touches it gently with his fingers. But the bird doesn't move. Joey winces, swallows with difficulty. He wipes his nose and eyes on his sleeve.

Joey scratches out a tiny grave for the oriole with his jackknife. He places the bird in it and then covers it over with dirt. He fashions a cross out of two sticks, tying them together with bits of string from his pocket. He sticks the cross into the mound of fresh dirt. Then he takes the slingshot and throws it far out into the woods. He makes a promise to the oriole. Then he goes home.

In the late afternoon, the boys are back together again. They head for the hill overlooking Sheffield Road. Somebody has told them that there is going to be a big fight among the high school boys. The boys who live on their side of Sheffield Road are

called "hunkies." They are mad at the boys who live on Plan 12 on the other side of Sheffield Road. The boys on the opposite hill are called "cake eaters." The hunkies' fathers are laboring men in the mills; the cake-eaters' fathers are bosses, engineers, general managers, doctors, lawyers, school teachers.

Juno and Walter reach the hilltop first. Joey, Andrew and Henry are right behind them. They see the older boys swaggering around, shaking their fists and hurling insults across the valley separating them from the cake eaters. There are .22 caliber rifles here and there in the crowd, and these excite the younger boys. They shake their fists like the older boys are doing and shout "goddamned cake eaters" at the opposite hill.

A bullet whizzes through the treetops high over their heads and everybody on the hunkies' hill hits the dirt. A couple of hotheads with .22s start blasting away, shooting wildly into the opposite hill. The cake eaters return the fire, and for a brief moment, the boys, young and old, taste the war their fathers had gone off to fight. The long-jacketed .22-caliber bullets swarm like angry bees around them, drilling into tree trunks and whining off rocks. Then everybody is running because the police have come. Down below on Sheffield Road, there are a dozen police cars with red lights flashing and sirens wailing.

Joey, Juno and the others regroup at the bottom of the hill. Their voices are loud and excited as they recount the firefight they have just been in. Henry crouches over an imaginary machine gun, his tongue beating like humming-bird wings against the roof of his mouth to suggest the racket of firing pins. Andrew bites the firing rings off grenades and lofts them into the air. Joey is a fighter plane. Walter and Juno keep up a steady volley of rifle fire.

As they pass by the creek below the elementary school, Andrew makes a half-hearted suggestion that they go home for their BB guns and come back here to blow up frogs. Nobody is interested. Instead, they work their way cautiously through old Dobrovolski's garden, keeping to the long rows, pausing not at all among the ripe tomatoes, kohlrabi and melons.

They move into the dark woods on the other side of the garden and are gone. ■

Comment on "Promise to the Oriole"

We sent the article to **CQ** *Learning Editor Carol Van Strum, who runs a one-room schoolhouse in a boondock near Tidewater, Oregon. Her reply follows. If other readers have ideas on this matter, send them in.*

I showed the article to the school kids and asked them about it. Most – all but one, really – of them have never been party to such acts, though some of them had seen it in other kids, and all were kind of stunned at the article. I asked them why they thought some kids acted that way (they classified such kids as "Waldport kids"). Carmen's answers kind of typified the younger kids' response: "Because they're mean." Why are they mean? "Because they like to do things like that." James is older, and had more thoughts: "It makes them feel good." Would it make you feel good? "No. I don't even like to think about it. I don't even like to see Susi kill a chicken (almost crying) – I don't even like fly paper." Why are these kids different then? "I don't know. They don't treat their dogs that way, and they wouldn't do that to a horse . . ." Do you think they would treat a frog that way if it was their pet? "No." Why? "Because they would love it and it would have a name and they would like to see it being whole and hopping around . . ."

Well, it's all there in what he said, if you look for it. They wouldn't do that to a horse, but a frog is helpless. Kids are helpless too, and generally the adult world treats them with no more respect or reverence than it treats frogs. They may single out a pet and care for it, but they are not born with any inborn reverence for life, it has to be taught, and not in lectures or lessons but by experiencing the way their parents (i.e., the adult world) care for them and for each other and for other lives. If kids do not get a sense of importance, usefulness, personal worth, from their parents, they must look for it in their peers, and you get groups of kids behaving with a kind of mass hysteria, performing collectively acts that none of them would dream of doing alone (the only solo act in the article was against the oriole, and was followed by a remorse and grief the kid could never have shown in the group). The brutality is impersonal, without malice, really. As a group the kids have a power and effectiveness none of them has alone, and there is a contagious glee in exercising it on anything too small or weak to fight back – anything, that is, that they haven't been taught to care for.

James again: "Later they'll have BB guns and 22s and stuff and then they'll kill bigger things. Like those Waldport kids who shoot cats at the dump." It's not so hard to see the progression to mortars and bombs and missiles. Oh dammit, Stewart, you can talk of space and disarmament and ecology and it's all important and totally worthless if people don't learn to raise their kids to be other and more than what their parents are. Why save the world for a generation that doesn't give a shit, that would as soon pull the trigger on a frog as on a city because they were never taught to care? The very people who care the most, who should be working hardest at it, abandon their kids to the TV and group politics of public school. How do you wake them up to what they're doing, or rather to what they're *not* doing because it's easier, it's less trouble, and they have "bigger" things to do?

—Carol Van Strum

The Technology of Teaching

More and more intelligent people are joining various crusades to "save the world" from destruction by war, pollution, depletion of resources, etc. Saving the world is an admirable goal, but in the process one vital consideration is often neglected: for whom? Of what use is it for example, to fight a power plant or develop solar energy, if while you are busy doing so your child is glued to a TV set, involuntarily becoming just such a consumer of high-energy products as will make nuclear power inevitable?

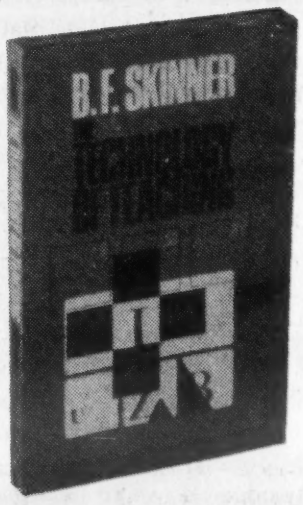
Ultimately the world will not be "saved" by stopping a war or halting nuclear development: these are only stop-gap measures, and no victory can possibly be more than temporary. The only hope for permanent solutions to the problems of our time lies in assuring that our children will grow up to use the world they inherit wisely. They are no more likely to learn such wisdom without being taught than they are to learn to drive a car without instruction; an untutored driver may in time learn to handle a vehicle, but he runs considerable risk of causing death or severe injury to himself and others in the process, and a child who is not taught *the necessary techniques of observation, attention, problem-solving and self-control has even less chance of growing into a responsible, informed individual.*

This book is about teaching. It focuses on classroom teaching, one of the more abysmal failures in modern civilization, but its principles — the behavioral principles of operant conditioning — apply to the teaching of anything, *from tying shoelaces to controlling tempers to playing music or solving differential calculus problems. Many people have been conditioned to respond negatively to the very name of B.F. Skinner. If such persons consider themselves to be responsible, effective parents, teachers or citizens, they would do well to suspend an ill-formed judgment and read this book. Whether we like it or not, behavioral techniques* work, *on humans as effectively as on any other oganisms. They not only work, they are and will be used upon us and our children by media, industry, government, religion and cult. That such techniques can be used destructively no more condemns the techniques than a hammer used as a weapon by the wrong hands condemns the hammer.* If we don't learn to control ourselves, someone else will do it for us, *and not necessarily for our benefit. Behaviorism is a vital tool for teaching that control; the goal of a technology of teaching is a well-informed student who has learned to control himself, to take careful and thoughtful responsibility for the effects of his behavior on his world.*

A personal observation of a phenomenon Dr. Skinner does not quite touch upon: children taught from an early age by behavioral techniques tend to have an unusual, exuberant approach to the unknown. A new word, an unread book, an unsolved problem, a strange engine, mysterious chemical reaction or untried song are occasions for intense excitement and delight. Around every corner something new and wonderful awaits them. For such children the world will always be "so full of a number of things" — and the knowledge they have learned so happily to pursue will give them, like kings, considerable mastery over their own fate.

— Carol Van Strum

The Technology of Teaching
B.F. Skinner
1968; 271 pp.
$5.95 postpaid
from:
Prentice-Hall, Inc.
Box 500
Englewood Cliffs, NJ
07632
or Whole Earth



Exercising rational powers is a sink-or-swim technique, and it is no more successful in teaching thinking than in teaching swimming. If we throw a lot of children into a pool, some of them will manage to get to the edge and climb out. We may claim to have taught them to swim, although most of them swim badly. Others go to the bottom, and we rescue them. We do not see those who go to the bottom when we teach thinking, and many of those who survive think badly. The method does not teach; it simply selects those who learn without being taught. Selection is always more wasteful than instruction and is especially harmful when it takes its place. Schools and colleges have come to rely more and more on selecting students who do not need to be taught, and in doing so they have come to pay less and less attention to teaching. Among current proposals for reform, programmed instruction is almost unique in focusing on the learning process and in suggesting practices which actually teach rather than select those who learn without being taught. The issue is crucial in teaching thinking.

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Many of those charged with the improvement of education are unaware that comparable technical help is available, and many are afraid of it when it is pointed out. They resist any new practice which does not have the familiar and reassuring character of day-to-day communication. . . . Much of this resistance to a technology of teaching can be traced to a general fear of power. Educators are seldom willing to concede that they are engaged in the control of human behavior. The word "control" itself is avoided in favor of less threatening synonyms such as "influence" or "guide." A similar hesitation is seen when teachers forego teaching so successfully that they detract from the credit otherwise due the student. Positive reinforcement is a special threat. Aversive techniques are tolerated in part because they eventually fail, the failure taking the reassuring form of resistance or revolt. We can justify coercing a student because he has the right to refuse to be coerced. To induce him to study through positive measures seems particularly insidious because he is unlikely to revolt.

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Natural contingencies of reinforcement are not actually very good. They are more likely to generate idleness than industry. Trivial, useless, exhausting, and harmful behaviors are learned in the real world. The human organism pays for its great speed in learning by being susceptible to accidental contingencies which breed superstitions. Many natural reinforcers are too long deferred to be effective. No child really learns to plant seed because he is reinforced by the resulting harvest, or to read because he then enjoys interesting books, or to write because he then passes notes to his neighbor, or not to break windows because the room would then grow cold.

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If you do not demand much change at each step, you will reinforce often, but your subject will progress slowly. If you demand too much, no response may satisfy, and the behavior generated up to that point will be extinguished. In deciding what behavior to reinforce at any given time, the basic rule is "Don't lose your pigeon!"

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A dedicated person is one who remains active for long periods of time without reinforcement. He does so because, either in the hands of a skillful teacher or by accident, he has been exposed to a gradually lengthening variable-ratio schedule.

•

The teacher often gets into trouble because he is unaware of the reinforcing and punishing effects of his own actions. What appears to be punishment is sometimes reinforcing; a student misbehaves to annoy his teacher or to be admired by his peers when he takes punishment. If the teacher's attention is reinforcing, unwanted responses which attract attention are strengthened. A fatal principle is "letting well enough alone" — giving no attention to a student so long as he behaves well and turning to him only when he begins to cause trouble. Under most circumstances, dismissing a class may be reinforcing to the student, but the teacher is likely to dismiss the class when trouble is brewing and thus reinforce early stages of troublemaking.

The Miracle of Flight

Have you ever looked out the window of the plane you were riding in and worried vaguely that the wing didn't seem to be doing *anything? And what are all those pieces of wing that slide in and out as the plane takes off and lands? It's all explained with remarkable clarity by Mr. Dalton, who has chosen his words carefully so as not to bury you in jargon. But flying machines are only a part of what he explains; birds and insects are discussed in great detail too, and this is where the book is at its fascinating best. Mr. Dalton rigged up an ultra-high-speed camera to catch the critters in the act. The stop-motion photographs (many in color) reveal nature at her fullest adeptness, with simple drawings diagramming the principles at work. All this is presented so well, I believe that an eighth-grader could easily understand it. I've added this one to my permanent collection. Will it cure fear of flying? Let us know.*

—J. Baldwin

The Miracle of Flight
Stephen Dalton
1977; 168 pp.
$14.95 postpaid

from:
McGraw-Hill Book Co.
Princeton Road
Hightstown, NJ 08520
or Whole Earth

A fly (Musca domestica) *does not land on a ceiling by performing a barrel roll or half loop, but by flying up at an angle of about 45° with front feet extended; as soon as contact is made, the fly cartwheels over onto its four other feet.*

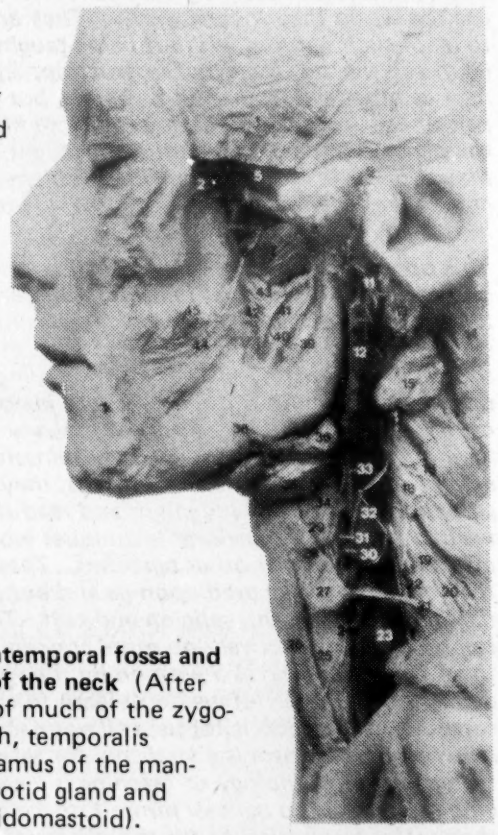
Butterflies leave invisible trails of vortex rings analogous to the wing-tip vortices of aircraft.

Color Atlas of Human Anatomy

I am presently a medical student and have had considerable opportunity to examine current texts and atlasses of human anatomy. This book has 352 pages of which well over 300 are full color (and accurate at that) photographs of dissections. This book is an incredible scientific achievement and a work of art. I trust that fascination at the intricate beauty of the human body is not restricted to those of us who slave over cadavers in the anatomy lab. I think this book can be quite useful for students, practicing health workers, artists, and folks in general who are curious about that beauty which is more than skin deep. Please get a copy of this book and let every one on your staff examine it. I betcha they love it.

—Bearheart

Color Atlas of Human Anatomy
R.M.H. McMinn and R.T. Hutchings
1977; 352 pp.
$29.95 postpaid
from:
Year Book Medical Publishers, Inc.
35 E. Wacker Dr.
Chicago, IL 60601



Left infratemporal fossa and the side of the neck (After removal of much of the zygomatic arch, temporalis muscle, ramus of the mandible, parotid gland and sternocleidomastoid).

The skull of a full-term fetus.

The face at birth forms a relatively smaller proportion of the cranium than in the adult (about one-eighth compared with one-half) due to the small size of the nasal cavity and maxillary sinuses and the lack of erupted teeth.

Trackmaster

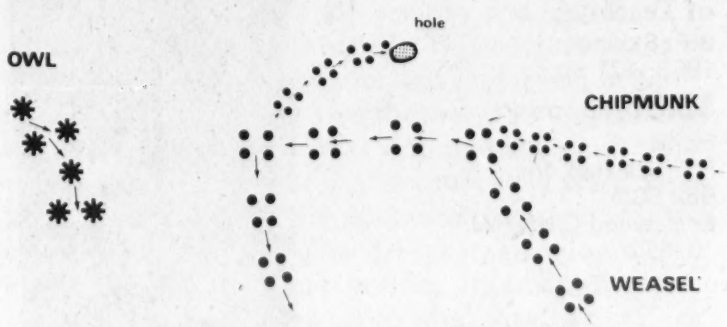
This is the most engaging set of school materials I've seen in a long time. It presents students with the raw data of a natural drama — a set of animal tracks — and challenges them to puzzle out the meaning. I use them to work on problem-solving skills; they're also a fine way to teach about animal behavior.

—Linda Williams

Trackmaster
Wm. J.J. Gordon and Tony Poze
1977; 62 pp.
$2.95 postpaid
from:
Synectics Education Systems
121 Brattle St.
Cambridge, MA 02038

Story Clues — Notice that the chipmunk tracks seem to end twice.

Mystery — What happened?



Story — First the weasel caught the chipmunk. Then the owl swooped down to steal the struggling chipmunk from the weasel. The weasel dropped the chipmunk while warding off the thieving owl. And the chipmunk scurried into his hole.

LITTLE JOE

in

"MORBID PREOCCUPATIONS"

BY R. CRUMB

©1978

A TYPICAL DAY—

AW JEEZIZ...

BUT WAIT—

TH' WHOLE WORLD'S GONE CRAZY AND LORDY SO AM I!!!!

WHAT—

AWK!

IT'S TH' GRIM REAPER HIDIN' IN TH' CORNER!!

PSST

OH NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

NOT IN MY HOUSE!

COME ON OVER HERE FOR A SECOND...

DEATH BE NOT PROUD!

HAW!

GOTCHA, CHUMP!

SPLATZ

LET'S GO...

NO... I'M NOT READY! LEMME GO!

HEY WHERE'S YOR SENSE OF "HUMOUS"?! HAR HAR

GIMME MY HAT!

WHAT DO YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE? WHAT DO YOU WANT?!

UH... UM... THERE'S SO MUCH TO LIVE FOR! TH'-TH' BEAUTIES OF NATURE! LOVE! TRUTH! ART! UH...

VERY TOUCHING, BUT I'M NOT BUYING IT! WHO D'YA THINK YOU'RE TALKIN' TO?! SOME GREEN KID??

I... I LOVE LIFE... I....

ULP

I KNOW WHAT YOU WANT! YOU WANT EGO TRIUMPHS TO GLOAT OVER ON YOUR DEATH BED... I'VE SEEN A BILLION LIKE YOU! OKAY, I'M GONNA LET YOU OFF THIS TIME, ACE, BUT WATCH YOUR P'S 'N' Q'S...

NOW G'WAN, BEAT IT!!

ULP! Y-YES SIR!

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!!

END

THE TRUE STORY OF THE LONE RANGER AND THE DIFFICULTY AT O'LEARY'S BIRD CAGE SALOON..

BY DAN O'NEILL

"RETURN WITH US NOW TO THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR.."

AT THE AGE OF FOUR YEARS, THE AUTHOR HAD A DREAM... A RECURRING DREAM... EVERY NIGHT FOR THE PERIOD OF ONE YEAR HE DREAMT HE WAS THE LONE RANGER..

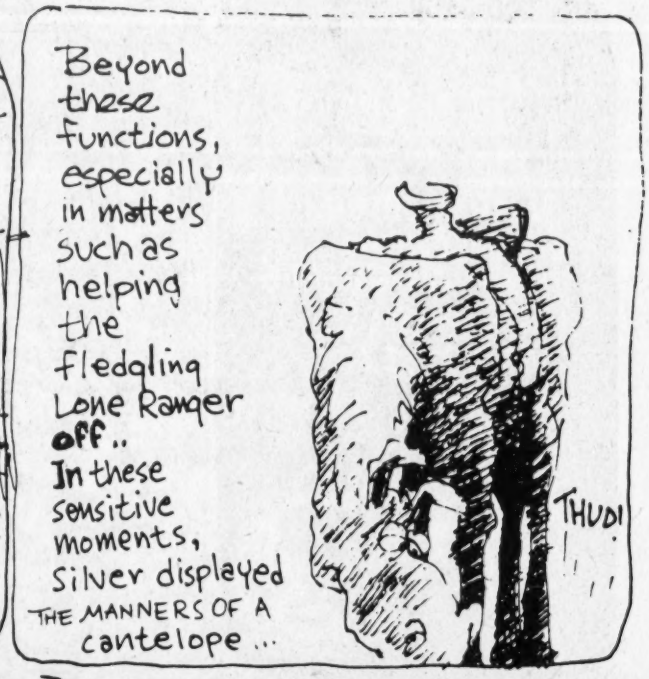
"EVERY NIGHT, THE AUTHOR FOUND HIMSELF ON SILVER.. THE **REAL** SILVER.. RIDING INTO A **REAL** TOWN FULL OF **REAL** DESPERADOS.. AND THE AUTHOR WAS WEARING **REAL** GUNS!!

..IN HIS **MINIATURE** LONE RANGER SUIT... JUST LIKE THE ONE THE **REAL** LONE RANGER WORE WHEN **HE** WAS **FOUR YEARS** OLD.. OUR AUTHOR **KNEW** HE WAS READY TO BRING LAW AND ORDER TO THE WESTERN PLAINS IN THOSE THRILLING DAYS OF YESTERYEAR...

O'LEARY'S HOTEL BIRD CAGE SALOON

"HE **ALSO** KNEW THE SALOON WAS **RIFE** WITH BAD GUYS.. AND THEY WERE **WAITING** FOR HIM...

SILVER'S purpose in this dream was purely as transport.. and to convince the author he truely was the LONE RANGER..
BIRD CAGE SALOON


Beyond these functions, especially in matters such as helping the fledgling Lone Ranger off.. In these sensitive moments, Silver displayed THE MANNERS OF A cantelope ...
THUD!

BIRD CAGE S

SUDDENLY IT WAS TIME!!
SILVER'S UNCIVILITY WOULD BE REMEMBERED LATER..

"THEY" WERE WAITING... WHITEY, THE GEEZER... AND THE MEX!!

Note of Caution

To the reader who feels the stuff of dreams is of mystical import, I can only say.. who are you kidding?

THE ACTION CONTINUES: THEY HAD HIM COLD..

THE BOYS FROM THE LAUGHING ACADEMY WOULD INTERUPT THIS DREAM AT THIS POINT AND TELL US THE **SIGNIFICENCE** OF THE BAD GUYS BEING NAMED **WHITEY**.. AS IN RACIAL GUILT.. OR THE **GEEZER**.. WHO REPRESENTS **AUTHORITY**.. OR THE **MEX**.. OBVIOUSLY FEAR OF MEXICANS..

TO THIS WAY OF THINKING, I CAN ONLY SAY..

YOU INTERUPTED THE DREAM...

THE AUTHOR REMEMBERS BEING HIT BY A TON OF HOT LEAD AND BLOWN OUT THE DOOR..

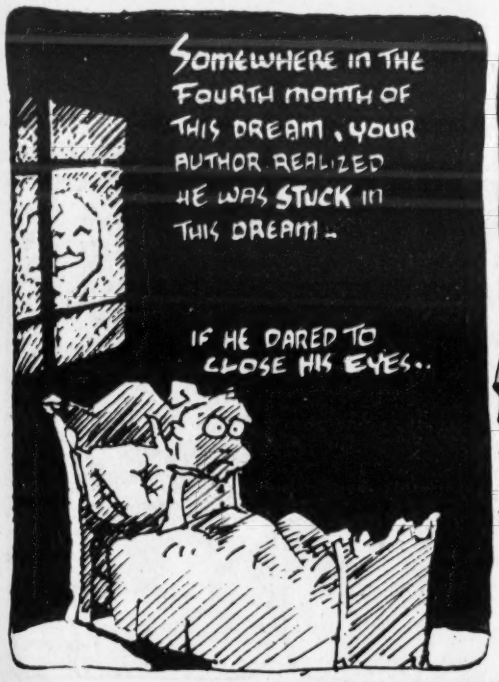
AND IT **HURT**!!

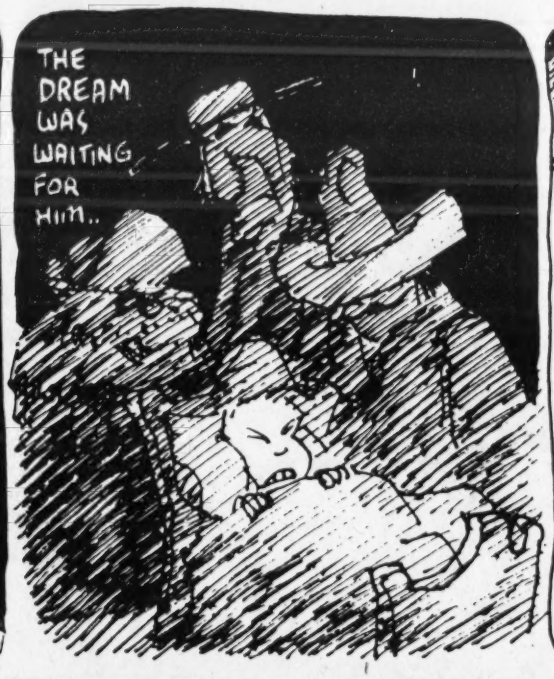
SO THE AUTHOR WOKE UP..

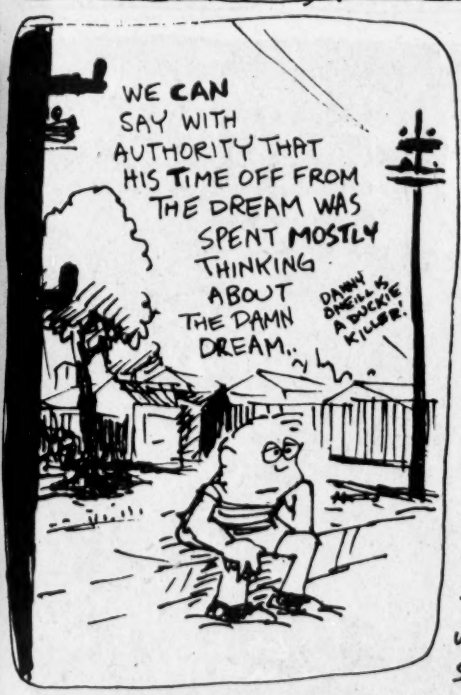
HOWEVER.. THE NEXT NIGHT FOUND OUR AUTHOR BACK IN THE SAME DREAM..

.. AND THE NEXT.. AND THE NEXT.. **EVERY NIGHT**... **ALL YEAR**.. IT WAS **NO FUN**, THIS LONE RANGER JOB..

IT WAS A **DRAG**, THIS LONE RANGER JOB..

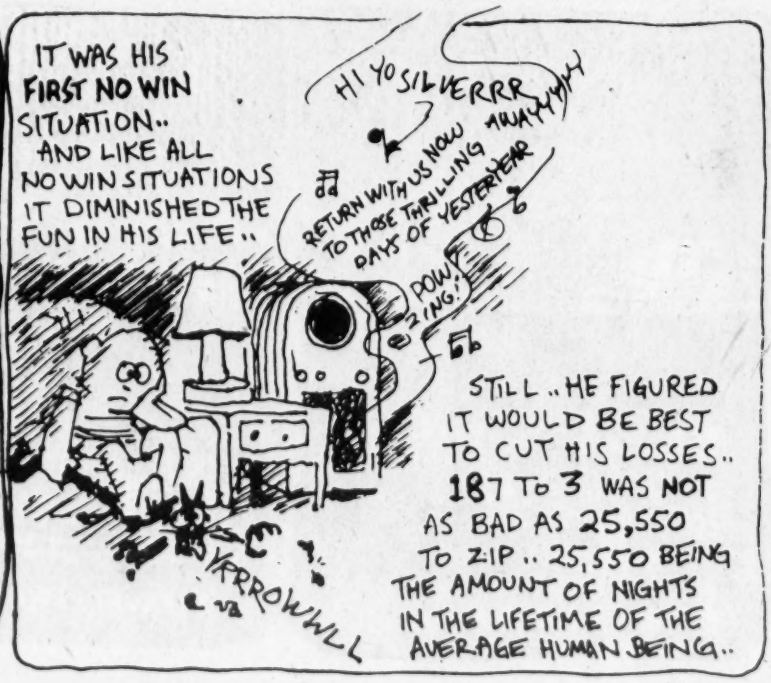






AFTER SIX MONTHS OF THIS DREAM, THE LONE RANGER'S SCORE IN THE NIGHTLY SHOOTOUT WAS STILL ZIP! THE MEX AND THE GEEZER HAD SHOT THE LONE RANGER **SIXTY ONE** TIMES APIECE AND WERE TIED FOR SECOND IN THE LONERANGER DERBY..

THE LEADING CONTENDER, WHITEY, HAD **SIXTY FOUR** KILLS.. DUE TO A LUCKY RICOCHET OFF THE WOOD STOVE THAT HE COUNTED AS A DOUBLE..



STILL.. HE FIGURED IT WOULD BE BEST TO CUT HIS LOSSES.. **187** TO **3** WAS **NOT** AS BAD AS **25,550** TO **ZIP**.. 25,550 BEING THE AMOUNT OF NIGHTS IN THE LIFETIME OF THE AVERAGE HUMAN BEING..

187 TIMES THE LONE RANGER HAD MADE HIS PLAY..

187 TIMES THE LONE RANGER WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED..

187 TIMES THE LONE RANGER STUDIED THE PHENOMENON OF A MORTAL WOUND FROM A SUBJECTIVE POINT OF VIEW..

SPECULATIONS OF THE MORTALLY-WOUNDED LONE RANGER ON THE SUBJECT OF MORTAL WOUNDS:

A. YOU DON'T DIE FAST ENOUGH TO AVOID EMBARRASSMENT..

B. YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO REGRET HAVING THIS MORTAL WOUND..

CONCLUSION!! AVOID MORTAL WOUNDS..

RESOLVED: IN TONIGHT'S DREAM THE LONE RANGER WILL GO THROUGH THE BACK DOOR OF THE SALOON AND AMBUSH THEM FROM THE KITCHEN!!

IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE THE NIGHT WHITEY WAS IN THE BACK ALLEY ROBBING A DEAD BODY.. 65 KILLS FOR WHITEY..

THE CUT-AWAY VIEW

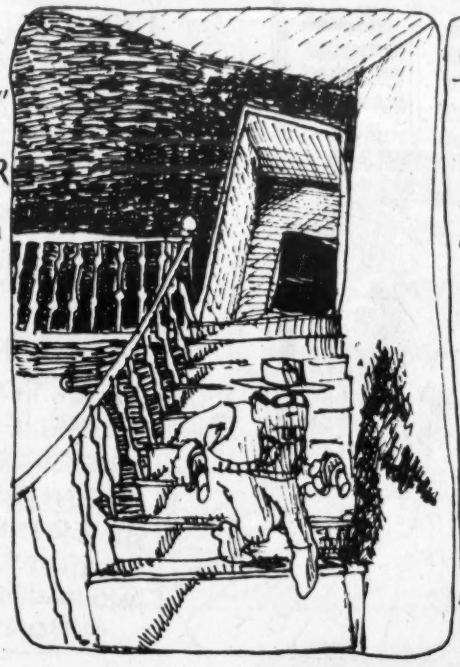
ATTEMPT NUMBER 188 ...

.. SHOWED PROMISE ..

SEEXTY TWO

..BUT THE MEX HEARD HIM DIGGING UNDER THE FLOOR..

ATTEMPT NUMBER 209 "OVER THE ROOF" FAILED WHEN THE LONE RANGER MADE TOO MUCH NOISE CLIMBING THE BACK DRAIN PIPE.. THE GEEZER'S ARKANSAS TOOTHPICK DIDN'T MAKE ANY NOISE AS IT WHIPPED THROUGH HIS SPINE..

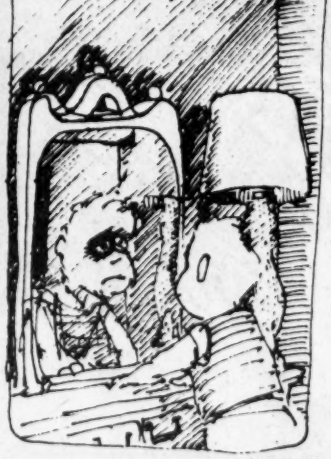


ON HIS 318th TRY THE LONE RANGER ACTUALLY MADE IT HALFWAY DOWN THE STAIRS.. ONLY TO DISCOVER

BLAM BLAM

THEY HAD LET HIM SNEAK DOWN THE STAIRS..

THEY HAD A **POOL**.. EVERYONE IN THE TERRITORY WAS IN IT! THEY WERE MAKING HUNKS OF CASH OFF THE TORN FLESH OF THE **LONE RANGER!!**



THE LONE RANGER DECIDED HE COULDN'T LIVE WITH THE DISGRACE.. HE DECIDED TO HANG HIMSELF..

SO HE DID..

HE TIED A NOOSE TO A HOOK IN THE CEILING OF THE BACK PORCH AND DOVE OFF...

IT DIDN'T HELP.. A WELL MEANING PERSON CUT HIM DOWN, PRESERVING HIM FOR THE DREAM..

HE DID **WHAT? WHY?**

HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT THE LONE RANGER.. I THINK **HE** HAD BETTER STOP LISTENING TO THE RADIO.. IT'S POSSIBLY UNHEALTHY..

THEIR INSTINCTS WERE CORRECT.. BUT HE KNEW THEN IT WAS **HIS** DREAM.. **NOT** THEIR **FAULT**.. NOT HIS FAULT...

IT WAS **HIS** DREAM.. NOW THAT **MEANT** SOMETHING! BUT, THE LONE RANGER DIDN'T KNOW **EXACTLY** WHAT IT MEANT..

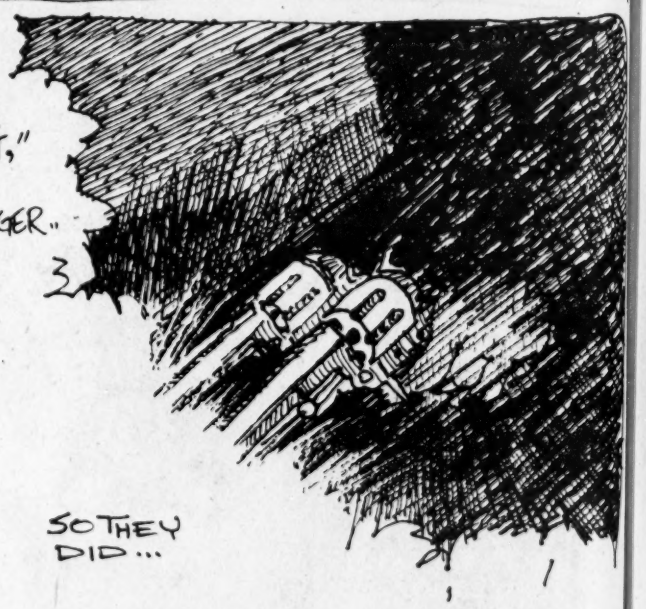
HIS DREAM? HIS OWN **PERSONAL** DREAM..?

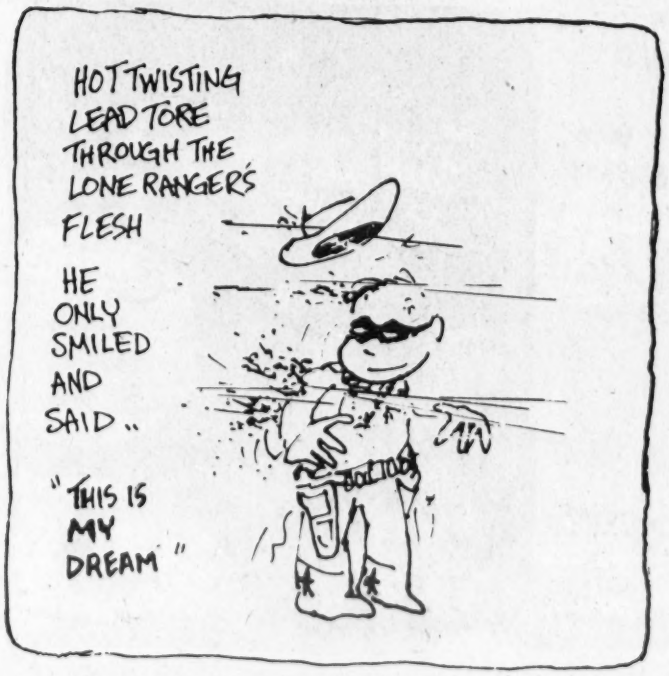
IF IT WAS **HIS** DREAM.. DID THIS MEAN HE **OWNED** THIS DREAM..?

IF HE **OWNED** THIS DREAM THEN HE WAS **BOSS!** IF HE WAS **BOSS** OF THIS DREAM, THE DREAM HAD TO SHAPE ITSELF TO **HIS** WISHES..

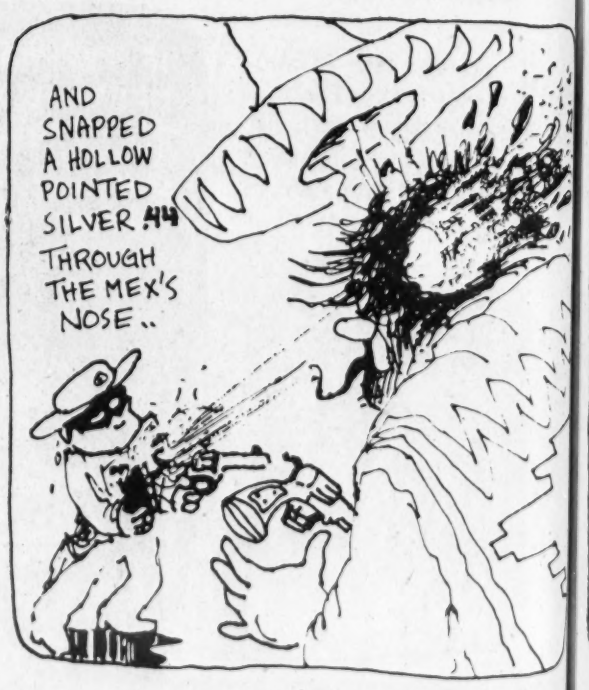
PERHAPS, DEAR READER, YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE WHO WISH TO BELIEVE THE LONE RANGER NEVER KILLED ANYONE..
YES..YOU ARE ONE OF THOSE FOLKS WHO BELIEVE THE LONE RANGER FIRED OFF AN ENTIRE SILVER MINE OF SILVER BULLETS AND NEVER KILLED ANYONE..??

"GENTLEMEN," SAID THE LONE RANGER..
"YOU ARE GUESTS IN MY DREAM.."


"TAKE YOUR BEST SHOT," SAID THE LONE RANGER..
SO THEY DID...


HOT TWISTING LEAD TORE THROUGH THE LONE RANGER'S FLESH
HE ONLY SMILED AND SAID..
"THIS IS MY DREAM"

"..AND I CAN DO ANYTHING I WANT IN MY DREAM.."
AND SO SAYING DREW HIS PISTOLS..


AND SNAPPED A HOLLOW POINTED SILVER .44 THROUGH THE MEX'S NOSE..

THE GEEZER LET GO WITH THE DOUBLE TEN AND BLEW UP THE RANGER'S ARM..

·MUCH TO THE GEEZER'S REGRET, THE RANGER HAD A SURPLUS OF ARMS..

THE SCORE WAS NOW BAD GUYS 364, ...

.. LONE RANGER..

CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK! CLICK!

Battle Over the Whole Earth Jamboree

Environmentalists vs. Ecologists

BY STEWART BRAND

"Fight! Fight!" the cry goes up in the playground, and everybody gathers around, hoping the teachers won't come out too soon and break it up.

Well, gather round. Putting on the Whole Earth Jamboree was a three-month non-stop slug-fest that never did get broken up. Our side fought fair, the opposition fought dirty, everybody was an environmentalist, and by the end all were bloody, unbowed, and unvictorious. (I haven't interviewed the opposition. If they feel this account misrepresents their intentions or actions, they'll probably write letters and I'll probably publish them.)

It didn't start bloody. It started innocuous, easy, *dull*. I felt a reluctant sort of obligation to do something about the fact of being ten years in business, an institutional survivor of the Sixties, etc., etc. And so hired a capable event organizer, Patty Phelan, and so went back to the scene of my last such event, the "New Games Tournament" of October, 1973. That scene, Gerbode Preserve, just over the hill toward the Pacific Ocean from Sausalito, was now safely in the hands of the National Park Service, a part of our splendid new Golden Gate National Recreation Area (GGNRA).

How nice, we thought. No need this time to hassle with all those left-hand-never-heard-of-the-right-hand County agencies. A one-stop shop – just get the permission from the Park Service and do the event. It did begin in that fashion last January. We met with GGNRA Acting Superintendent Jerry Schober, showed our "New Games Tournament" film to his staff, who loved it, and preliminary fantasies and schedules were aligned, and preparation was in full stroll.

The scheme acquired its own shape and life. A weekend event – part private encampment for the union and reunion of Whole Earth/CQ contributors and staff, part public event, with a Talk Stage, a Music Stage, booths and New Games. Charge $5 a day. Call it the "Whole Earth Jamboree." How about late August so people who have to travel can make it the end of their summer vacation?

And how many people? Well, said Park Service staff, we know we can park 10,000 a day easily at the old Rifle Range three-quarters of a mile from Gerbode because we've done it before, but we'd like to see the lowest workable admission price. Okay, said we, $3 a day.

I worried about tents for the encampment – 200-plus people to keep from the chilly dew – so I called a friend, Frank Schober, Commandant of the California National Guard, who had used some of our services in the past, including Peter Warshall as a consultant for environmental protection of military lands. Frank, can I rent some tents?

No, said the General, but we might loan them to you if this is a public service educational event and you're a non-profit group. How about some Guard people to put the tents up, and first aid, and radio communications, and a helicopter for medical emergency, and what else do you need? This is the kind of training experience I want the troops to get, in public view and in public service, especially environmental public service.

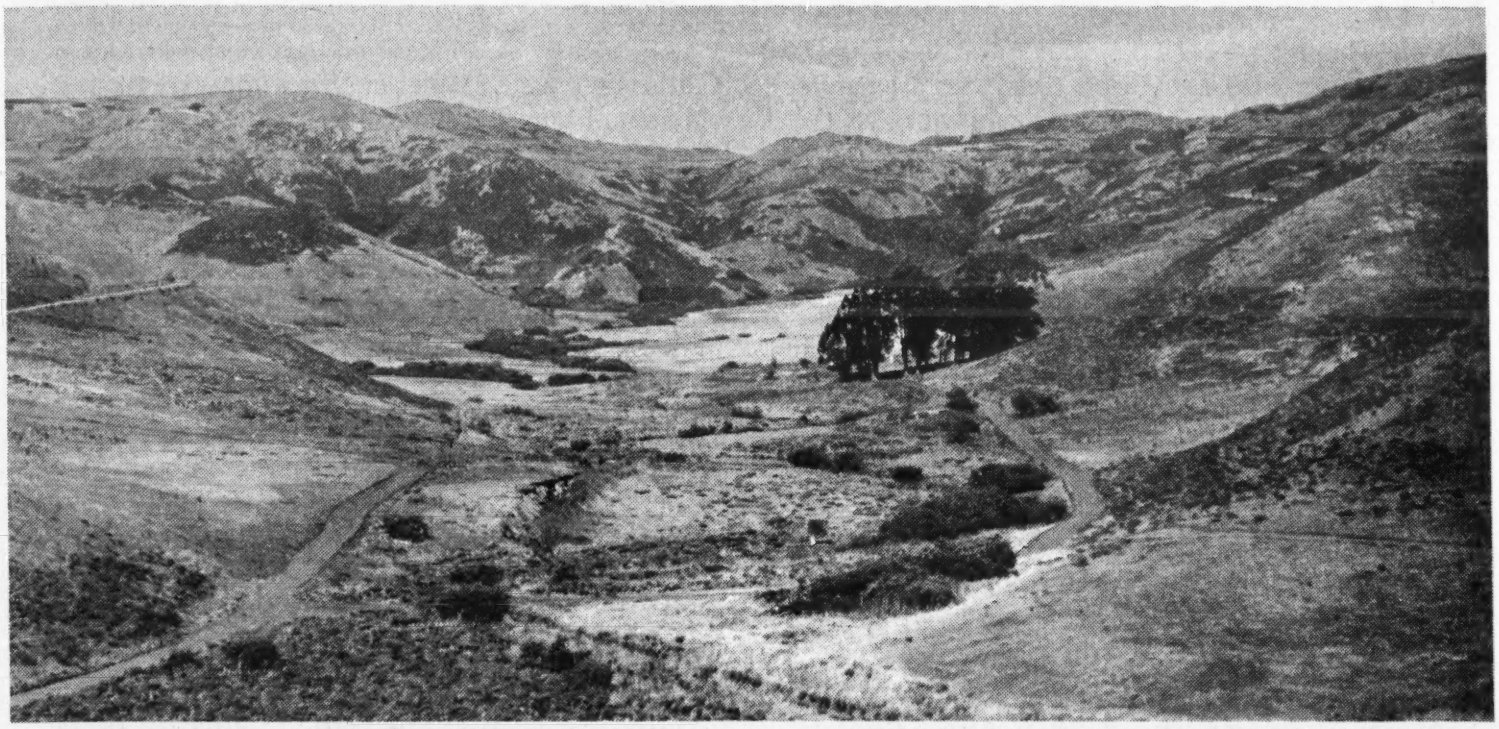
Calloo, callay. Music to an organizer's ears. And so in June the General came with aides to view the terrain and meet with us and with the relevant Park Service people and everybody cooperate like mad. There was the new GGNRA Superintendent Lynn Thompson, and quite a lot of rangers, and I handed out copies of the Jamboree encampment invitations, and off we hiked to Gerbode to point and imagine. Idyllic. The last idyll, it turned out.

Comes the phone call a day or two later. Trouble. Someone named Amy Meyer has a copy of the Jamboree invitation, she's a member of the GGNRA Advisory Commission, and she's against any public event in Gerbode. OK, says we, let's meet with her. Who's Amy Meyer?

So we convened, showed the "New Games" film, and met in a GGNRA office in San Francisco. Mrs. Meyer chuckled at the right places in the film, then turned and threatened the jobs of everyone in the room and several people not in the room (the Governor of the state, the Secretary of Resources) and laid down the law – encampment in Gerbode, okay since it had gone this far, but public event in the Rifle Range! Otherwise the Jamboree invitation goes to the newspapers. Some damaging quotes there – "infamous New Games Tournament," speakers "hob-nobbing" – and it was going to look pretty bad, a *commercial* operation like the **Whole Earth Catalog** making money on National Park land. But environmentalists shouldn't fight. So just move to the Rifle Range and no problem. End of meeting.

Well now. Strong words for one member of a 15-member *advisory* commission. Who the hell *is* Amy Meyer?

She looks like the character actress Mercedes McCambridge – short, handsome, fiesty, smart. In her early 40s, married to a psychiatrist, she's one of that population of wives of professionals who use their abundant intelligence and spare time to do voluntary



Gerbode Valley – what all the shouting was about. A dairy ranch ten years ago, it's now part of the National Park system, ten minutes from downtown San Francisco. Whole Earth Jamboree events were scheduled for the area behind the grove of eucalyptus trees. This photo was kindly loaned to us by Amy Meyer and the People For a Golden Gate National Recreation Area.

work for the community – powerful, effective women who do enormous good. And sometimes "good."

If I didn't know about Amy, I soon found out that I was one of the few. Practically everyone I knew who was doing environmental goodworks in the Bay Area had had to fight her at one point or another, and had lost. She was co-director with Edgar Wayburn of People For a Golden Gate National Recreation Area (known acronymically and sometimes cynically as "pifganera"), which claimed to speak for the founders of the GGNRA, and certainly was among its founders. If you looked up the organization in the phone book and called it, you got Amy's kitchen. She was also co-director of the local chapter of the Sierra Club and on the San Francisco Parks and Recreation Board – doing doubtless good things but what I heard about was her successful prevention of a free concert in Golden Gate Park by the Jefferson Airplane rock band.

I asked my informants for advice in dealing with her. "Good luck!" they advised.

Suddenly the fact that we did not yet have a permit from the Park Service was of more than technical consequence. Long talks with Superintendent Lynn Thompson ensued, of great pleasure for me since he proved to be congenial not only to our project but to many other creative uses of the GGNRA. The decision of where to site us was entirely his, but he wanted to at least hear the opinions of all the people on his advisory board, so the final decision was put off until after its next meeting, July 19.

Meanwhile Amy was on her phone and I was on mine. A friend of Amy's on the Sausalito City Council, Robin Sweeney, brought the matter before the Council and got a unanimous decision for a "letter of concern" about the Jamboree's location to be sent to Superintendent Thompson. Neither the Park Service nor **CQ**, which has its place of business in Sausalito, were told that they were on the agenda. Wild rumors of what we would do to the Valley – concrete helicopter pads, new roads being cut, 20,000 people a day – started appearing in local news articles and letters-to-the-editor. Deliberately false rumors? I don't think so. Just carelessly bandied, believed, and not checked out.

One vocal group against us was the Wolfback Ridge Association who have homes on the border of the GGNRA two miles from Gerbode. "Boy, is that familiar," a former senior National Park official told me. "When I was in the Park Service I spent most of my time dealing with rich landowners who want National Park land next to theirs and then put all their effort into keeping people out of the public land."

All we could do was block. We could never counterpunch. If the Sausalito City Council put us on the Marin County Supervisor's agenda, then we had to show up, wait patiently, and then be told that Sausalito had withdrawn the matter from the agenda. An afternoon's work lost. It happened twice. When a flight of critical letters arrived on Lynn Thompson's desk, we had to respond with a counter-flight – days of phoning, that much more work lost.

The strongest of the letters in our behalf was from California Secretary of Resources Huey Johnson, a long, thoughtful one that said in part: "Gerbode . . . is a large, wild valley I acquired and established as a wild landscape for human inspirational use while working as the Regional Director of the Nature Conservancy some years ago. . . . [I] support Stewart Brand's Whole Earth Jamboree planned for the site this August. Each time a public use event in Gerbode is planned, several of a handful of traditional wilderness enthusiasts criticize the planned use without understanding the policy commitments that made acquisition of the land for public use as a National Recreation Area possible. . . . If use of these lands, representing the millions of dollars spent to establish the GGNRA for public purposes, can be controlled by

a handful of people unable or unwilling to understand that these lands have been put aside for the benefit of all, not for the exclusive use of a few, then the Park Service's effectiveness as manager needs critical review. . . ."

And so came the night of reckoning, July 19, the meeting of the Golden Gate National Recreation Area Citizen's Advisory Commission – remarked on later by all the regulars as the most dramatic meeting in its history. (It's only five years old.) Twelve commissioners were present, Amy Meyer among them. Chairman Mr. Boerger explained that he did not expect the Commission to make a decision, but that Superintendent Thompson wanted to hear the opinions of the commissioners and anyone from the public who might wish to testify, and since there appeared to be so many, each speaker would have three minutes. We'll start with Mr. Brand.

I said that the flat open cul-de-sac of Gerbode Valley was uniquely well suited for occasional multi-focus public events such as the Jamboree. No other site in the Bay Area was a fraction as good. I hoped the Commission would view the event as an experiment and not as a policy, at least until such use had proved itself.

Dr. Frank Gerbode, husband of the deceased Martha Gerbode for whom the valley was named, spoke in favor of the event. Peter Seligman, Regional Director of the Nature Conservancy, who had earlier written a letter against us based on the rumors, spoke in favor. Michael Phillips from Glide Foundation, Robert Gnaizda from Public Advocates, and black Alice Jamison from the Hayes Valley Neighborhood made an emotional case that the whole issue looked like suburban whites trying to keep urban blacks out of a park all had paid for.

Twenty-eight people spoke – eighteen for, ten against. The speakers against were from the Sierra Club, Sausalito City Council, PFGGNRA, and one from the California Alpine Club.

Such hearings, like trials, are strange and marvelous. All the wrong issues are discussed at great length but somehow the real issues do get addressed indirectly. Jamboree proponents tended to act as if character witness was what they were there for – Brand's a nice guy, so the event should be in Gerbode. Jamboree opponents went on about likely ecological damage to Gerbode, as if the Park Service's own Environmental Summary on the Jamboree had not already acquitted us of that crime (the Gerbode Valley floor is heavily impacted grazing land, thick with thistles, and devoid of endangered species.) Those speeches were irrelevant hot air technically, but in retrospect I realize the arguments confronted two sets of values that really were at issue. If I had to give the argument a name I would say it was the Environmental Good Guys (them) against the Ecological Good Guys (us). More on that later.

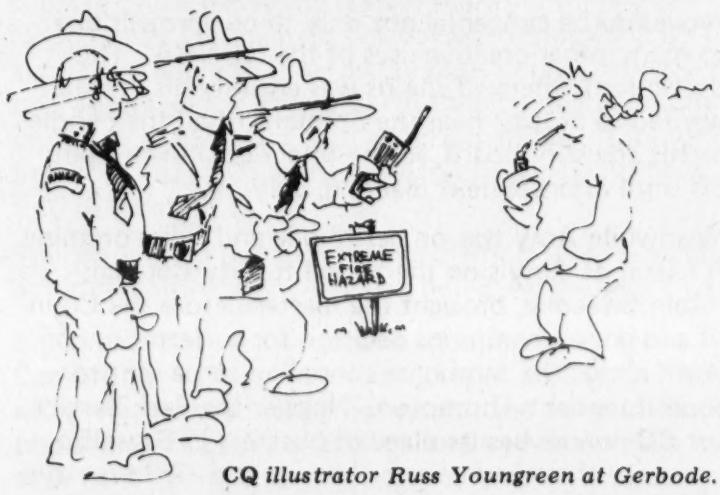
Two real issues did come up. Several Commissioners were unhappy that the Jamboree organizers were getting changes of signal from the Park Service five months into the planning and only one month before the event. Grateful nods from both Jamboree staff and Park Service staff at that one. The other real issue was fire – excuse me – FIRE! Sausalito Fire Chief Stephen Bogel testified that Gerbode, like all California grassland, was in critical fire danger in the summer. Extensive precautions would need to be taken. A large crowd of people made it especially dangerous.

I argued that a large crowd of people made it especially safe against fire – the precautions were laid on and you had several thousand people on hand to report anything burning and help fight it. The clinching argument came from George Leonard, bless him, Marin resident and author of books such as **The Ultimate Athlete**. George said:

"I would like to speak just a moment about a very perilous experiment that we are conducting here in the United States. That is turning over our festive occasions to the bureaucracy, the franchised commercial interests, and the insurance companies. I wonder if you have noticed that we have taken a lot of our national holidays, Memorial Day for example, and we have changed it to make little mini-vacations, three-day weekends, for the sake of commercial interests. I think our children get the message. Commercial interests, the big commercial interests, are more important than our feeling, the connection we make between ourself, the society, and the cosmos.

"I wonder if we ever really stop to think what kind of society we would have if we gave in to what might be called the insurance mentality, where everything has to be perfectly safe. I would like to propose that in the name of making everything perfectly safe we are making this country terribly dangerous. There has to be some unusual things and festive occasions. If we gave in to the insurance mentality, eventually every open area would be paved over with Disneylands. Disneylands are well manicured, well policed. I imagine that every square inch is covered by fire sprinklers. I went to Disneyland once. I felt like I was being processed like some kind of meat. Experiences were offered by the numbers.

"You know, it is interesting that we feel that only official firefighters can put out a grass fire. They have to be official. Believe me, I really enjoy and appreciate what the firefighters do, especially with their emergency services, which are really marvelous. But how about individuals? Could we go out and put out a fire if we saw one, a lot of people? Could we put out a fire?



CQ illustrator Russ Youngreen at Gerbode.

"You see, what happens to personal responsibility in a nation dominated by the insurance mentality is that we would stand helplessly by and wait for the properly sanctioned officials to come and do it. That is what is happening here. We don't want to get involved. We have to call the right telephone number. We become helpless.

"But I would like to say we are not helpless here in this country. The anthropological record is quite clear – I have been studying this lately – every viable society that has really made it in the history of this planet has had positive benign festive events, cultural events not dominated by commercial interests. Here in this country we have already given up New Years and Christmas and Easter to the large-scale and well-insured and well-policed interests. Let's just save this one weekend for something a little different, a little unmanicured, a little unexpected. The Whole Earth Jamboree is benign, it is positive, it is life enhancing. Please, please have the courage to save it. Thank you."

After a surprising amount of discussion among the Commissioners, one of them, Richard Bartke, urged that the Commission make a decision after all and vote on his motion to have the Jamboree moved to the Rifle Range, contingent on approval by affected public safety agencies (fire departments) and on firm commitment of involvement by the National Guard (keep that in mind). Amy Meyer seconded the motion. And so they voted. No one had any idea how the vote would go. It came out three for it, seven against, motion defeated!

Commissioner Peter Haas replied with a motion to approve the Jamboree in Gerbode. Bartke offered an amendment requiring the approval of the Sausalito Fire Chief – defeated. Haas' original motion was voted on – six for it, four against, motion passed!

Courtroom jubilation, congratulations even from the opposition, quiet thanks, exchanged accounts ("Did you see her face when he said . . .?"), reminders that now we had our task cut out to make the experiment work. But at least we had only that task, the Jamboree itself, right?

Wrong. General Schober's office called. Department of Army at the Pentagon had been getting letters and phonecalls of complaint about the involvement of the National Guard in the event. They were checking fine print in legislation and regulations. If there was no complaint, no problem. But with complaints, however orchestrated they might be, then it was tricky.

The Guard people felt horrible – they had made a commitment to us that it appeared they would have to go back on. They wanted to participate, to be of help. But after much discussion, no Guard.

That one really pissed me off. As an Infantry officer in 1961 I had seen the isolation of a peacetime Army from the national mainstream and the debilitating effect on morale, pride, and effectiveness that had. I knew that the money that would have been spent by the Guard helping the Jamboree that weekend would be spent anyway – had to be – on boring meaningless training somewhere well out of public sight. I had seen a sharp young Guard sergeant at the **CQ** office joining our staff in praise of the movie "Coming Home" and saw a flash of human recognition in both directions that I hoped would occur in abundance at the Jamboree. I had applauded General Schober's Americanization of Mao's dictum, "Serve the people," and I wanted to help nurture and demonstrate that.

What defeated it? An aesthetic that I find odious – hide the soldier. Here we come to truly fundamental differences between what I'm calling the Environmental and Ecological views. The Environmentalist has a familiar precious vision that he wants to protect from all change. His primary activity is erecting and defending barriers. The Ecologist wants to both preserve and explore, to include nothing out of our ever subtler understanding of how life actually works. To the Ecologist, the Environmentalist is sometimes ally and sometimes truly enemy, far more troublesome for being so apparently close. And vice versa no doubt.

Some Environmentalists fought doggedly against Christo Javacheff's beautiful "Running Fence" across Sonoma County (Winter '76 **CQ**). Another bunch have consistently made life more difficult for the untidy houseboat dwellers around our office (Fall '77 **CQ**). And here the same Environmental aesthetic that wanted to hide the soldier was also wanting to hide the merchant. Imagine, charging $3 admission a day in a National Park!

I'll rant on that one for a minute. In school and college I was taught to despise businessmen, business, money – the whole domain of what the British upper classes call "trade." When it eventually happened that a large part of my outlaw generation found its way into citizenship via the acceptance and encouragement of small businessmen, my contempt reversed. By sad experience I found the woeful majority of academics to be dishonest, incompetent, and greedy when it comes to performing an actual service or even meeting a budget or a schedule.

Governor Brown once asked E.F. Schumacher where he could find good people to serve in government. Schumacher said, "You can forget the university. Try the corporations."

The million dollars that Point gave away to mostly "ecological" activities – Project Jonah, UN Conference on the Human Environment at Stockholm, New Alchemy Institute, etc., etc., – came from doing business, not from Government. The dollars came voluntarily in exchange for an individual service – $5 for a **Whole Earth Catalog**. Taxes are collected differently.

Our $3 in exchange for a full day of Talk Stage, Music Stage, New Games, and booths was looking increasingly unrealistic for us. All the logistic and manpower support that the National Guard wanted to loan free we would now have to pay for. Our daily limit of 10,000 people a day had been lowered to 5,000 a day – halving the possible income. To lessen the vile commercial taint we had to agree that any net income would be donated to the GGNRA – I didn't mind that one, but I didn't like it as a precedent for other groups. Of course, if the event lost money, the deal

didn't work the other way. And we were still having to spend more staff time defending the event than preparing it.

You might think that at least we got the advantage of free publicity that goes with being controversial. It's true that as the battleground now moved into the media we got more coverage, but always with a doubt on it that the Jamboree might never take place. Amy Meyer was threatening a lawsuit to enjoin the event, and that was part of every news story. Her actual chances were miniscule but the reported chances were prominent.

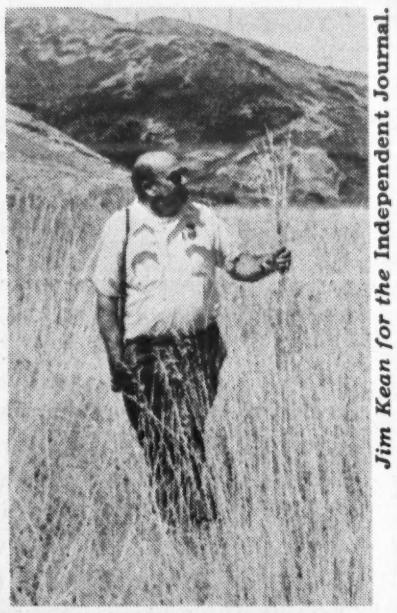
From my side of the struggle I know only fragments of the opposition's strategy. Remember Commissioner Bartke's proviso that the National Guard must be committed to involvement? That's where they were going to nail us legally. Once the Guard was out they were left with nothing but vague language in GGNRA planning documents about Gerbode Valley being "environmentally sensitive." The documents did not permit public events nor forbid them. To bring suit the Sierra Club Legal Defense Fund was the weapon of choice, a saber that was rattled at us and the press for weeks.

And so I started hearing Sierra Club rumors. That the Club was increasingly in trouble because of dingbat lawsuits started by local chapters. That Sierra Club refused any help to Citizens Against Toxic Sprays in Oregon when other organizations helped. And so forth. I was hoping they would bring their lawsuit so we could call a press conference, inviting them of course to have equal time at it, and conclude my statement with, "Where before I have not been a member of Sierra Club out of laziness, now I am glad to be not a member out of conviction. And I'm sorry we gave them $7,000 a couple years ago."

I believed in the debate over the kinds of use of Gerbode. The question, I felt, was aesthetic rather than ecological, but it was legitimate — are occasional crowds on public wild land a good thing? Amy was saying that Gerbode must be kept strictly for hikers. I was saying that hikers didn't know about Gerbode, and it would take some public events to show them where it was. On the beautiful sunny Saturday before the Jamboree I was at Gerbode all day working with the men mowing the thistles and grass for the activity areas. The hikers that day consisted of one couple (who were delighted at the prospect of the Jamboree being there). Considering the cost of acquiring and maintaining Gerbode Valley and its distance ten minutes from downtown San Francisco, one couple, I claim, is underuse.

Anyway, whenever press called me I urged them to contact Amy and get her side. When the local education station, KQED, did a report on the battle, I met Amy (with Robin Sweeney in tow) amid the thistles and exotic grasses of Gerbode itself. We were terribly polite. At one point I asked her to be one of the speakers at the Jamboree talk stage. She said she couldn't, she would be out of town that weekend. Like an idiot, I didn't ask her when we were on camera.

Odd currents were eddying through the media. KQED incorrectly reported that Friends of the Earth opposed the event in Gerbode. The next day Dave Brower of FOE responded to an S.F. **Examiner** reporter eloquently in favor of it. The same report carried this interesting paragraph, "Meyer says if Brand would only consider relocating his Jamboree, perhaps across the road to the rifle range, 'the pressure would drop immediately.' "



Jim Kean for the **Independent Journal.**

County Fire Chief Pedroli contemplates Gerbode Valley grass outside the mowed area before announcing final (7th) decision.

Pressure. Since neither I nor the people who saved Gerbode Valley nor the Park Service hierarchy clear to the Director in Washington nor the GGNRA Advisory Commission nor what we had sampled from the public were convinced by argument, we were supposed to be convinced by pressure, harrassment — what you can't stop you try to ruin. That, I claim, is dirty play. It debases the argument, the people who use it, and what's left of the Environmental Movement.

Rather than saving her credibility and repairing some alliances and moving on to other good fights, Amy was pouring everything into this — in defense of what? As reporters started asking me, "What's her problem?" I don't know Amy Meyer's motivations or intentions. I'm lucky when I know my own. My only hypothesis is based on my experience around the appointed and elected officials and representatives of Sacramento, where 90% of all the endless ferocity expended is not over public issues really but over turf really — who has say-so about what. I'm not sure if that's bad. I am sure it is so.

Well, Amy never got Sierra Club to sue us, and I never got to make my non-membership speech. Much wierder stuff happened. One worth mentioning was the Big Insurance Flap, an instructive subplot in the drama. It seems that the New Games Foundation, descendant of our New Games Tournament held at Gerbode Valley in October, 1973, had not been able to hold a New Games Tournament themselves in the last two years because they could not get insurance. There had been a couple of injury claims at their last two tournaments and no one wanted to insure another. So they were hoping that the New Games involvement in the Jamboree would come under some magical insurance that we would get.

Patty Phelan duly called the man who wrote **CQ**'s policy and also the coverage for that first New Games Tournament, Werner Hebenstreit, who retired last year but is still quietly active. His sage advice was: "Don't get any insurance." "What! Why?" "Because it just draws claims, and it's very expensive, you may not get any anyway, and you're better off simply not mentioning it." He explained that this was the best advice for us and for the insurance business, where astronomical claims and astronomical rates were

Supervisors join jamboree foes

Independent-Journal

Site said wrong one for affair

Whole Earth fest still in limbo

Independent-Journal

Fire chief changes his mind

Independent-Journal

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Jamboree moved from Gerbode Valley

exacerbating each other, leaving no one well protected. Better to muddle along without.

I called Burton Naiditch at New Games and said let's go naked and don't mention it. He said he'd have to check with his board, one of whom on his dimwitted own then called the Park Service, and then everybody called everybody a whole lot, and we wound up paying $1,050 for insurance to a company Patty found, and there were no claims.

Another subplot – Marlon Brando. He called up at some point to say nice things about our **Soft Tech** book (which he may not have noticed is dedicated to him), and I said, "Hey are you coming to the Jamboree?" "With bells on," said Marlon Brando. So his name was added to Buckminster Fuller, Huey Newton, Theodora Kroeber, Jerry Garcia, and all the other heavies that were confirming their participation. We told the press, and the press told the people. Subplot continues later.

If this were a different story I would at this point instructively tell about the manner of preparation that was skillfully proceeding on two dozen simultaneous soundtracks in the closing weeks before the event. Praise is due for that, but instead I'll stick with this story and complain. Because of the time and effort that had to be spent on project defense, 1,747 details of preparation did not get tended to. The raw basics were covered, damn well, but the fine detail and imaginative fillips that make an event go magic were never even addressed.

Then something happened that threatened the basics as well. On the Tuesday before the weekend of the Jamboree we got a call from the Park Service – there's been some kind of wild scene at a Marin County Supervisor's meeting on the question of fire in Gerbode Valley, the county fire chief is alarmed about the event happening there, and even though it has no jurisdiction on the federal land of the GGNRA the Board of Supervisors is voicing opposition. Park Superintendent Thompson explained that while he was not legally bound he felt honor bound to abide by public statements he had made assuring that we wouldn't proceed in Gerbode without approval by local fire officials. We had to get it if we wanted to stay in Gerbode.

Jesus Christ. After the permit was granted, Amy had subsided, and the lawsuit disappeared – this! It came from left field. A supervisor named Robert Roumiguiere brought the matter up in open time at the Supervisors' meeting – it wasn't on the agenda. The Board dispatched Fire Chief Richard Pedroli to Gerbode to view the fire safety preparations we had made (according to Pedroli's guidelines) and he reported back full of alarm, and the flip out proceeded.

No one I talked to at the Civic Center had much idea what was eating Roumiguiere. He complained he had not been informed of the event, though it had been in the papers and on and off the Supervisors' agenda for weeks and Thompson had specifically sent a courtesy letter of information to the Supervisors two weeks previously. The only plausible explanation I could get from county staffers was that Roumiguiere hated Governor Brown and everything that came out of Sacramento. The local paper, the **Independent Journal**, wrote: " 'There's a lot of political muscle being exerted,' Roumiguiere said, apparently referring to Brand's work as a part-time consultant to the Brown administration."

It's an interesting complaint, which also had been voiced in several letters-to-editors, often not far from other fears that we would unleash hippie hordes on the tranquil hillsides and homes of Marin. The fears are equally laughable. You can't find a hippie horde any more, and we can't draw what's left of them, and my association with Governor Brown had been a non-stop liability since the beginning of the project.

It's the Jerry-Brown-dates-Linda-Ronstadt-because-he-wants-to-be-President school of political analysis, which imagines every single action of the man and all of his administration and acquaintances to be some devious campaign maneuver. "Ho ho, the clever boyo has dispatched his chum Brand to organize a Brown rally in the guise of an environmental fest!" I deny it, people. But remember, I might be lying. I'll do anything to be appointed Secretary of the Interior.

So, Brown couldn't touch us with a 97-mile pole, even though he's one of **CQ**'s most regular contributors. And I couldn't request help from state agencies that I would normally have called if I'd never worked in Sacramento. And I had to sigh about accusations like Roumiguiere's. (And now someone will report that Brown's absence from the Jamboree is proof that he isn't loyal to his friends – the double binds of public office surpass belief and sometimes endurance.)

Okay, full flap with the fire guys. Patty and I spent Tuesday afternoon hearing three of them rave in our ears at Gerbode – our third meeting with them, hearing the same horror stories. Wednesday afternoon we were out there again, this time with just Chief Pedroli, Lynn Thompson from the Park Service, and Assistant County Administrator Vince Braun to see what could be worked out. Endless discussion, but finally, agreement. Make some extra precautions, like raking the entire perimeter down to mineral earth (hours of coolie labor for the volunteers), and more backup fire people on hand at all times (making now a total of three separate crews present), and okay, the event can go ahead in Gerbode. Whew. Quick, back to work.

Thursday morning, the day before the event begins. Comes the phone call, Chief Pedroli has changed his mind again, we can't be in Gerbode. He told the **Independent Journal**, "A fire could turn that valley into an oven and kill thousands of people." Supervisor Denis Rice, Assistant County Administrator Braun, and Superintendent Thompson asked him what specifically was worrying him, perhaps new precautions could cover that. Well, perhaps they could. So we all met AGAIN at Gerbode as tables, chemical johns, and the Music Stage were assembling around us. More hours of discussion. Finally, thoughtfully, regretfully, finally: no, no public in Gerbode.

Pedroli had changed his mind seven times — from implicit yes to explicit no! to maybe to yes to no to maybe to no — in the last three days before the event. When we had called him months before we were told all we needed was to rent his truck and a crew and no problem. In 1973 at the New Games Tournament in the same place at the same season there had been no concern by the county about fire at all — we didn't have one crew on hand, much less three, or have to do any mowing. Other news from the Civic Center this time was that Supervisor Roumiguiere was considering legal action to prevent the Jamboree from happening anywhere, and the other Supervisors were telling him he was on his own.

We poured into the Rifle Range.

Within 24 hours it was all set — two full sound stages, twenty-some booths, plus communications, ticket taking, first aid, security, parking, signs, a puppet stage, a juggler stage, the encampment for 250 at Gerbode, and for the public, camping arrangements at Battery Alexander and at the fine YMCA complex at Point Bonita. Take a look at pages 134-135 — that happened overnight.

Late Friday the speakers, other contributors to **CQ**, and former **CQ** and Whole Earth employees began showing up at the encampment to set up their tents and stroll and mingle and wait for dinner— a blur of hugs and grins and celebrated faces and well-remembered faces. After dinner came the campfire that Superintendent Thompson finally agreed to and that Assistant Administrator Braun compassionately negotiated out of Chief Pedroli ("with a screen over it for sparks — okay"). Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Tom Dooley; the Sloop John B.; Kumbaya; Amazing Grace. And Saturday night the same, and Sunday even more so.

At noon on Saturday the bagpiper by the ticket booth slapped his bag full of air, started the drones, and wailed his chanter into a welcoming march for the incoming crowd. New Games were already under way. So were the booths, and so, shortly, was the Music Stage. At 1:30 p.m. Theodora Kroeber stepped to the microphone on the Talk Stage and told of how people celebrated in this valley 200 years ago (see p. 98). She later wrote to us, "Never, but never have I seen so many Americans treat ground and air and PLACE so unhurtingly."

It was true. Four thousand people each day and there were no injuries, no fights, no significant hassles, nothing stolen, nothing trashed, and everything happened on schedule. My older brother Mike, the corporation executive, stood on a berm with me surveying the scene, "How do you organize something to run this smoothly?" "All you do is put together people who know how to do it. Some of these groups have been at it for years."

I get a slow grin on just thinking about them. The Park Service people — Lynn Thompson, Steve Overman the event organizer, Ruth Kilday, Steve Heath, others — friends we wanted to keep after the event. The San Francisco **Examiner** wrote: " 'These rangers are terrific,' said Brand. 'All we do is give them grief and all they do is give us help.' 'Brand's people really know what they're doing,' replied ranger Christine Hoffman. 'They've been complete professionals about what they've done.' "

The Hog Farm was security, what they called the "Please Force." They were at the peak of their form — warm-hearted professionals who cover all the basics, anticipate and head off the problems, and give an event room to fly. A typical example Sunday afternoon: a guy who'd been let in free was harrassing Patty Phelan for a handful of complimentary tickets to give his friends. Patty, who was worn thin by this time, told the guy off and he was in tears. Now Patty felt bad. Hog Farmer Wavy Gravy shows up. "Hey, I've got a dime. Let's call your friends and see if they want to come." Nobody was home. End of problem.

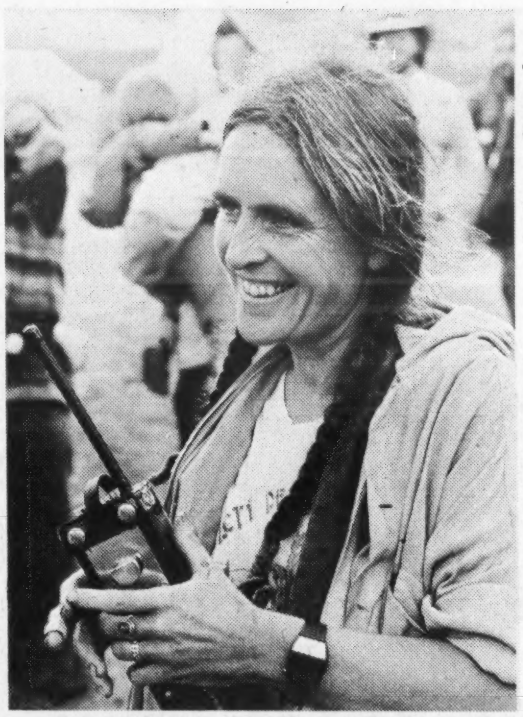
The **CQ** staff. They came straight from the melee of a multi-guest-edited production into the maelstrom of the Jamboree, took on the core assignments, and patched all the parts into a working whole. By the end Evelyn Eldridge-Diaz and David Burnor, who together managed the encampment, looked like they'd been on a three-day patrol behind enemy lines. "I've had it; I want to go home, I want to eat, I want to be warm," said Rosanne Kramer. Ben Campbell opined that trying to remember the hours he worked was like trying to remember the details of a dream. The one who labored the longest and hardest, of course, and with the greatest skill I've encountered in a co-organizer was Patty Phelan.

The Farm — a Bay Area piece of Stephen Gaskin's Farm based in Tennessee. On extremely short notice they took on the food at the encampment, and a potential hideous problem of handling a thousand meals turned into a sweet breeze. Evelyn insists I put in here their most-requested recipe for Tofu Salad. It goes: 3 cups tofu, 1/4 cup pickle relish, 1/2 medium onion chopped fine, 2 stalks celery chopped fine, 1/3 cup nutritional yeast flakes, 2 tsp. soy sauce, 1-1/2 tsp. garlic powder, 1-1/2 tsp. salt, pepper, parsley, paprika, 1/2 cup oil or 1/2 cup soy salad dressing — crumble tofu into bowl, add ingredients (from **The Farm Vegetarian Cookbook**).

Jamboree Highlights no. 406

Pado Solen helped us set up our pup tent! Himself!

—Malcolm Wells



Andrew Fluegelman

Calico of the Hog Farm – topkick with a heart of gold.

The volunteers – you can always count on them and they always amaze you. Every public event should utilize more, because they diffuse that edge that otherwise separates the audience. Anne Herbert has more to say about our group on p. 138.

And so on. Bob Hartman's puppet stage was a sensation of the Jamboree, swapping street artist crowds with juggler Ray Jason (see p. 56). Carlos and Star, who free lance their service, ran the two tightest sound stages I've seen. The New Games people were in rousing form. The only production flaw in the whole damned event was the Park Police (not the rangers, who were wonderful). The Park Police were supposed to handle the parking and blew it. Our people had to do it – some of the volunteers parking for eight hours straight and never even seeing the Jamboree. Meanwhile the Police gathered in unwelcome profusion at the Jamboree site (one would have done; we had ten) and watched the show, at $15/hour.

As the weekend progressed a certain tension was developing around the idea of Marlon Brando – he hadn't showed up yet. His office had confirmed his coming and CBS had dispatched a video crew from TVTV to report the Jamboree from his P.O.V. (point of view – I imagine Marlon's view would be mostly eyes and clicking and whirring glass). But he never showed and we didn't learn why until Monday – he'd sent a telegram, but the phone company wouldn't read it to our tape recorder at the office. As a result we got some bad cess from customers and press. Brando's telegram said, "Marlon unable to attend Jamboree he's in St John's hospital, nothing serious but something that had to be attended to now, best regards, Alice Marchak."

Also hospitalized was Buckminster Fuller with a prostate problem, serious but not lengthily confining. Jerry Garcia was busy recording. Huey Newton went to a Yippie Reunion instead. Dennis Banks was promised but didn't appear. Considering that defending the event had left us no time to do proper maintenance of speakers (reminder phone calls, pick up at the airport, etc.), the slate we got was remarkable.

There was another piece of bad luck. To break even financially we needed a capacity crowd on Sunday. Brando would have brought that. So would've the page one story about the Jamboree that was *in* the Sunday San Francisco **Examiner and Chronicle**, except that it got bumped totally from the paper by the election of Pope John John Paul Paul. So the Sunday crowd was the same size as Saturday's, and we lost $7,756.

Was it worth doing? In context of previous public events I've worked on – the "Trips Festival" in '66, "Whatever It Is" and "World War IV" at San Francisco State, "Liferaft Earth" the starve-in, "Life Forum" in Stockholm, "The Demise Party" at the end of the **Whole Earth Catalog**, and the "New Games Tournament" – I'd say no. The happiest of those for me were the ones that had a strange idea at their heart. The most miserable by far was "Life Forum," our $70,000 gift of poets, Indians, scientists and Hog Farmers to the Stockholm UN Conference on the Human Environment. The Swedish environmental Left imagined we must have been sent by the CIA and treated us accordingly. A nightmare, that one.

The idea of the 5-minute speeches at the Jamboree was somewhat strange, and it worked fine. The speakers adapted gracefully, said interesting things, and the audience stayed large through less interesting talks and lesser known speakers because of the format. Some of the juxtapositions were fortuitous as well. So that was okay, and the people to work with were outstanding, the best ever, and the event went nicely.

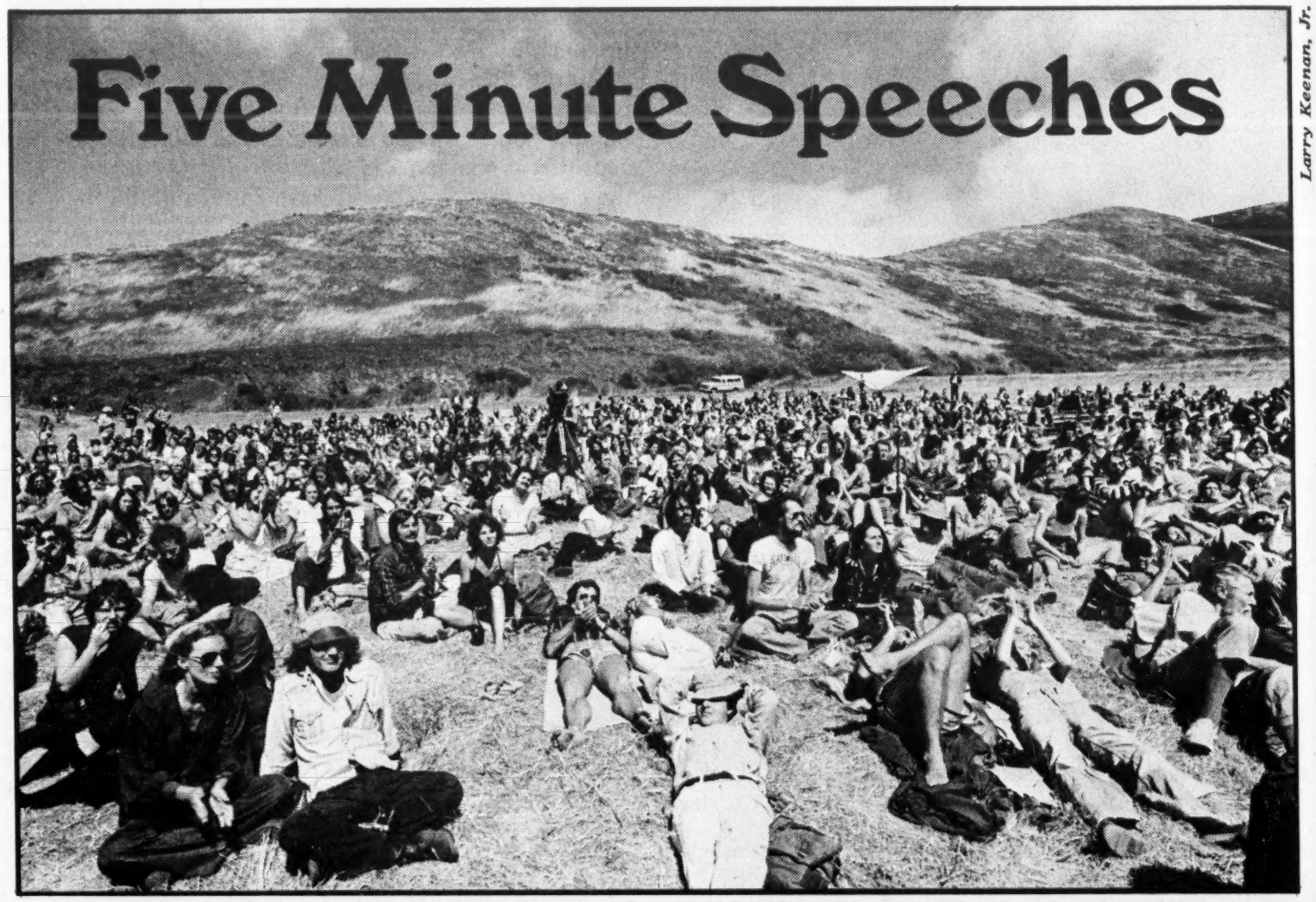
But I'm discontent with the Jamboree. Was it Amy Meyer? I've told myself it was, that my tender sensibilities were just too abraded too damn long by pointless hassle for me to have any heart for another go. But here's my deeper feeling: though Amy Meyer was eminently worth fighting against, the Jamboree was not worth fighting for. It wasn't an idea, it was a reflex based on the non-event of Ten Years. Ten Years doesn't have anything to do with anything. It's an excuse. Why do we need excuses?

End of report. What lessons do I draw from the Jamboree battle and the clarifying exercise of writing it up? I will do no more ordinary public events no matter how nice. A project would have to be strange enough to have no organized set of ideological allies to try to destroy it, because once they try they succeed, even if they fail.

And I'll call "Environmentalist" any sometime ally (against nuclear energy, development, or whatever) that I don't trust and whose ideas don't interest me. Naturally "Ecologists" are those I consider fascinating because unpredictable because perpetually curious, thereby more deeply responsible and thereby trustworthy. On good days I hope to be one.

You can take it a notch wider. When cartoonist Robert Crumb was in the office this week he recounted discussions he'd had in the street with followers of Reverend Moon. "They don't have much integrity," he commented, which drew out of me this: "You don't need integrity if you have revealed truth. It's with *sought* truth you have to have integrity." ▪

Five Minute Speeches



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Two afternoons at the Whole Earth Jamboree Talk Stage

SB: To be fair, and also to be interesting, we're going to be very strict about the five minutes. I have here a timer. I'll introduce each speaker, I'll set the timer, and they can see their time proceeding along to zero, and then you'll hear – RIINNGGG! – that lets them know and you know that they have 15 seconds to conclude beautifully before their microphone tapers down to nothing. At which point you should vigorously applaud, because if they are awkwardly having to end a poem in midstep or something, they need to be appreciated for their problem.

The other rule we have is this. By the nature of the event, people would feel obliged to say nice things about the *Whole Earth Catalog*, because we're calling it the Whole Earth Jamboree, and ten years ago the *Catalog* started. But it seems a waste of all our time to hear various people try to praise the same thing. Since the only way to keep people from going into that mode is to forbid it, we have forbidden it. And we need your help to enforce that. If any of the speakers say anything flattering about the *Whole Earth Catalog, CoEvolution Quarterly,* or its editors, then just give them a little mild boo that lets them know that they're off subject. They can say bad things about us, but not nice things. They can say nice things about you, about this place, about the National Park Service (which I may do a few myself). Are there any questions about the format? Once it gets going, it's like shooting rapids, we're gone.

When it came time to go through the transcripts of people's 5-minute talks I was amazed at the quality of the yield. Against my expectations I'm printing everyone who spoke, in the order they spoke, omitting only portions that would be overly familiar to CQ *readers or arguments that didn't have time to gel under 5-minute duress. Where my stage introduction was halfway cogent I've left it in.*

—SB

The first speaker is Theodora Kroeber. How old were you when you started writing, Theo, fifties? Fifty-five – when she wrote *Ishi in Two Worlds.* She has also done a book about her husband, *Kroeber*. She did a book called *Almost Ancestors* on the American Indians in California, and she is about to speak to you.

THEODORA KROEBER-QUINN

Here and Then

We thought, my husband John and I, to discover if we could what Gerbode Valley was like in Indian times. To this end we revved up our old Time Machine, vintage H.G. Wells and mine. Unlike me, it slipped smartly into reverse and brought us back up the Time Track to 1540.

That is to say, to a couple of years before Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo would, "discover California," and some thirty-seven years before Sir Francis Drake would spend five weeks sowing semi-literate bronze plates and less innocent seed here in what is now Marin County.

We are still back in 1540 because our machine sticks when we try to put it in a forward gear. The crew of Stewart's Flying Saucer, *The Brand*, is presently at work on it, and meanwhile, for the niggardly time Stewart allows, we will tell you something of when we are.

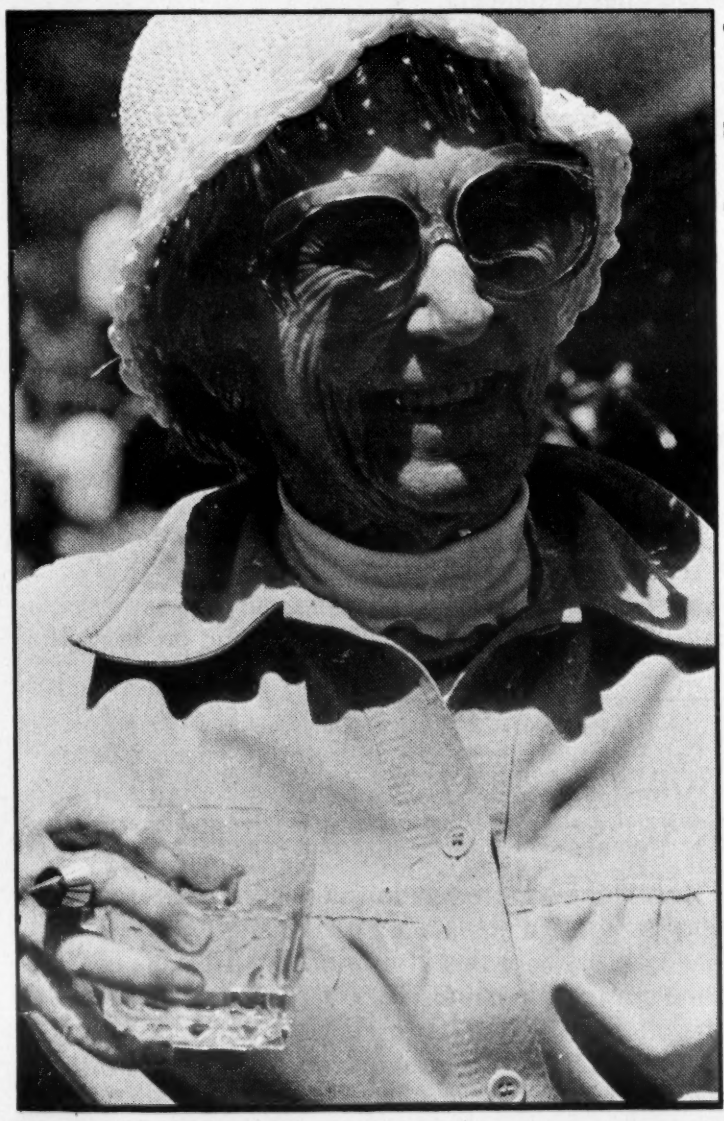
We would dearly love to warn the gentle Hooeéóko, whose country we are in, about Sir Francis, but since White Anglo-Saxon Americans, Saucer Folk and Time Machines have not yet been invented, we, quite simply, do not exist.

It is odd but pleasant to be literally looked and walked through. Never have we felt so safely private.

The land contours remain unchanged. Nonetheless the 16th-century prospect differs from yours in the presence of climax forests of Semper Virens redwoods on the seaward side and great stands of ancient oaks to leeward. There are of course no thistles; no wild oats. Under the principal stands of trees and in and around the village, the brush has been burned off, the clump grass ground cover raked and swept clean. There is little risk from fire this windy August day.

* * *

The empty valley you briefly and partially occupy we discover to be comfortably urban, its people villagers whose semi-subterranean and earth-covered houses are built around a central plaza. There is a pleasant air of age and permanence about these houses: an understated landscape of a muted clarity of earth tones, gently accented by the darkers and lighters of the enclosing hills and by the rounded and mounting mounds of bleaching clam and oyster and crab shells; by copper-coloured people with long straight black hair, who sit quietly. Who step soundlessly on bare brown feet over narrow, meandering paths and trails. (Also clean swept.)



Larry Keenan, Jr.

* * *

An unchanging and unchanged land, this of the Hooeéóko Nation, or World, as its citizens regard it, the ancestors of the Hooeéóko having been here since the Creation according to Hooeéóko reckoning. Since time immemorial. We can only speculate as to how many thousands of years old this Indian nation must be.

Let us take a nearer view:

Everyone, old, young, men, women, is busy
doing something —
Intensely occupied without your 20th-
century tension,
Without its noise.
Occupied with casting a line, shooting a bow,
chipping obsidian; tending a fire, a cooking basket,
a baby; weaving or plaiting a basket; deep in a
gambling game. The sexes seem not to mix in the
gambling games, but both sexes play them absorb-
edly, excitedly.

There is also a great deal of talk, of calling back
and forth;
There is singing and laughter and there are flares
of temper, occasional raised voices —
The excited voices of teen-agers playing shinny —
Of younger children splashing and playing in the creek.

But the voices are light
Blend with the sounds of nature —
With the notes of a song bird,
With the thin cry of a sea bird,
The far bark of a sea lion
Near chittering of a squirrel
Soughing of wind through trees.
War is unknown to these people —
They have no weapons except for the hunting bow
and the harpoon:
No police, no C.I.A.
No agriculture; no draft or domesticated animals
Except for friend Dog.
They live — as they have always lived —
by gathering, hunting, fishing —
Sleep warm, eat well
Enjoy work and leisure
Keep to the Way.
When Death comes they go in peace to the
Land of the Hooeeoko Dead
Over there to the west.

[more →]

What Act of Imaginative Creation put them here?
Keeps them here? Safe. Happy. Content. Enfolded.

We know only this much —
That their Creator God and a handful of Heroes of the Olden Times
Made this World
Set its language — a dialect of Penutian, by the way —
Established its rituals and worship and customs —

Then had the wisdom and the compassion
To leave it all to the new-created People
Betaking themselves to distant worlds across Outer Ocean.

We observe that people from neighboring villages have been arriving since early morning —
Boys and young men, signalling their coming with a volley of small arrows shot into the sky —
Girls and unmarried women, their fresh bark skirts making a shu-shu rustle as they come running.
These young people cluster on the plaza, men on one side,
Women on the other
With waving and calling back and forth
Across the separating space.

Now come the families — and the Old Ones.
Babies are passed from person to person,
made much of —
Runabouts are given fruits and nuts
And settled in a grandfather's, a grandmother's lap.
The Old Ones sit on rabbit skin blankets
Spread for them in the sun — shade, as they wish.
The men gather together, speak of hunting, fishing, gambling luck
The women exchange cross currents of interrupted woman talk —

We sample the feast which is in the making:
Acorn mush, like polenta,
Crabs and shrimps and mussels and clams fresh from the ocean,
Packed in dripping seaweed —
Wild duck on sticks broiling before the fire —
Baked brodeaia bulbs
Fresh fruits and berries — honey and nuts —
Herb teas —

The drums begin a beat which will go on — and on —
The *Hoipa* — the Principal Elder — stands in the middle of the plaza —
There is no sound other than the drum —
The while two fathers lead their daughters from their menstrual houses where they have undergone some weeks
Of fasting, with daily instruction from mother and grandmother

---

Now their hair is done in smooth rolls
Tied with fresh mink ribbons;
The high breasts are half-concealed with many strings of polished shell beads,
And the girls walk straight and proud beside their fathers.
They go to the *Hoipa*
Who gives them each a feather wand,
The Emblem of Young Womanhood

Now they laugh, and forgetting their new dignity, waving their wands,
They run to join their friends in the women's line
Glancing briefly, subtly smiling
Across to the line of men,
to the handsome young hunters there.

The while parents calculate —
Yes, they are beautiful, these two girls,
Are they amiable? Virgin?
Skilled weavers of baskets?
Will they make good daughters-in-law?

Drum beat quickening
The song begins — the Woman's Song
The Men join in, singing the Man's Song

Voices blend —
Two lines of dancers
Move together
Become one

Drums set the beat —
For feet dancing, coming down Strong on the Earth —
For voices chanting, singing
The Song of the Coming of Age of a Hooeéóko Girl

But down the Time Track there is Stewart, signaling *Time Is Up!*
And his chattering Saucer Folk have saucered off without fixing our machine!

* * *

No matter —
There is the feast yet to come —
And the singing and the dancing will go on all night

ROBERT CURRY

Geologist; author of "Watershed Form and Process: The Elegant Balance," in Winter 1976-1977 CQ.

I would like to attempt to follow Theo Kroeber with another look at the place that we are. What I'm really trying to do here this afternoon is a little bit of watershed consciousness-raising. All Earth residents live on the planet today, and most of us will in the future. It will always be the source of our gene pool and that which supports us. And all of us live in delicately

balanced watersheds, and all of us are part of them. We must learn to care for our places.

This valley is a watershed. Let's look quickly at its geologic history to get a sense of where we are. About 70 million years ago this place was a shallow sea on the west coast of North America, with lots of volcanoes back where the Sierra Nevada are today, spewing ash and mud into this area. North America crushed westward and buckled these muds up into islands; its continued inexorable westward drift has violently squeezed and altered these muds into what we now know as the coast range, and these are caught in a great geologic power area, between two enormous blocks of the earth's crust — North America behind you, and Farallonia (or the Pacific plate) in front of you.

This is a remarkable power place. The Pacific plate to the west is rotating counterclockwise. It extends clear over the whole Pacific Basin and it's deep, heavy and uniform. North America, on the other hand, is a lightweight, frothy scum, scraped off the Atlantic. It's broken and mobile and humping westward into mountains and valleys, now crashing headlong into the Pacific plate, right here, right where we sit. As it does so, it stubs up, over and onto the Farallone plate, to be wrenched violently northwestward along the continent margin, and that continent margin is California.

Meanwhile the Sierran volcanoes eroded down to their granite core, and their sediments sluiced westward to fill the great basin we now know as the San Joaquin-Sacramento Valley. Thus these islands were connected to North America. We were acreted, we were fused by compression to the continent as it stubs its sliding toe westward onto the Pacific Plate. Rotation of the Farallone Plate has been tearing great chunks of North America off its stubbed toe and rafting them north. All of California's broken into a series of major north-south fault blocks, and here we are now, riding on this great circum-Pacific merry-go-round, all of us.

Owen's Valley, Tehatchapi, San Andreas, and Hayward are some of the names that we know locally as faults. The tears are many. It's like a merry-go-round with different rings of horses going at different speeds. On the Marin headlands here we are all moving northwest. A piece of southern California was torn off and shoved west and blocked this place over most of its geologic history. That piece has continued northward to become Point Reyes, and we now are in a watershed which only in the last few hundred thousand or few million years has begun to flow out into the open Pacific Ocean.

This watershed is really a very young, very new kind of a watershed. Look at it for a minute. It has rounded hilltops, relatively straight hillsides, and the bottoms of most of the valleys are flat. That is a balanced system. But what is happening today in these Golden Gate National Recreation Area watersheds is that the valleys are beginning to recut themselves, re-incise themselves into the flat basins, and that is the result of an imbalance. The imbalance is not a lot of people sitting on the grass, but the suppression of fire. Fire is an integral part of this basin. The suppression of fire in the last fifty years is causing a disequilibrium of the basins, is causing the cutting of river valleys that will re-incise these basins, and will cause the shedding of more soil from the hillsides. The message that I want to leave you with is that many things alter the balance of a watershed. One of them, right here today, is fire.

BRUCE AMES

Biochemist at University of California, Berkeley; deviser of the Ames Test for quick low-cost appraisal of carcinogenicity of new chemicals.

I'd like to talk about another gift of the Indians, smoking. Some people say that there actually may be some good things in smoking, and I'd like to start off discussing that. Most two-pack-a-day smokers live about ten years less than non-smokers. A few years ago I was going to get the American Cancer Society to take that old poster from the first World War that has the picture of Uncle Sam saying "We Need You," and put, "We Need You to Keep Social Security Solvent — Take a Puff for Uncle Sam."

In fact, if you look at it, the smokers are paying all these excise taxes, and then they die at age 65 and don't collect their pension, so that really, is it in society's interest to say, "What the hell, people want to smoke, let them smoke." That's one way of looking at it.

However, in recent years, some new information's been coming out that suggests that when men and women smoke, it's causing genetic birth defects in their children. There's more and more evidence now about genetic birth defects and abnormal sperm in children of smokers. Why is that? One of the scientific revolutions in recent years has been new understanding about what chemicals that cause cancer have in common, and one of those generalizations is that these substances appear to be mutagens. Mutagens are chemicals that damage the DNA, the genetic material in all cells. So if you get a carcinogen into your body — that's a mutagen. It can mutate the cells of your body, upset some kind of control mechanism, and a cell grows when it isn't supposed to grow, and causes a tumor.

So when you get this gram of cigarette tar into your lungs every day — a gram is about three aspirin tablets of weight — not only does it cause lung cancer, but all these mutagens are absorbed into your body, and get all over it. Recently we've shown that you can look in the urine of people and tell the cigarette smokers from the non-smokers, because there's so many mutagens in the urine of the smokers. In fact, one modern theory of heart disease suggests that atherosclerotic plaques are really like benign tumors — they're derived from single cells — and that that may be mutational as well.

So these chemicals you get into you now are damaging the DNA in all of your cells. If they damage the germ cells then you're causing abnormal sperm and eggs, and mutations will show up in your children and your grandchildren. So then, one wonders, is smoking only affecting the person, or are we affecting the whole gene pool? The moral of all this is that if you're going to have children, maybe you should give up smoking during those years that you're having children, and then you're welcome to start up again.

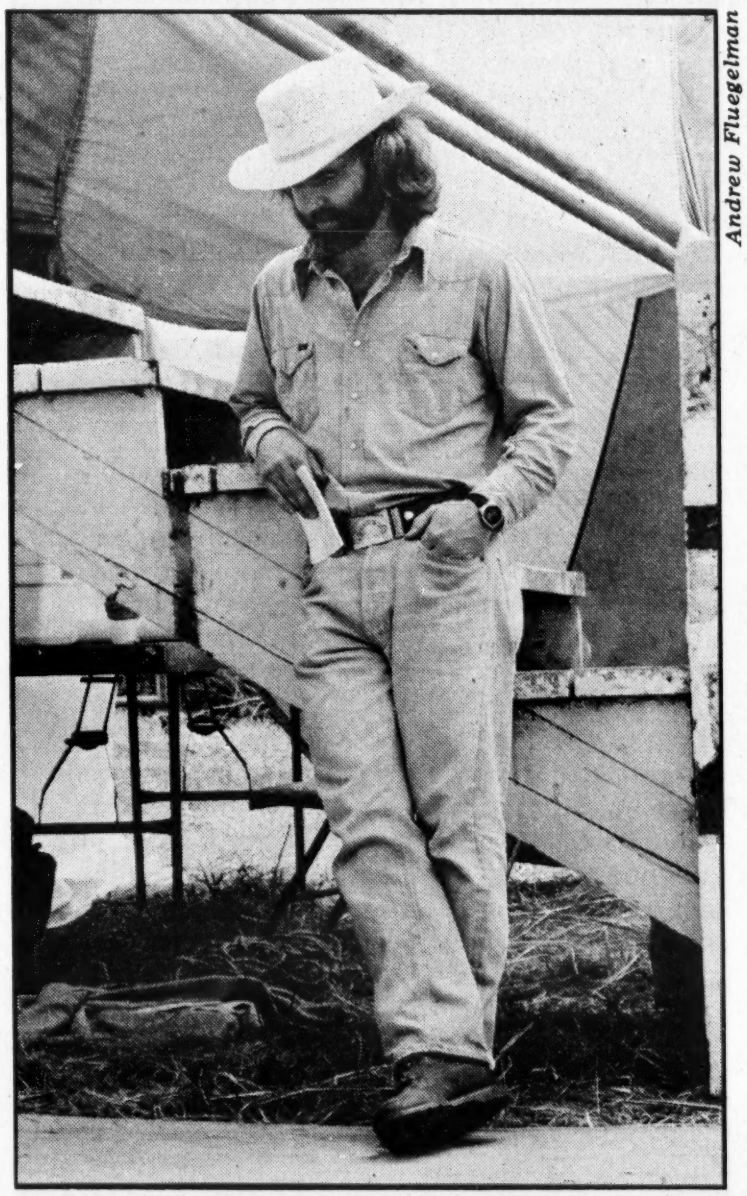
JAMES FADIMAN

Psychologist, co-author of **Personality and Personal Growth** *and* **Transpersonal Education.**

. . . There has been a recent study showing that as the percentage of medical facilities available increases in any community, the death rate goes up. Not only the death rate for older people, but the infant mortality rate also goes up. Now, I don't want to say there's a connection between those two, but it is an intriguing possibility. . . .

TOM FERGUSON, M.D.

Editor of **Medical Self Care**



Andrew Fluegelman

. . . The most important lesson that I learned in Yale Medical School was one I had to figure out for myself. Half or more of the patients I took care of had a disease that was partially or totally preventable. My teachers and most of my fellow students were a lot more interested in figuring out smarter ways to diagnose and treat those diseases than in trying to figure out ways to help the people prevent them in the first place.

One of the few doctors I came across who was even asking what I thought were any of the right questions was a family practitioner down in Virginia by the name of Keith Senate. He had taken the unheard of step of offering a class in basic clinical medicine and inviting all his patients to take it. In these classes people learned how to use a stethoscope and a blood pressure cuff, how to examine their kids' throat and ears, how to keep and read medical records, how to measure vital signs, how to examine a body for signs of illness, and so on. It went a long way beyond first aid. He not only taught people what to do until the doctor came, he taught them when they could do without the doctor altogether.

His students learned such things as how to drill through a smashed fingernail with a hot paper clip or a sharp pen knife to relieve a painful hematoma, how to give their own kids allergy shots, how to ask the right questions to decide whether a symptom called for a run to the emergency room, a phone call to the doctor, or home treatment. He also taught them some things that most doctors don't know too much about, like relaxation and yoga, and good nutrition. Keith got a lot of people started talking about self-care, and a smaller but substantial number of us got excited enough to go out and start teaching similar classes of our own. At last count there were self-care classes operating in 37 states. . . .

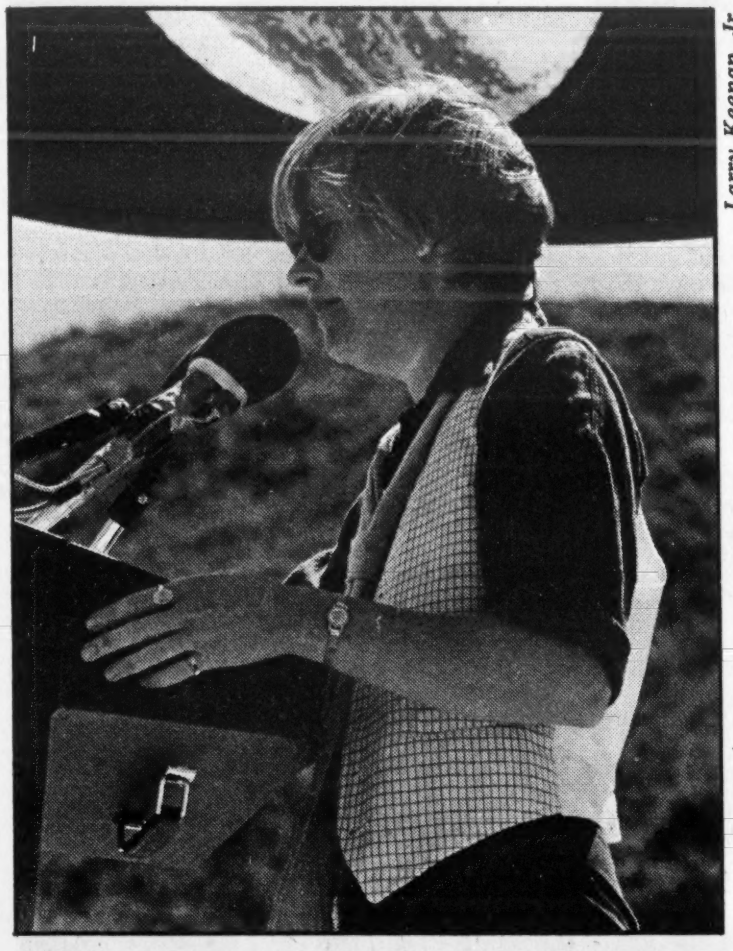
PETER WARSHALL

CQ *natural history editor; author of* **Septic Tank Practices;** *forthcoming author of* **Watersheds.**

The Hooeé́óko people who lived in this valley believed in the salmon. The salmon was the creature of the watershed. The salmon went from the headwaters where the adults mated and produced their young down to the Pacific, where they lived and grew to adulthood and then came back. It is therefore the totem, the totem creature of our watersheds, just as the whale and the dolphin are the totem creatures of our oceans. And its health has to do with everybody else's health. The health of the salmon, like the health of the whale, tells us how well our land is, our waters are, and how well our own lives are.

Conservation means local economy. If you conserve your own water, conserve your own land, then you will keep the salmon alive, and you will be able to eat salmon. Right now, because of our own destruction of all the watersheds in California, we can no longer eat the salmon of our own streams. When you go down to Fisherman's Wharf, the crab you get comes from Eureka and Alaska, whereas it used to come from the Bay Area. Your salmon now comes from up in Alaska, rather than from the rivers that are right around us.

Think of the names of the rivers that feed the Bay Area and we can see that every one of those watersheds has been upset and put into a disease, a dis-ease place, by human influence. Think of the Pit, the McCloud, the Yuba, the Feather, the American, the Stanislaus, the Mokelumne, the San Joaquin, the Sacramento. In all of California, every river has been dammed except for the Smith. The Smith river is the only river that still flows from the mountains to the sea without a dam, without diversion, without canals, and still can maintain its health, and its economy — the salmon. In order to maintain our economy and our health, we must believe in the totem creature of the people who lived here for thousands of years.

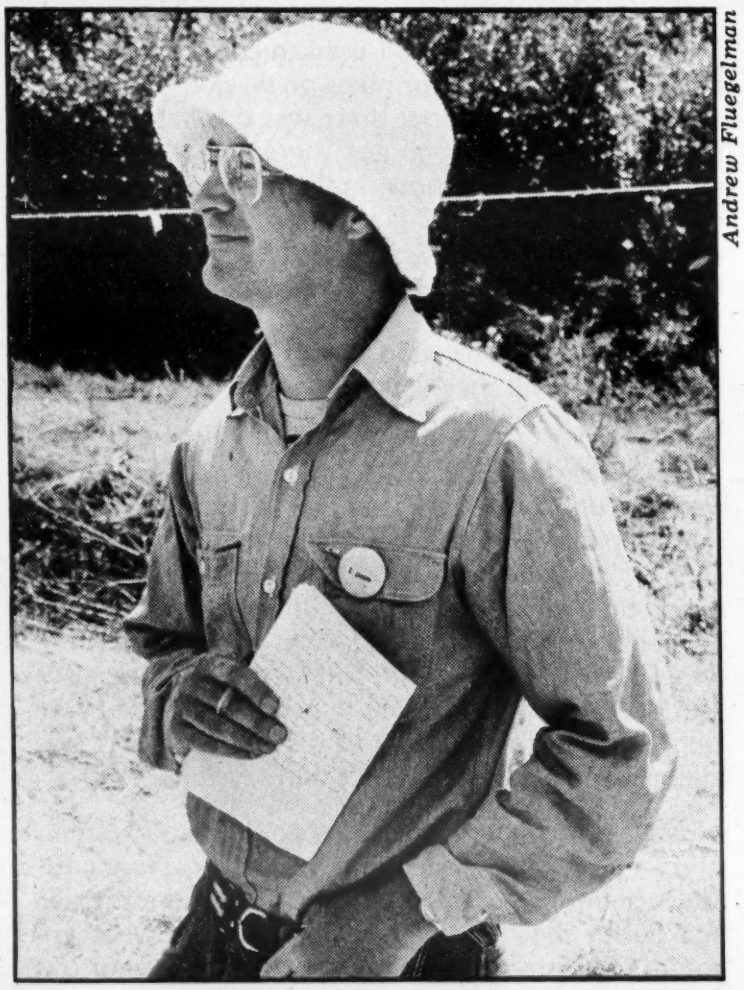


Larry Keenan, Jr.

At this point **Susan Griffin** *read a portion of her new book, Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her, that was in the Eall '78 CQ, connecting the violence against women with the violence against everything.*

ERNEST CALLENBACH

Author of Ecotopia; *founder and editor of* Film Quarterly



Andrew Fluegelman

. . . I lived through the fifties, and so I can tell you that eras like the one we are in right at the moment do not last forever. Something is going to happen again, something is going to start moving. It may be something like the French self-management thing that happened in '68, where, instead of saying the factory must stop, workers say, "We are going to take over the factory, Management please go away." I think a lot more of that is going to happen when the next great upheaval comes. Now the role of technical intelligentsia people like ourselves is always to ally ourselves with some large mass of people. If we don't do that we end up isolated and without real leverage when the crunch comes. It's very important, therefore, and I urge this upon you as our highest priority right now, to continue forging an alliance with what is perhaps embarrassingly still referred to as the working class, the working people of this country. If we can manage that combination of forces, that combination of power will be enough, I think, to make us capable of really moving the Earth toward a stable state, survival-oriented, maybe even Ecotopian future. Thank you.

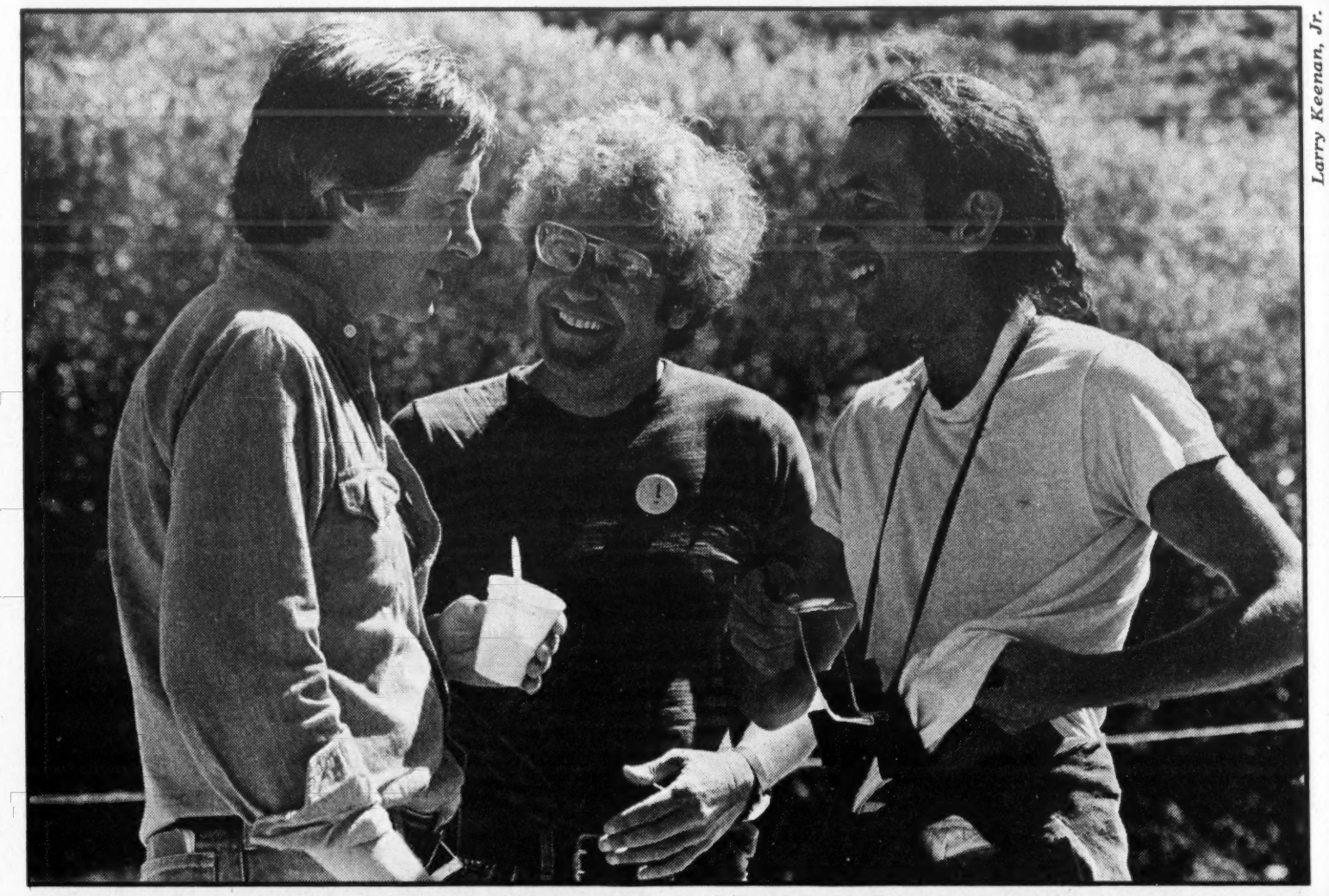
MICHAEL MCCLURE

Poet, author of Antechamber & Other Poems, September Blackberries, *etc., playwright of* The Beard, Gorf, Minnie Mouse and the Tap-Dancing Buddha, *etc.*

In the editing of the current issue of *CoEvolution* Lawrence Ferlinghetti and I came kind of cheek to cheek at times, or jowl to jowl as they say, on what was political, and what was biological. And I felt that, because Lawrence has asked so often for a public dialogue among poets, that I should take this as a subject for a public dialogue, and read you part of my response, which is in the form of a poem manifesto.

LISTEN, LAWRENCE. THERE ARE CERTAIN OF US
INTENSELY COMMITTED
TO
a
real,
A REAL,
REVOLT! A REVOLT
that we only begin to
conceptualize as we
achieve it!
THE CONCEPTION
BEGINS SLOW
– as we do it – as we really do
it – as we make the revolution
with our bodies – our real BODIES!
OUR REAL BODIES ARE NOT DIVISIBLE
from the bulks of our
brother and sister beings!
We're alarmed by the simultaneous extinction
and overcrowding of creatures:
WE
BELIEVE
that the universe of discourse *[more →]*

Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Michael McClure, Bob Curry, Peter Warshall

(of talk and habit-patterned actions)
and the universe of politics
are equivalent!
THAT POLITICS IS DEAD
and
BIOLOGY
IS HERE!
We live near the shadow
AT THE NEAR EDGE OF THE SHADOW,
((TOO NEAR!!))
of the extermination
of the diversity
of living beings. No need
to list their names
(Mountain Gorilla, Grizzly, Dune Tansy)
for it
is a too terrible
elegy to do so!

COMMUNISM,
CAPITALISM,
SOCIALISM,
will do
NOTHING,
NOTHING,
to save the surge
of life – the incredible
ten thousand to the ten thousandth
vast DaVincian molecule of which
ALL LIFE,
ALL LIFE,
is a particle! . . .

RAYMOND DASMANN

***Wildlife biologist; author of* The Conservation Alternative; Last Horizon; Planet in Peril; Wildlife Biology**

You know, when I was a kid I lived in San Francisco. This was in the '30s, and I used to come across the bay to Marin county for hikes on weekends, but it always bothered me that there was this beautiful area here that we couldn't go anywhere near because the military had it. Well now, in the 1970s, when it's a national park and available to all of us, I'm glad the military did have it. It's one of the few places left in California that hasn't been cowed and sheeped and trampled and bulldozed to death. One thing the military does seem to be good for is keeping people away from things, and they've kept people away from this pretty well.

I left California in 1965 after writing my book, *The Destruction of California*, so I missed everything that was happening. I read about it in the papers, heard about it on radio when I was in the East and then for a long time in Europe. It seemed that everything was happening in California, and I was out of it, and I felt rather badly. Then when I finally did get back last year, I went around talking to people, and they said, "Oh, yeah, it did happen, but it's all over now." Well, look around you here and try and say that.

I was an environmentalist way back. There wasn't anyone around, it seemed, in those days. Now you can pick your own cause and right over here there'll be a booth about it, and if it doesn't cover what you're interested in, you can set one up on your own.

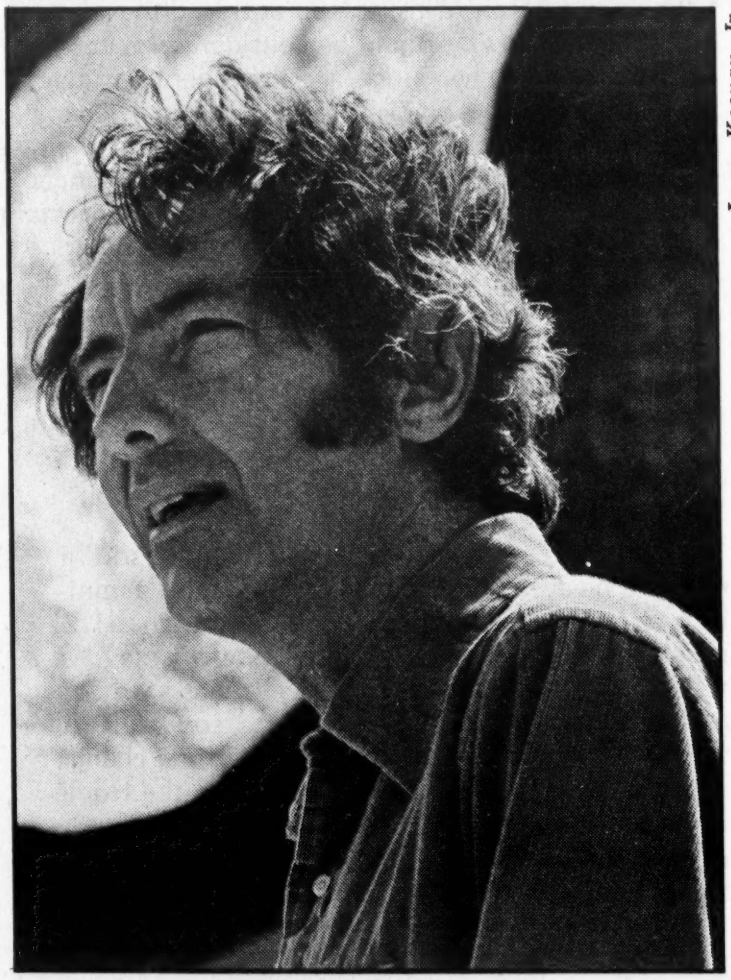
I just want to say I'm awfully happy to see you people here. I don't want you to quit smoking, I don't want you to take up any particular cause, I just want you to go on doing what you're doing. You've changed the world.

SB: God, we're on schedule, everyone's come. You understand, none of these people have been paid, not even their travel. It's outrageous. [Applause.] Sam Keen didn't have to come far, actually. He lives just over here at Muir Beach, and is, I think, known to a fairly wide audience as quite a marvelous interviewer for *Psychology Today*. I first was able to get him into the magazine on the subject of spiritual tyranny using a talk he gave at a meeting that was put together by Esalen Institute about four years ago, where we all looked at the various quickie belief systems that are loose and that get grasped at. Sam, who was familiar with many of the honcho gurus from having done interviews with them expressed a wonderfully enthusiastic but skeptical framework to look at them with. He's done several books and he's here for five minutes.

SAM KEEN

Stewart is fiendishly clever in giving us five minutes, which he knows is too short a time to say most anything, and so he forces us that way to say most everything. Last night I thought about what I would say, and what it came out is almost a credo of a new age, of things I believe. They might be called "46 Propositions in Search of Psychology Tomorrow."

1. Our dis-ease involves our habit of treating symptoms.
2. Technology cannot heal us of our obsession with techniques.
3. Psychological and economic depression is the result of a destination crisis not an energy crisis.
4. Energy follows intention.
5. We have lost our ends, not our means.
6. What is missing is a vision, a purpose for living.
7. Our missing purpose will be found in dreams, not in action.
8. The first thing to do is – nothing.
9. In the beginning is the end.
10. Every process moves toward an undefinable goal.
11. All energy is already in-formed.
12. The end creates the means.
13. The question of value, or purpose, is prior to that of technique.
14. We are in transit toward an unknown destiny.
15. A human being is a citizen of two kingdoms: the here and how, and the there and the then.
16. We are healed only by dreaming about a destination we cannot know.
17. We are creatures of the darkness and the light.
18. The promised but unknown future draws us toward becoming who we are.
19. The human potential is unreachable – thank God.
20. We are unfinished; therefore we hope.
21. We are motivated by longing, by what we are not – yet.
22. There is a dream dreaming us.
23. We do not belong to ourselves.
24. Anything that can be accomplished in a single lifetime is too small a dream to provide a purpose for living.
25. Any "identity" that can be found deserves to be lost.
26. Who am I to presume to answer the question: Who am I?
27. I am beyond anything I can know myself to be.



Larry Keenan, Jr.

28. Paranoia is the human condition.
29. Our vocation is to learn to trust.
30. The human future depends upon whether we can learn to be gentle.
31. Fully human beings are not warriors.
32. We do not conquer life.
33. We are not in control.
34. We did not create the world.
35. There were fish before there were fishermen, indigo buntings before ornithologists, and a whole earth before a *Whole Earth Catalog.*
36. Our first responsibility is to appreciate.
37. Philosophy, and healing, begin in wonder.
38. Silence preceeds authentic words.
39. Virile actions begins in contemplation.
40. To God we are all women.
41. Surrender to what is, before changing anything.
42. It is only safe to change what you have already learned to love.
43. We can only love what is faulted.
44. A perfect, finished, world would have no need of me.
45. Tragedy, enduring injustice, systematic imperfection provide the tasks which give human life purpose.
46. We are in this world to wonder and be responsible for each other.

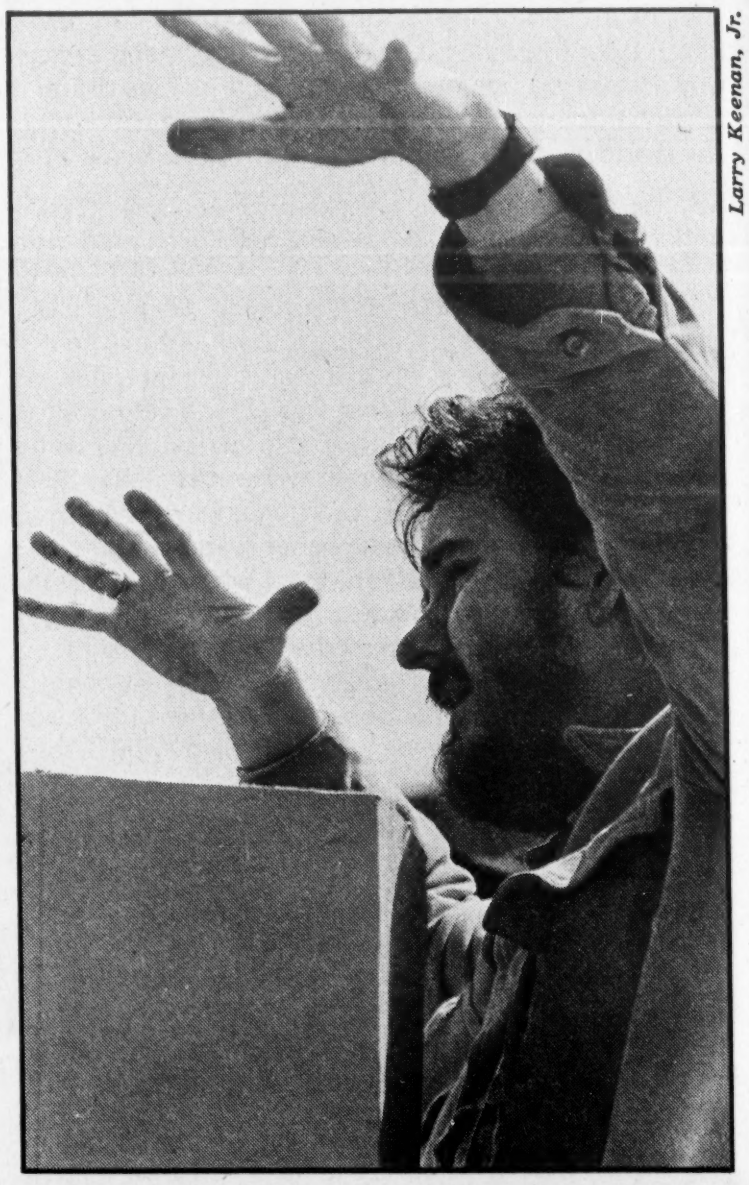
SB: William Irwin Thompson is one of those authors where people grab you by the arm and say, "Have you read . . .?" In my case, it was, "Have you read *The Edge of History*?" By one of the ironies of edges of history, William Irwin Thompson's book and the *Whole Earth Catalog* (I've got to phrase this carefully) were both up for the Contemporary Affairs Category of the National Book Award in 1972. And in the flukey politics of that business, one of the judges, a fellow named Gary Wills, was so outraged that the *Whole Earth Catalog* would be considered for such an award that he quit as a judge, and the other two judges, Harrison Salisbury and Digby Diehl looked at one another and gave the prize to the *Catalog.* So when we first met, I felt that Bill Thompson was a little uncertain toward me. I thought that he should be uncertain toward Gary Wills. Since then Bill has done other good books, but he has been most active as the co-founder and head of Lindisfarne Association, which has put together a remarkable number of people and events somewhat more private but in many ways very similar to this.

WILLIAM IRWIN THOMPSON

It is absurd to give a lecture in five minutes, so I'm going to be even more absurd to try to give a mini-lecture on one end of history to the other in 4-1/2 minutes. The geologists who spoke before me have tried to give us a sense of where we are as a way of gaining a sense of where we are going, so I want to talk about history by talking about cultural change, about six great cultural transformations: the Hominization of the primates, Symbolization and the origins of notation and art in the Upper Paleolithic, Agriculturalization in 9000 B.C., Civilization in 3500 B.C., Industrialization in the eighteenth century A.D., and the cultural transformation we are in now, Planetization.

The first one, the Hominization of the primates, should be called the feminization of the primates, because it all started when we got kicked out of the forest in the Pliocene, and we became so scared, being out in the open, subject to predation, that the females unconsciously lured the males around them by abandoning the old estrus system and becoming open to sexuality at all times. So the males left palling around with their buddies in the old male pair-bonding pattern and clustered around the females. Next thing you know, there is a whole new set up, with the males scrounging and the females gathering: that created the basic division of labor between male and female.

So, the origins of human culture come from women, and so, Thank You, since I'm a cultural historian that's important to me. The women did it again in the next big change, Symbolization. When language began to emerge it really split consciousness by creating the unconscious and the conscious. Like an island rising out of the sea, language was a piece of the old ocean floor held up to new light, and the symbol, like a piece of coral or a rock, could help to relate the one to the other. One seemingly small thing which helped relate the one to the other was menstruation, for it established the first observable periodicities between the phases of the moon and



Larry Keenan, Jr.

the internal life of the womb, with ovulation at the full and menstruation at the dark of the moon. In observing this synchronicity between their bodies and nature, and in keeping track of the ten lunar months of pregnancy on the lunar tally sticks of the midwife, woman was the first to establish the system of notation and symbolism upon which all later calendrical systems are based. So, the roots of science, contra Marshack, are with women; it's the story of the Great Mother holding up the lunar calendar incised on the crescent of the bison's horn (the well-known Venus of Laussel), and not the story of the Great Father with his phallic wand.

The third basic change came again from women when, through gathering wild cereals, they discovered that they could collect enough food in three weeks to last an entire year. Women and children could collect more food than man the hunter could ever kill. But the food required storage and heavy grinding bins, and so they began to settle down to create agriculture and the neolithic village. Unfortunately, agriculture gave us enough of a surplus that men had some time on their hands. Since they now had "property" which could be taken away, the men found that trading and raiding could be as exciting as the old days of the hunt, and so warfare came into being.

After the domestication of plants and animals in Agriculturalization came the next big change, the domestication of women, or Civilization. Warfare enabled

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the old custom-bound, religious, matrilineal society of the neolithic village to grow into the great city with its patriarchal structure, its great male gods, its religiously controlled economic surplus, and its standing armies. Small wonder that the Sumerian goddess, Inanna, comes to the great male god, Enki, and says: 'I, the woman, why did you treat differently; where are my prerogatives." Enki responds by saying, "Enki perfected greatly that which was woman's task." A woman as a cook is a mere housewife, but a man is a chef. Woman may have invented the lunar tally stick, but man takes it over to create writing, the measurement of wealth in the temple storehouse.

From 3500 B.C. to the eighteenth century A.D., all the civilizations of the world are agrarian, but then in Great Britain another big change comes along and we get the next transformation, Industrialization. Industrialization is really an intensification of Civilization, and so through science and technology the culture becomes even more patriarchal and militaristic than its Sumerian ancestor. In Hominization, the old forest home had been absorbed into the clump of trees, the new home base for the hominids. In Symbolization the animals were absorbed into artistic images on stones and cave walls.

In Agriculturalization the plants were absorbed, and in Civilization women were absorbed. In each case of cultural absorption there was an attendant process of miniaturization: first the forest had been miniaturized in the clump of trees of the home-base, then the animals had been miniaturized into an artistic image and time was miniaturized in a lunar tally stick; then plants were miniaturized in a garden, and finally women and neolithic matrilineal culture were miniaturized in the patriarchal household. In the eighteenth century all nature was surrounded and miniaturized by culture. The wrought iron and glass structure of the Great Exhibition of 1851 surrounded the trees and fountains of Hyde Park and proclaimed for all the world to see that in the Crystal Palace of industrial technology, wild nature had been turned into a potted plant. (Small wonder that most Victorian drawing rooms became civilized jungles of potted ferns.) We historians now see all this, of course, with 20-20 hindsight. Then people thought they were *returning* to nature in romanticism, and the Great Exhibition featured such camouflage of industrialization as Sherwood Forest Robin Hood Chairs, Gothic sewing scissors, and rose-decorated sewing machines. Through the Medieval Court in the Crystal Palace, everyone grooved on nostalgia, with cute little vines engraved on the legs of the machines. You can see it all in the world's first *Whole Earth Catalog*, the catalog for the Great Exhibition itself.

What was true of Industrialization is true of Planetization. A nostalgic and false consciousness tried to camouflage the structure with a romantic content. All the artifacts and cultures of the world were miniaturized in Stewart Brand's *Whole Earth Catalog*, and although people grooved on wood stoves and fantasies of self-sufficiency, the catalog itself was absorbing everything into its giant collage. All culture was now being absorbed and miniaturized as the preparation for stuffing it into one of Stewart's beloved space colonies. Just as the Victorians had once grooved on rose-decorated sewing machines, so people now grooved on wood stoves, windmills, and solar collectors, but the folksy nostalgia merely camouflaged the technological collectivization. When the *CoEvolution Quarterly* later openly came out in favor of Herman Kahn and O'Neill's space colonies, it showed the true skull and bones under the costume: all nature was to be turned into a potted plant in a tin can, and all culture was to be trashed into a television-sensibility collage.

But the *Whole Earth Catalog* and the *CoEvolution Quarterly* do not express the full dimensions of Planetization. In what Sri Aurobindo would call "the descent of the supra-mental," there is a new level of human consciousness which is now surrounding, absorbing, and miniaturizing the old civilized and technological consciousness. As the Supramental surrounds the old mental level, the mind becomes an artifact, and intellection becomes a mind-dance. *Ratio* becomes *logos* once again and the central icon of the econometric state, the dollar sign $ falls on its side and the bars that cross it melt and turn it into a sign for infinity.

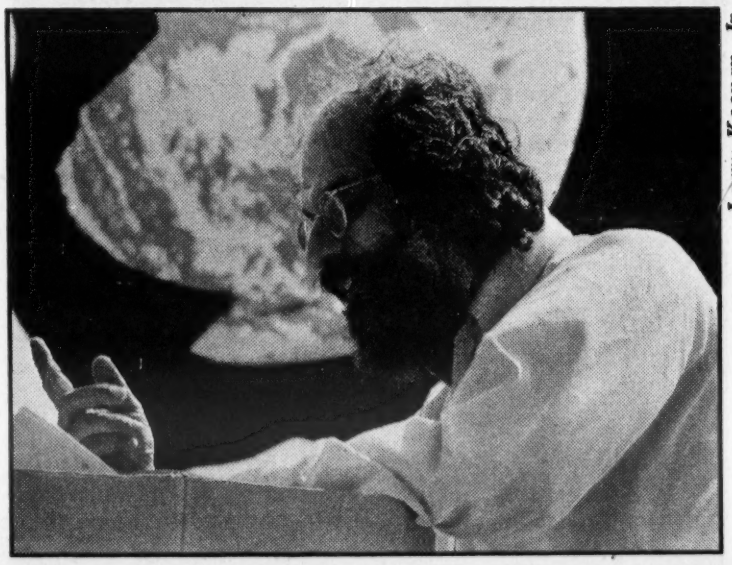
MARK MITCHAM

The 17-year-old Mark Mitcham, author of Mole Jokes, traveled clear from Kentucky to the Jamboree. He came to the stage with a harmonica and a just-found guitar accompanist named Duncan Pain, and they whonked out fine musical relief from all the serious talk. Lyrics were on the order of:

Well, I live underground, where the sun ain't
going to shine on me.
Well, I live underground, where the sun ain't
going to shine on me.
I like it down there, 'cause I can do things
ain't nobody can see.

ALLEN GINSBERG

I gave a short introduction — "I'm unlikely ever to be asked to nominate an American saint and name only one person, but if I were, I would say Allen Ginsberg." — and Allen read his finely-researched Whitmanesque "Plutonian Ode," which appeared in the Fall '78 CQ, the poets' issue.



Larry Keenan, Jr.

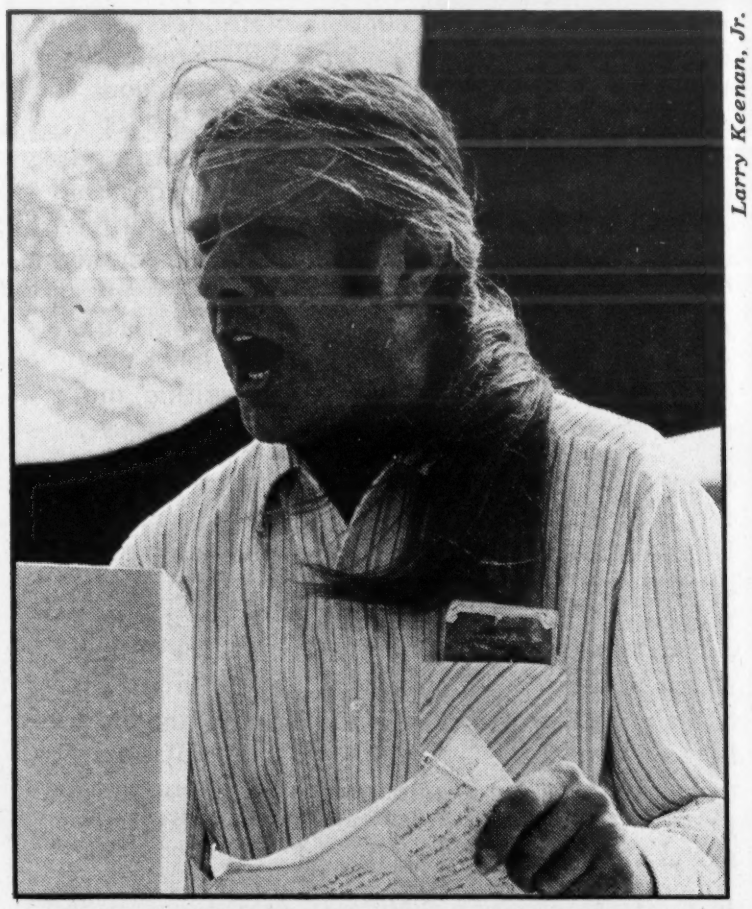
GREGORY CORSO

Poet; author of Happy Birthday of Death; The Japanese Notebook Ox; Long Live Man.

I GAVE THE SKY AWAY

I gave the sky away
along with the sun the moon the stars
and all the things that fly in it –
"Stop!" screamed the trees
"Birds are ours when not in transit!"
I gave the trees away
along with the ground they inhabit
and all the things that crawl and walk upon it –
"Hold it!" tidaled the seas
"Clouds and rivers and amphibians are ours
you can't give it."
so I gave away the seas
along with its shores docks locks
and all things which swim it
sail it –
"NO WAY!" screamed the gods
"We own all we made! all you gave
along with the likes of you, we made!"
So I gave the gods away.

Larry Keenan, Jr.



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Then **Peter Orlovsky**, *long-time buddy of Allen's and brand-new author (Clean Asshole Poems and Smiling Vegetable Songs) read "America, Give a Shit!," which appeared in the Fall '78 CQ.*

SB: The next speaker knocked me out in 1960, when I was just getting out of college, with his involvement with a book called *This is the American Earth,* which changed so many things at once it took us a lot of years to count them. It changed book publishing. It changed the way that photographs could be used to change thinking, to change perception, to change behavior. He was head of Sierra Club in extremely important years there and has been the arch-druid of Friends of the Earth since its inception, since he was its inception. David Brower.

DAVID BROWER

When I graduated from high school, which wasn't too long ago, the population of the Earth was half of what it now is. When I bought these pants, we'd gained half that difference. What happens next? If you watched your *Chronicle* on Thursday, you saw that the Global 2000 Report being prepared for the President has a population predicted by the end of this century – up to another half of what we have now.

I'm just here to say that it won't work, but we can go a different way. We have a different opportunity. Here's seven chapter heads for opportunity.

1) We can end nuclear proliferation even though the President, contrary to his promises, is doing exactly the opposite. The peaceful atom is a bomb. We don't need it, and we don't need atomic weapons. We've got to back away soon.

2) We can use Amory Lovins' soft energy path and we can start right now.

Larry Keenan, Jr.

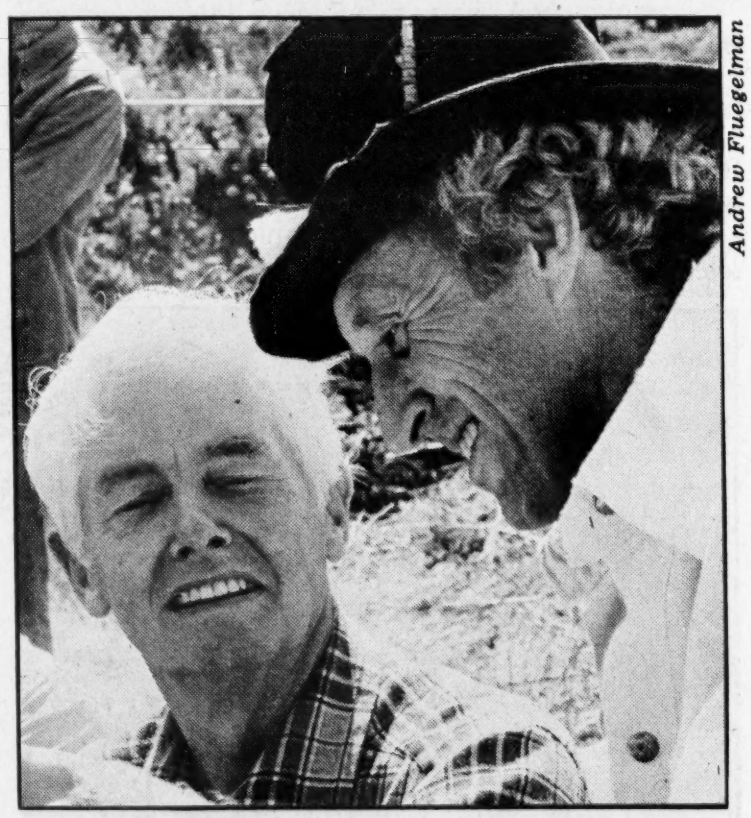
3) We need, I think, to redesign progress — to live it as if survival mattered. We must stop mixing it up with growth.

4) We need to do a bit more than we have for the world's endangered cultures, the endangered species other than ourselves, and the endangered planet itself. This is moving forward now in a world heritage program, which the United States is finally participating in with some vigor. Ray Dasmann had much to do with it.

5) We can do a lot more by wilderness than we have. There is a destructive gang vandalizing the last hope for a good wilderness in Alaska right now in the Senate Energy Committee. They've gone home for a vacation. You can try to get them to do better than they're doing, or call upon the President to declare the whole thing a national monument.

6) We need to be, I think, a little bit more careful about how we play around with genetic engineering.

7) We need to treat the land differently from the way we are now. We need to treat it as if soil is not an old-fashioned thing, but essential to our very life.



Andrew Fluegelman

David Brower *Stewart Brand*

And another opportunity lies before us to try a form of influence that is almost unused. Two months ago a few environmentalists representing some 4-1/2 million people organized in environmental movements in this country met with President Carter. They were scolding him, telling him how what he had been doing was against his promises. He listened quietly for a while and then said, "I think I'm strong enough to take your criticism. But constant heckling saps me." He went on to say one thing that he was missing was any praise for any of the things that had happened. When did anybody last praise Secretary Andrus of the Interior? No one in that room had.

I realized then that one of the best things we do is to criticize, and one of the worst things we do is not give any praise when it's well worth giving. I remembered an earlier President, who made the best speech on population control any President ever made. That was Nixon. He said we are on a collision course and we must do something about it. And what happened to him? It was a dud at the box offices. I polled my own audiences, and of all the people who came to listen to an environmentalist — environmentally skewed if you will — one out of a thousand had thanked the President for the boldest move he could make. He didn't make another move that bold in the rest of his career.

I don't think we should allow our present President or the other people that we work with to have that lack of support from us. I would like to see the hands right now from the number of people in this audience who a year ago thanked President Carter for vetoing the Clinch River Breeder Appropriation. How many? Right. So he's ready not to veto it this time around.

Our best opportunity, and we've almost forgotten it, is to use the most potent energy we have, and that is love, gratitude, thanks. Try it. And I've got to try it, too.

DEAN FLEMING

The next speaker was Dean Fleming, artist and founder of Libre commune in Colorado, who read a poem which ended:

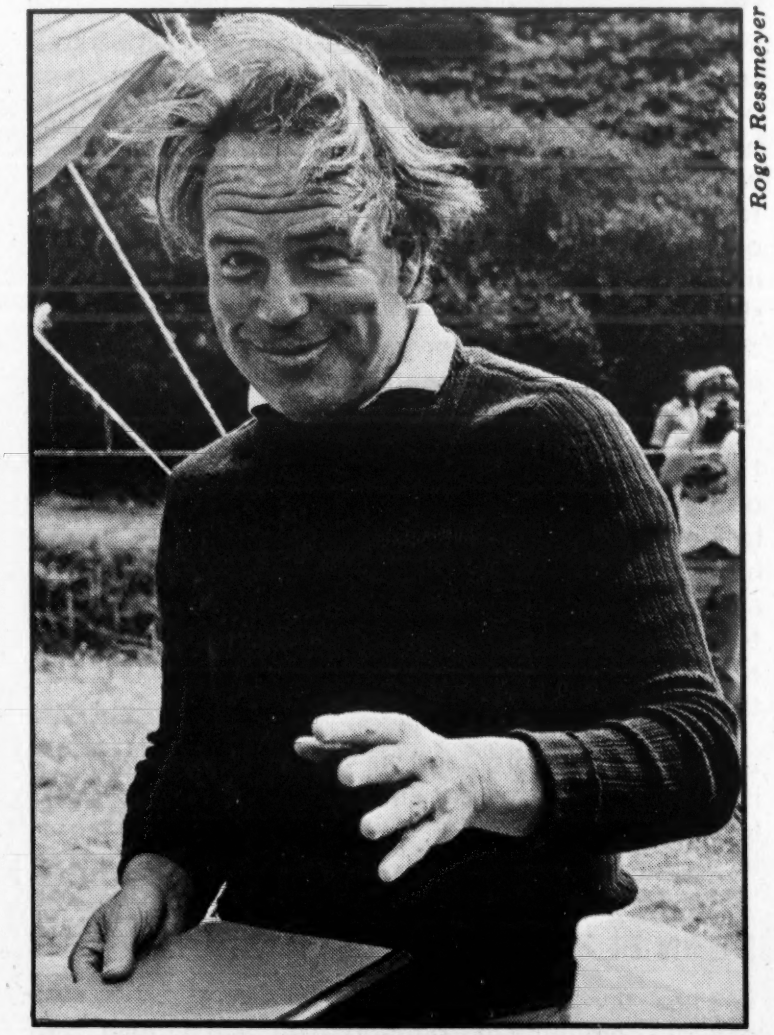
In the scream of humanity's Manhattans
The memory of juniper is enough to balance
The vision of mighty peaks enough to silence
The writhings of the mind.
In our taught conceptions of equality
Fifty-fifty has some meaning.
But in fact two old men drumming
May keep this whole Earth humming.

RON JONES

Teacher; publisher of Zephyros educational materials; author of "Take As Directed," "The Acorn People," "Winning."

[Quick riff of mouth popping.] Mouth popping was discovered in a Pennsylvania scientific laboratory about five years ago. The names of the scientists are unknown. There was a woman scientist, very pretty, and two men, one horny. They were investigating the big bang theory when they came across a pop, quite by accident. The pop theory spread immediately throughout the scientific community. They wrote papers, they sent memos, they did all kinds of things. The pop theory was dilated, pressurized, and finally they did a slow-motion study of the great pop — the gaseous explosion, the slow coming together. And religion and science converged.

Now, religion immediately responded to the pop theory by saying, "No, no, no. No, no. No, no. Mouth popping is a no-no." It was morally blackballed immediately. No one was allowed to do mouth popping. Government studies, however, immediately came to the fore, and funnelled $80 million to Stanford University's Hoover Institute, in the guise of an



Roger Ressmeyer

Ron Jones

anthropological study, to study mouth popping. Think tanks immediately arose throughout the country, in Los Angeles, Salinas, Monterey.

Mouth popping became a fad. Parents hated it. The children did it. It could be done sitting on the toilet. It didn't have to be carried in a case, or tuned. Suzuki schools spread throughout the country doing mouth popping. For $50 you could attend a seminar workshop on "Mouth Popping and a Better You." *Zen and the Art of Mouth Popping* was to be published. A movie was made. Everyone was doing it. Walter Cronkite snuck in a pop, very small, but he did it. Bill Graham threw a party. It cost $20 to get in. The AMA cautioned against its effects on your health.

Finally *People* magazine, *Us* magazine, *Them* magazine, *Their* magazine, did an expose on mouth popping — they were photo essays; they don't write. Of course, that did it. Mouth popping was dead. The government stopped funding it, science stopped looking at it, religion stopped fighting it. Mouth popping was dead. But was it? Can you kill the truth? Can you stop destiny?

In darkened rooms, children were turning off their radios and mouth popping. In subways, you could hear people mouth popping. Singers were mouth popping. The people would not be denied. Jamborees such as this were formed specifically to teach you the art of mouth popping. If you'll simply put your hands in that very known position, there's a little triangle formed right there, and then if you'll open your mouth in a nice hollow space, you too can mouth pop.

DAVID MELTZER

Poet; author of Six; The Secret Garden; *and* A Poetry Notebook

It's simple.
One morning
Wake up
Ready for new work.
Pet the dog,
Dog's not there.
Rise and shine,
Sun's not there.
Take a deep breath.
No air.
Look for the sun.
No sun.

It's simple.
Wake up one morning
Ready for new work
And the animals are on strike
With the air, the sea,
The earth quits us.
Casts us off
Like a sickness
In her fiery core.

PAOLO SOLERI

Arcologist; designer of Arcosanti, Arizona; author of The Bridge Between Matter and Spirit Is Matter Becoming Spirit

Because of the birth of consciousness within a quite possibly meaningless universe, and because consciousness is mind-full of values, reality might now be seeking and pursuing meaning.

Larry Keenan, Jr.

My fundamental hypothesis is that reality, "equipped" with consciousness, is attempting to create its own semen. This reverses theological thinking head to toe. That which religion places at the origin — the seed,

the divine power, the fountainhead – is seen at the end instead. Cosmogenesis, as the word says, is the creation of genes, the ultimate genes of the cosmos. Such process entails the total consumption of the media available, the physical cosmos itself. Then, at the final juncture of consummation, the cosmos would replay itself completely (resurrection) as any good seed replays itself in the organism it "contains."

I am not peddling the truth, I am presenting an hypothesis. Why, and why one such as this? If I had more time, I would follow this line of reasoning: if it is a fact that equity, justice, truth, beauty, and grace are the real longing of conscious life, then this eschatological hypothesis might be the only one true to such longing. And if this were to be proven, then the imperative of consciousness clearly would be the dedication, full and unwavering, to the development of this ultimate seed, this divine occasion, pure, total . . . unimaginable.

According to this hypothesis, truth does not exist, it is in the process of being created. The same is true of justice, perfection, beauty, and grace. The embryonic stage of all these at present explains the existence of injustice, squalor, suffering, disgrace, and ugliness.

The human existential dilemma is the discrepancy between anticipation and the context in which we live and act. We dream of perfection and we get imperfection; we dream of justice and we experience inequity; we dream of grace and we live in squalor. . . .

The amount of truth represented by the past is known in very tiny parcels. Even more distressing, the bulk of truth does not yet exist because it is stored in that which does not exist, the future. Therefore, we know that we do not know (the past) and we also know that we cannot know (the future). And so, since the resolution of the cosmic puzzle is in the remoteness of a distant and far-from-granted future, anguish is in the very nature of conscious life. In the absurd case that we should have access to Knowledge, creation would stop, life would be extinguished, time (change) would end. This is a worry we need not waste time on.

But truth might come about through the self-creational process, therefore, time will be consumed. When this cosmogenesis is concluded the cosmos will have achieved the creation of its own seed; because time will be no more, it will be the seed of resurrection. This is the total recall of the evolutionary process of cosmogenesis. The consequence of this conclusion will be justice, beauty and grace in full. Because of the retroactive nature of the Omega Seed (time-less), every occasion will have found its absolute fitness within the totality as well as the radiant and living knowledge of its own value. This is a skeletal explanation of my eschatological hypothesis.

In building the small town of Arcosanti in central Arizona we are trying to be congruent with that hypothesis so as to add an infinitesimal brick to the construction-creation of the ultimate seed. In other words, we are pursuing the Urban Effect because it is the most comprehensive process by which truth, justice, congruence, and beauty can be sought. The reason is simple: cosmogenesis is a process of complexification profound beyond the capacity of the most fervid imagination. The urban mode is the prototypical structure for fostering such a process.

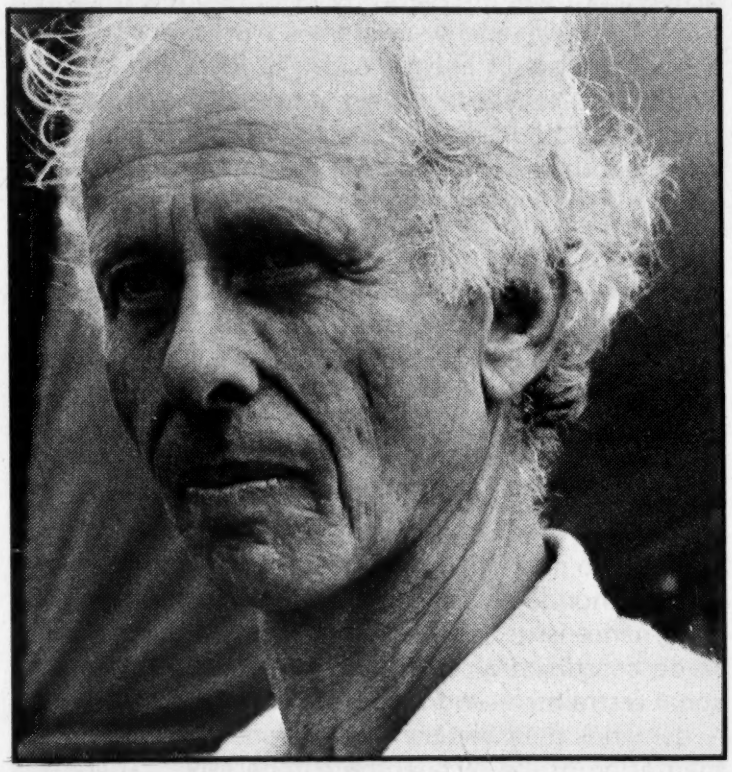
The Urban Effect is not a human invention. It is the very common means by which life itself goes about existing, persevering, reproducing, and evolving. Evolution is the Urban Effect imposed upon non-life by life. An imposition by the exception, life, upon the rule, non-life.

Based on the Urban Effect, *and congruent with its nature,* we are trying to establish a better environmental coherence, a better use of the resources of the sun. We are trying to reduce isolation, alienation, segregation, greed, intolerance, and prejudice. We are battling the mediocrity of a society hell-bent on consumerism.

We hope you want to get to know the project. The task is enormous and help is needed.

GEORGE LEONARD

Black-belt aikido instructor; author of **The Transformation; Education and Ecstasy; The Ultimate Athlete; The Silent Pulse.**



Larry Keenan, Jr.

. . . We are engaged in a game, in which the score always seems to be tied, and it always seems to be the last two minutes of play. To avoid a catastrophic loss, we've got to somehow (as unlikely as it might seem) shift our game plan from emphasis on ever-increasing consumption and depletion of natural resources, to the greatest possible development of human resources. And the question, if this is a game, what's the purpose of the game? What is the intention of the universe? In five minutes?

Harvard astronomer David Laser has pointed out that the universe is indeed unfolding in time, but not unravelling. On the contrary, it's becoming continually richer and more complex in information. Laser points out that even if you could hook up the whole universe as a computer, it would not be able to specify its own future state. There's new information constantly entering the picture. The present moment indeed contains an element of surprise, of genuine novelty. *[more→]*

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Now, this increase and complexity and richness of information, this is the basis of our existence — our underlying story. Stewart's always trying to find out what our story is. Our universal myth is indeed evolution of a higher order. It doesn't proceed in a straight line, but in waves, just like everything else.

Ultimately none of us can avoid this adventure. We're all engaged. We can't see the future, we can't predict the final score of the game, but we can know why we are playing. We are playing to create new order on the field of entropy, to transform ourselves, if only a little bit, and thus to add to the universal transformation. To become engaged with the adventure of social and political and cultural change, an adventure which, in light of our current difficulties, makes the old winning of the West seem pale by comparison.

I travel a lot through this country. In recent years for some reason I've spent a hell of a lot of time in the Midwest and the Southwest. Back on Madison Avenue there's a cynical saying amongst some media people. "Yeah, what you've got is great, it's very artistic, but will Mrs. Murphy in Iowa understand it?" Well, I've given energy-awareness workshops to high school counselors in little towns in Iowa and in the Southwest, and I can say for sure that the average high school counselor in Iowa is a lot more sophisticated about the tools and the purpose of this transformation than is the average editor in New York City.

If there is a silent majority in America today, it's a silent majority for transformation. I'll say that we have to lay it out there, and I'll ask all of you, never get discouraged, help it happen, let's give it voice.

MALCOLM WELLS

Architect; author of Underground Design; *forthcoming* Gentle Architecture

In order to maximize positive local input through an ongoing nondefensive negative feedback loop on the governance issues of alternative lifestyle technologies, resource utilization free of all societal and interpersonal restraints — *and free of neopracticalism as well* — demands that we take a faith stance on the implementation of the terratectonic imperative. There is, of course, a structure ritual based on what Kant called "cognitive knowledge" (that is, knowledge that knows that it knows) but cognitive knowledge is utterly without functionality, and only a rotating facilitatorship based on conflict utilization can produce the contextual paradigms needed for behavioral dissemination and independent therapy.

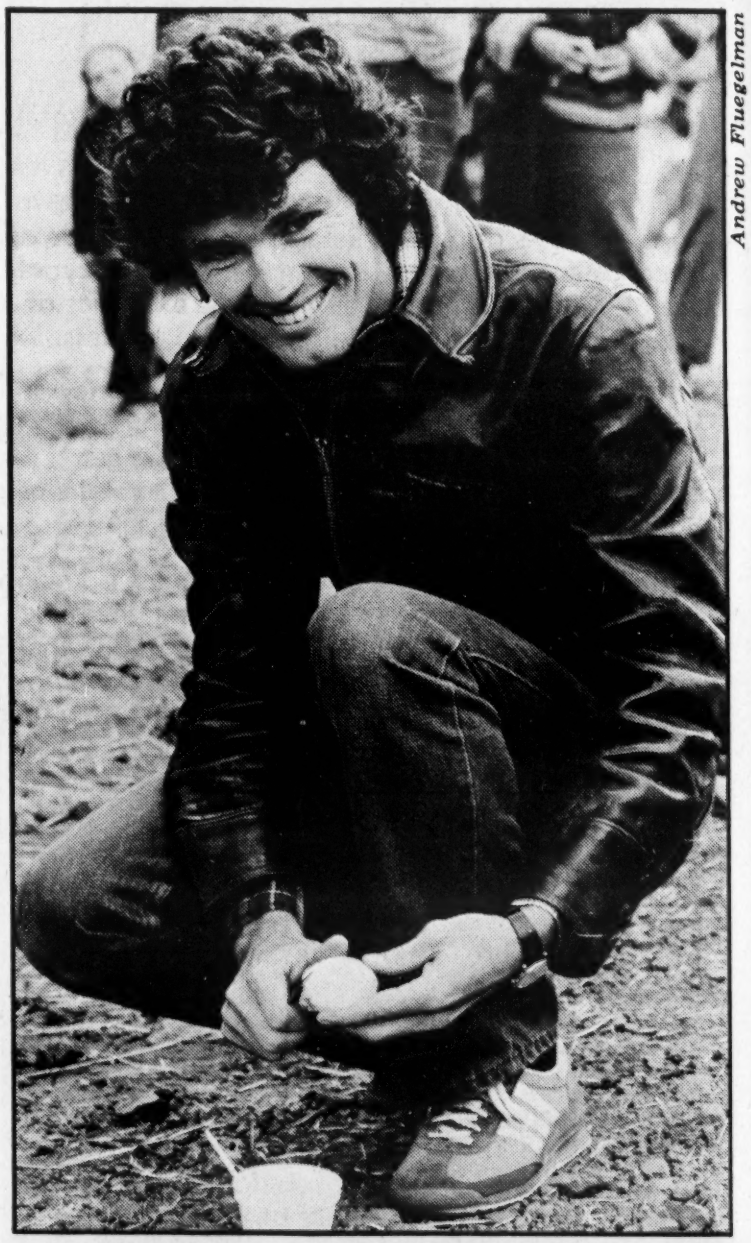
A commonality of spirit regarding design parameters will produce the plethora of inclusion and exclusion issues necessary to maximally interface cogent design rationales and allow augmentation of the data base (if devoid of ambiguities in the role models) thus giving us the positive feedback that successful learning experiences must have if consensus is to eventuate*

And a bucket of fish.

*The language of the first two paragraphs was collected over the years from lectures and articles to which I have been exposed.

—MW

SB: The next speaker is Obie Benz. I think we may have more cultural and social inventors at this gathering than is common in most. Obie invented a way for kids who through no fault of their own were born into families with money to feel something other than horrible about that. His invention was an institution called Vanguard Foundation, where rich kids could be with other rich kids, and figure out what useful could be done with money that they had control of. They talked to each other, they devised various schemes, and they've been one of the better funding organizations that I know of, because they move quickly, they can do small grants, they're imaginative, they'll do things that other foundations won't touch.



Andrew Fluegelman

OBIE BENZ

People call me a philanthropist because I give away money I inherited. Do you have any idea how long it takes me to give away money? Last year it took me a little less than a half an hour. I wrote three checks and made two phone calls; five organizations got money; I got some tax deductions and two thank-you letters. So people call me the thing that it takes me less than a half an hour a year to do. As you can imagine, I have time left over to do other things too.

You see, there are really only three things you can do with money, no matter how much you have. You

can spend it, re-invest it, or give it away. When you have a lot of money, you don't have to re-invest it, because you already have an income. Spending gets wasteful and boring, which brings you to giving it away. It's really not all that easy as just writing checks, especially if you have goals like mine and like the people I work with. We think it's important to move society towards a much more equitable distribution of wealth, where power is decentralized so that the people making decisions are in touch with the communities affected, and where women, third-world people, and low-income people achieve the share of participation in the economy that they deserve.

Six years ago I helped start the Vanguard Public Foundation. Five people put up $70,000 and tried to figure out the best way to support social movements. The idea was that small amounts of money had been crucial to the civil rights and anti-war movements at key times, times when they had been considered too controversial to get funds from most sources. We ended up funding groups like the Gray Panthers, the American Indian Treaty Council, the Solar Center, and the New School for Democratic Management.

Two years later another foundation was started in Boston on the same premises. The year after that another in Los Angeles. Now a fourth and a fifth are operating in New York and Philadelphia, and two more are being considered in the Pacific Northwest and Chicago. These foundations make up a decentralized network providing support for activism in each of their regions. Each has found that they make the best decisions by involving community people in the decision-making process. All the foundations fund community organizing – that is, blacks working in black communities, Indians working in Indian communities, women working in women's communities, Latinos in Latin communities. Vanguard just published a book called *Robin Hood Was Right*. It's a guide to giving money to social change. We're hoping that it will help more people give more money well.

Let me give you another example of another group I helped organize that makes grants. It's called Pacific Alliance, and it supports anti-nuclear power and pro-alternative energy groups. Its funds come from rock-and-roll concerts and sales of personality T-shirts of well-known artists. The most supportive artists have been Jackson Browne, Jesse Colin Young, Linda Ronstadt, Jerry Garcia, the Grateful Dead, Pete Seeger, Arlo Guthrie, David Bromberg, Jerry Jeff Walker, John Denver, Bonnie Raitt, and others. The time and commitment of all these people has allowed us to fund virtually every grass-roots anti-nuclear group in the country to the tune of a quarter of a million dollars in the last two years. And for those hard-working people out there this cash really comes in handy.

You see, giving is actually a lot like an investment. You put up a certain amount, and you expect to get a certain return. But the return you get is in the amount of change instead of something material. You don't want to waste money, you want to get the most for the money you give. Which brings me to the last example I wanted to mention. It's called the Film Fund, which supports films about social issues. Its board is made up of film directors, exhibitors, distributors, and people broadly familiar with activist movements. It includes Haskell Wexler and Barbara Kopple, who won an Academy Award for the documentary, "Harlan County, U.S.A." The notion is the same as the alternative community foundations having community boards. That is, film making is a complicated profession, and the people making decisions about which social change film should be funded should know their stuff and not be just people like me who happen to have access to money.

Each of the groups I mentioned use the technique of co-organizing to support causes. The lesson for me is that now, in the '70s and '80s, it's a time for people with similar talents and abilities to join together in working for the causes they support. The sixties was a time for identifying social issues. Now we're in a time when people are developing and refining their expertise.

There is an intense energy and enthusiasm in today's activism. Grass roots people who are firmly grounded in their own communities are gaining some control and are enlisting the aid of experts in a variety of fields. New forms of organizations are popping up and creating ways to support both themselves and their causes. People are coordinating with parallel groups in other regions, and organizations are managing themselves much more democratically and less hierarchically, on all levels of the spectrum.

The last few years, which the press has mistakenly labeled as an inactive time, has really been an opportunity for people to quietly develop skills, relationships and organizations. There's no single visible issue like the war to make good headlines. It's just people all over the country organizing to take more control over their own lives.

MICHAEL PHILLIPS

Innovator; author of "The Creative People List"; **The Seven Laws of Money.**

The way each person handles their money can tell us nearly all there is to know about them; the way people exchange money with each other can tell us nearly all there is to know about their culture.

This is a new observation. Its potency in understanding our world is very great and it is a field of research open to all of us to investigate. Let's do it together.

The following ten questions are my suggested starting point for this research:

1. Why do many of us work much harder than necessary to have a comfortable rewarding life, often at jobs that we don't enjoy?
2. Why do most of us believe that money will provide security in our old age?
3. How is it that some people keep very precise records of their money and others don't, what are the effects of this?
4. What is it precisely that each of us does with our money in terms of spending, saving and investing? What is it that we have acquired?
5. Why do many of us say that we earn money for the good of our children yet we don't believe that

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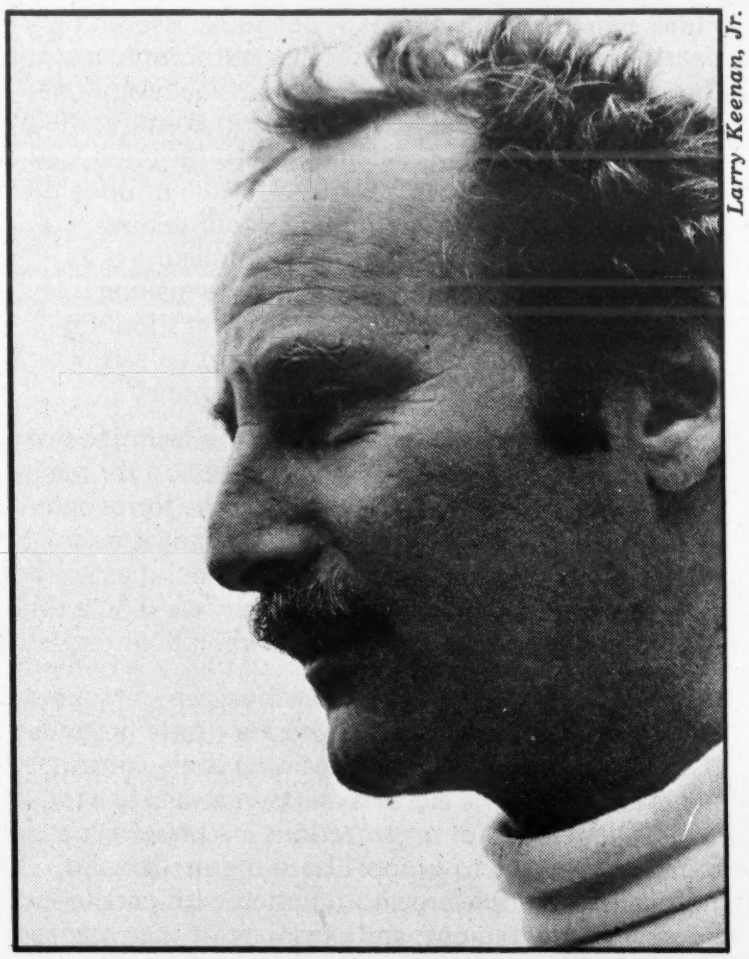


Larry Keenan, Jr.

Michael Phillips

people with higher incomes have happier children?
6. How is it possible in our culture to buy precisely $3.00 worth of gasoline but we can't buy $3.00 worth of food in a restaurant without difficult calculations? (i.e., $3.00 minus a tip is $2.61, minus sales tax is $2.45 which is what we can spend on menu items to end up with a $3.00 total).
7. Why do most of the businesses we deal with make every effort to deceive us; for example there are multiple vitamin pills selling in 6-ounce bottles for $2.98 that are heavily advertised as good for us? In the stores where we shop, anything we leave behind is likely to be taken by the employees as their own.
8. We don't seem to see any connection between our unbridled right to acquire as many possessions as we want and the destruction of the natural environment around us.
9. How can we have a society where all people are encouraged to acquire as much material possessions as they wish and yet be surprised at our very high crime rate?
10. What is the connection between questions 1 through 5 and questions 6 to 9?

SB: Here's Rosie Menninger, *CQ*'s Land Use editor, arriving at a dead run. Rosie was involved in getting community gardens going in San Francisco, is involved in keeping community gardens and other such use of the land fertile in *CoEvolution Quarterly*, and has gone on to fame and glory as the Community Gardening Coordinator for the entire state of California.

ROSEMARY MENNINGER

I want to tell you a couple of the exciting things that have happened to me while I've been working for the State starting gardens. One of the main ones is that old people have surprised me a lot. In doing community work they have the gathering spirit from being with each other that we had ten years ago. There's a lot of gardens being started by old people that aren't just old people's gardens. They're starting to be kids' gardens. I get a lot of phone calls from old people who want to start gardens with teenagers. In East L.A., for instance, there's one that's real successful with Chicano gang members and old people. In San Diego the old people start the gardens on school grounds with the school kids, and a lot of grandparents are working with their kids.

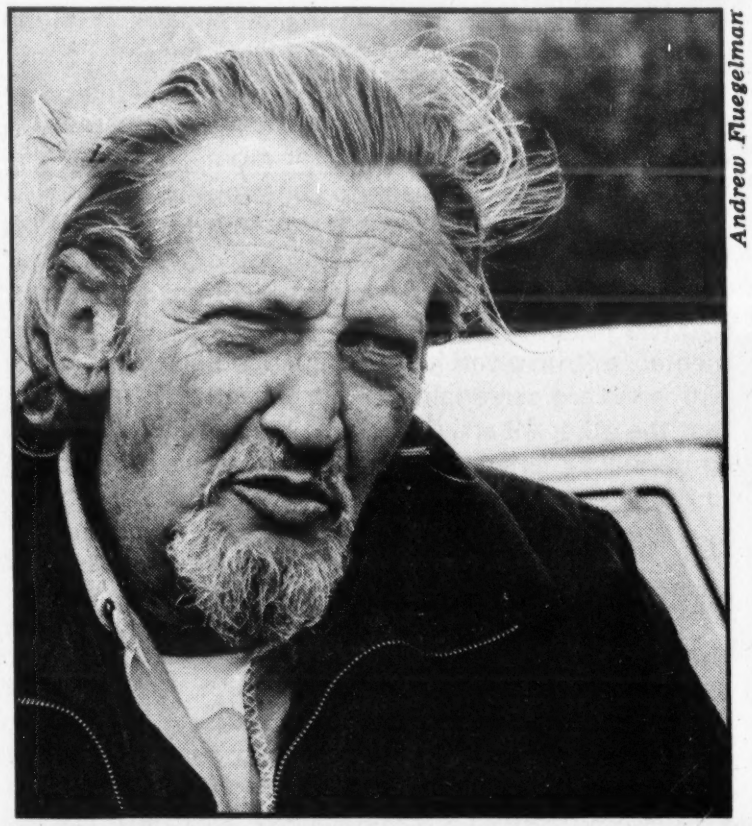
Another thing is: how do we take care of all these plants that are becoming extinct, just like the animals are becoming extinct. People thinking of themselves, thinking of the human race, as being like Noah. We have to take care of the plants, and therefore we're learning about the plants. I've seen that change in the past few years more than anything else in my work.

Another concept that's going along with this gardening stuff is public maintenance of public land. We're on public land here, and a lot of people have been talking and thinking about public land. There's a lot of people growing food on public land, on the grounds of hospitals with hospital patients, and on school land. It seems to me that, particularly with grounds-keeping budgets and park maintenance budgets being cut to smithereens, that there's a real opportunity for people to take care of public land. And a lot of us who live in urban areas have a real desire to have some contact with the land. It's starting out in the state parks. Horseback riders are making the horse trails. It all may evolve into whole new types of landscapes that we, the public, create.

Andrew Fluegelman

SB: Wally Ellerbroek did the cover story for the Spring, '78 issue of the *CoEvolution Quarterly*, called "Language, Thought and Disease." He works in a mental hospital in Los Angeles as a psychiatrist – a shift for him from an earlier full-time career as a surgeon.

W.C. ELLERBROEK



Andrew Fluegelman

I am a psychiatrist, but you shouldn't hold it against me, because I don't believe in it. My bag, which was rather unusual when I got into it, was that what you think has something to do with why you get sick. I've been on this trip since the early 1960s, and am happy to say that in spite of all the carcinogens that are being announced daily, that it remains my opinion that all of these diseases are sort of on the elective side. In other words, there are many, many people who smoke who don't get cancer, and there are an awful lot that smoke that do.

It is my primary belief that we were sold a big bill of goods when we were little. We were taught that under certain circumstances it is appropriate to be angry, and that under all circumstances it is appropriate to be depressed. Let's redefine this and say that anger is when your personal fantasy of how things ought to be isn't matching your fantasy of how things are, but you feel that you might do something about it. And depression is when your fantasy of how things ought to be and your fantasy of how things really are aren't matching, and you feel there's nothing that you can do about it.

I'm here to say that in my personal, single opinion — and all the other shrinks think that I'm nuts — I believe that anger and depression are pathological emotions — they are immediately responsible for the vast majority of human ills, including cancer. I point out to you that the work that I'm doing is strictly the generation of a hypothesis about the nature of human illness, both mental and physical, and has nothing to do with facts, which I will leave to the scientists.

The evidence that I have came from my personal experience as a surgeon in generating specifically, by choice, a cancer miracle — to the best of my knowledge, the first one that has ever been done on purpose. I cannot in five minutes tell you about this fascinating case, but I can tell you that since then I have collected from various correspondents around this country, 57 extremely well-documented so-called cancer miracles. A cancer miracle is when a person didn't die when they absolutely, positively were supposed to. That means that the disease is far advanced, the medical profession has advised them not to waste their money on laetrile or quacks of various sorts and that they should prepare themselves for a more or less graceful exit.

All of these 57 people had something in common, except for eight. The 49 who matched the larger pattern were angry, depressed people. They had been this way for a long while. Most doctors say that the depression comes after the cancer. I tell you no, it precedes it. Then comes additional anger and depression about the disease, but always there is a negative affect state that precedes the onset of the tumor. Of whatever type, by the way.

These 49 people were angry, depressed people and usually both, but in many of them, depression was paramount. They had all been through the treatment routine, including chemicals that made their hair fall out and made them vomit a lot and various other groovy things. And a variety of surgeries of one sort and another. One lady had practically nothing left, as a matter of fact. She had a carcinoma of the cervix, she had a pelvic exenteration, she had her bladder removed, she had her rectum removed, she had a colostomy, she had an artificial bladder, she had a lot of extra things. And she still had lots of tumor, and was sent home from the medical center to die.

She was kind of a kook, and decided that she didn't really want to die in the house. She thought she might be a little closer to God by going out by a little lake that was nearby where they lived. And so her husband wheeled a hospital bed down by the lake and every night he'd wheel it back up to the house so she could sleep inside, and while she was out there, something happened, and she decided to change her attitude.

This is exactly what the other 48 did also. At a certain particular moment in time, they decided that the anger and the depression was probably not the best way to go since they had such a little bit of time left, and so they went from that to being loving, caring, no longer angry, no longer depressed, and able to talk to the people they loved. This is only in 49 cases — the incidence is 1 out of 100,000 of cancer cases, which gives you an idea of how most people really go. But these 49 people had the same pattern. They gave up, totally, their anger, and they gave up, totally, their depression, by specifically a decision to do so. And at that point the tumors started to shrink. Many of these had medical relatives who observed these. None of these cases are from the backwoods. These are all validated cases from the Crile Clinic, the Lahey Clinic, and Tulane, and places where the pathology is beyond question.

Let's get from the 49 to the eight. They are even more fascinating. The eight stayed angry, and stayed depressed, and then, for whatever reason, each of the eight had either a stroke, a massive brain hemorrhage, or a sudden metastasis into the brain. I

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mean, these eight are sort of miracle miracles, if you'll excuse it. These eight people suddenly became comatose with a brain hemorrhage of some sort. They stayed in the coma, and most of them were there in excess of 3 days. Some were 4 or more, and then they gradually drifted back to consciousness. And they came back — what would you say — lobotomized, brain-surgeried, something. They had done their own natural experiment, the kind that Sir Francis Bacon said was the only real experiment, because the experimenter isn't involved in it. These people came back with a violent personality change exactly of the type that the other 49 arrived at by some type of either emotional experience or by some cognitive process, for some reason.

SB: The clock stopped. How did you do that?

WE: A miracle.

HAROLD MOROWITZ

***Biologist; author of* Energy Flow in Biology; Entropy for Biologists; Physical Bioenergetics.**

The tension between photosynthetic buildup and thermal degradation drives the global process of the biosphere and leads to the great ecological cycles.

The *entire* process is exentropic, owing to the flow of energy from the Sun to outer space. But the *local* processes may lead to greater order such as a rotofer, a sonnet, or a smile on the face of Mona Lisa. The flow of energy from the Sun or any star to outer space is a disordering process. The Earth catches a tiny bit of that disorder and uses the energy flow to order the biological part of its surface. Thus, life functions in harmony with the laws of thermodynamics. It uses the flow of energy from the Sun to the Earth to the cosmos, exploiting that energy flow to produce the beautiful order we see in a seashell or a rose or in one whom we love.

I would like to close with the idea that after Lucretius poetry and science parted company. There is, however, one reality.

LEWIS MACADAMS

***Poet; author of* News from Niman Farm.**

. . . Hey coyote, Welcome
back to the cartoon.

Thank you my fran. Excuse me boy,
you got a cigarette?

Here, have a camel.
Whaddya think's goin on?

All my frans are doing fine.

What do you think are the trends?
Do you think people are living a little more natural?

What do you mean natural?
Like, when you're living in a car,
is that natural?

Right, but —

You just got to remember,
Illumination.

You got give off some illumination
or the rest of us be thinkin
that the humans want it all for themselves.
And you pay for that in the long run, don't you see.

I see.

Say. You know I don't have any money.

Oh. Well. I can go down to the liquor store
and cash a five. I have to go downtown anyway.

Heh-heh. No, that's alright man. Coyotes don't
use money. We usually naked. Don't have no pockets.

Coyote, are you a Buddhist?

I'm a friend *of the Buddhist.*

Coyote, what about marriage?

Boy, I'm afraid you're barking up the wrong tree.

It's just the same in your philosophy?

Boy, I don't have no philosophy.

Well how do you treat women?

I treat everybody good.
You have to,
if you're gonna live in a family,
which I'm hoping you're gonna do
because it's your ass if you don't.
Either way,
I'm gonna be a survivor.
If you know what I mean.

And you been hearing this word
commitment.
You better remember how to use it,
because it's crucial.

Gotcha.

So I gotta be going.

Can I call you?

Try it. Oh, and one other thing.
The saint is in the majority.

I don't understand that coyote.

Yes you do.

And coyote actually began to disappear
into his own ravings, which began to sound
more and more
like my own meditations and laments
the longer I listened, until the night
began to close around me
and his yips began to fade,
and the only sound was
the heater working away
and the chorus of frogs and stars.

PETER VAJK

***Futurist; author of forthcoming* Doomsday Has Been Canceled**

Why am I optimistic about the future? If you really look with evolutionary perspective on all of reality, you get a very strong message; that no matter how

severe the crisis is that we perceive ourselves to be in at the moment, we've been in worse crises before. And we've always managed to make it. Because the crisis drives you to invent new realities and new mechanisms. So in a sense every one of these crises in the past history of the universe, and indeed whatever crises we have now, should be viewed perhaps as opportunities for creating new and better realities.

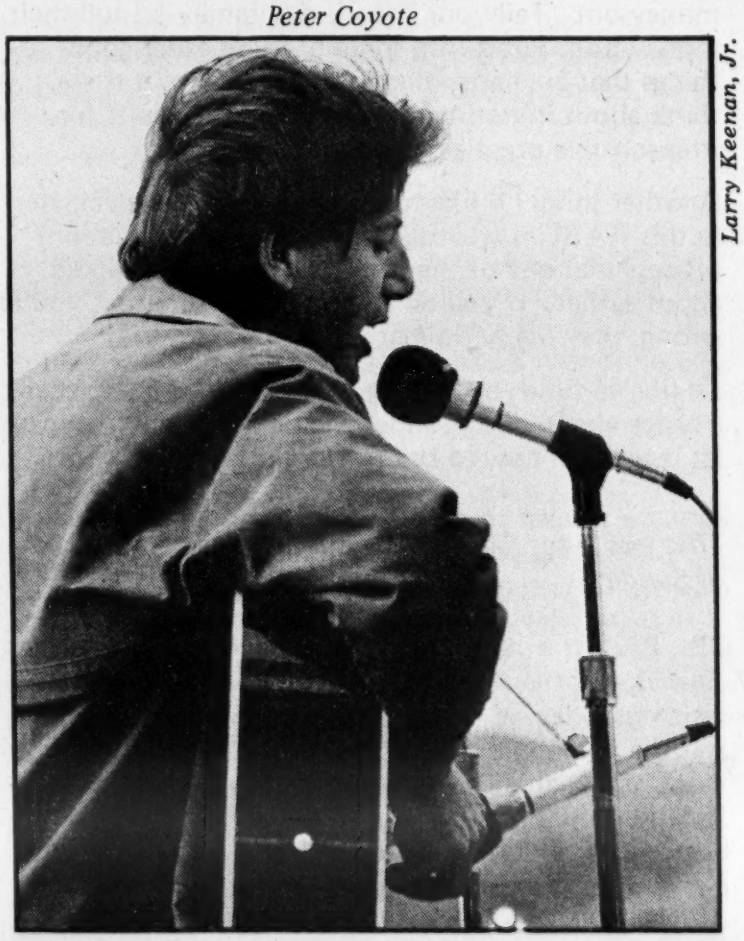
I say the words "creation of new realities" in all seriousness. With the arrival of human consciousness what we are talking about is nothing less than creating whatever future we want. And how does that creation get accomplished? It basically comes from people who know in their own hearts what their values are, know what their goals are, and go out and do the things necessary to achieve those goals. . . .

In a grand sense Space Colonization to me represents playfulness of the human species, going out and playing in the biggest scale possible in the universe. My final perception on what the whole future, which begins right now, is all about, is perhaps summarized in three lines.

Earth light shining.
Sun dark streaming.
Consciousness dawning.

SB: Peter Coyote was one of the original Diggers. He's been going around for years working with everything from the San Francisco Mime Troupe to the Reinhabitory Theatre. As head of the California Arts Council, he is one of the more dynamic bureaucrats I've ever seen. The Council has gotten state dollars into corners and crevices of communities of California and to artists at an age and of a talent that money seldom finds. What he's going to do here, I don't know, but it involves a guitar.

Peter Coyote



Larry Keenan, Jr.

PETER COYOTE

I was supposed to earn my bread-and-keep today by making a speech, but I didn't have anything New Age or profound to say. I'm an actor but I couldn't bring my theater company, so, since my hobby is writing songs, I thought I'd sing something that I wrote. Stewart mentioned that I work in Sacramento. That's true, and that's the surest place in California to go crazy, so me and my wife went up to the Gros Ventre mountains in Wyoming. It was real peaceful and quiet up there, we were watching moose and caught cutthroat trout and stuff, and after we were there about a week, my brain just came unwrapped, and I wrote this song. This one is not wrapped too tight. If I hesitate it's because I have trouble remembering the words.

Bobby Dylan has a gardener to spread blood meal
on his roses.
He's afraid of embroidered hankies in which
old ladies blow their noses.
He's got sixteen black cats tied with red thread
To a curly maple bedstead
So rats can't steal his dreams,
I heard a crazy lady scream.

There's a time bomb in a baby carriage
in an Irish supermarket.
A warden jokes in the electric chair and he
dares his guard to spark it.
A hooker in a dayglo wig
Daydreams of some other gig
Where her legs won't have to spread.
That's what the crazy lady said.

Now, Buddha ate a mushroom, and it did not
sit too well.
And the Pope and many others claim that
Buddha burns in hell.
But demons and devas alike all tell us,
The Buddha's in heaven, and his practice is zealous.
He even digs muscatel,
I heard the crazy lady spell.

And the countess is enchanted with her
religious visionary
Who nibbles her neck and her checks and
tells her that luck is arbitrary.
He sees 16 angels in black felt hats
Cutting the throats of Dylan's cats
And giggling while they bled.
That's what the crazy lady said.

In the psychedelic days, everything was free.
The man who stole my guitar said,
"No private property."
It was a brave new world, we were
learning to cope
With angelic visions and habitual dope.
Freedom was doing your thing,
I heard the crazy lady sing.

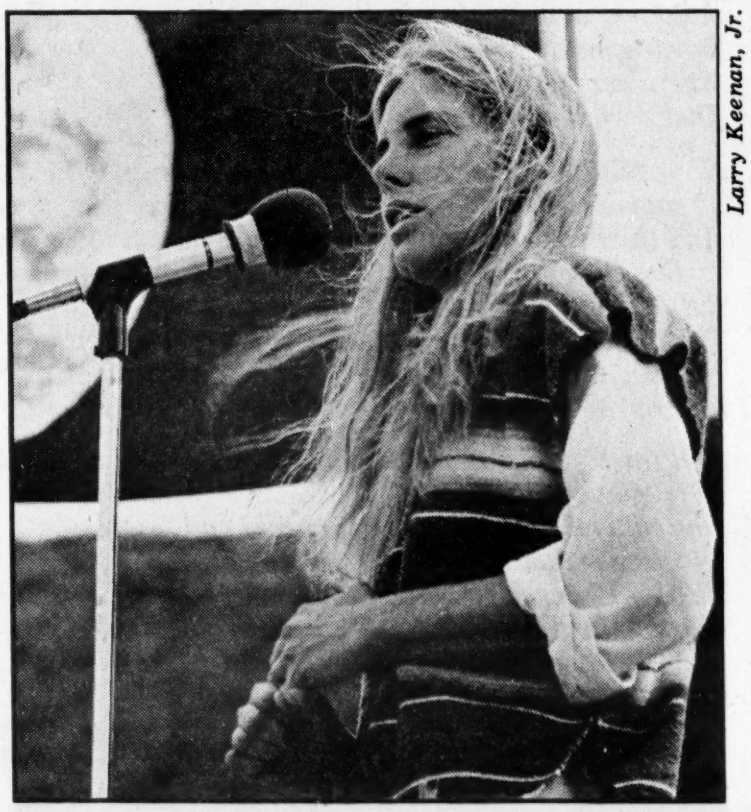
Now they're selling my kids the fifties again
in every kind of way
As if they were afraid of what the kids just
might invent today.
They're not telling 'bout zip guns and gang attacks

Or how the heat cooled it all by giving out smack.
They're greasing that away,
I heard the crazy lady say.

They sent a doctor up to see her, to give her
a hypodermic shot.
He was sweating hard, and dressed in white, and
the weather was not hot.
She shot him with his own stuff; he had
to be outwitted.
She could tell by his eyes he'd of had
her committed.
It must have been quite a charge.
The crazy lady's still at large.

I saw the lady one last time on a bus, she was
looking very foxy.
She warned me about decadence and said,
"Beware of orthodoxy."
She said, "Greed and fear has hooked
the minds of men,
Should-have is fighting with might-have-been.
Good and evil just season the same stew."
She said, "What's a crazy lady got to,
What's a crazy lady got to,
What's a crazy lady got to do?"

SB: We happen to have a crazy lady here, just in time. She can't stay til tomorrow, so she's going on right now. Known to tree-savers everywhere, her name is Meca Wawona.



Larry Keenan, Jr.

MECA WAWONA

Hi folks. I practice barefoot forestry in the north coast of California – Humboldt and Mendocino Counties – and me and my co-workers are trying to educate ourselves about what responsible resource management means. How to provide our housing and grovel in the trashed-over watersheds and fix things up, and try to understand the relationships between fisheries and streams and forests and our own lives.

We really need your help. It's not enough that some of us grovel in these trashed-out places and try to repair things and regenerate the life out there, restore the whole systems that our lives depend on, if others of us continue to invest unknowingly in the practices which do this, which rip up the face of the Earth.

So I want to ask you to think about some things, and then I'd like to ask you to do some things. Did you know that clear cutting exists today totally unprecedented in the world on the face of the planet, that the machinery and technology that was developed in World War II was unleashed in our upper watersheds in the last 15 - 20 years to get out what little was left? Did you know that the chemicals that were developed for use in Vietnam, 2-4 D and 2,4-5 T (Agent Orange), are being sprayed on thousands upon thousands of acres of forest land every year by our forest service and by multi-national corporations? These chemicals were banned for use in Vietnam because they were known to cause birth defects. They are being used here and all over the world now.

Did you know that the future of this planet lies in our wilderness areas, that that's where the gene pools are kept, that's where oxygen is produced, where the fisheries that tie into the whole cycle of life exist. Did you know that over 80% of the salmon fisheries in the north coast have been wiped out in the last fifteen years?

Talk to some of the backwoods people that are pulling log jams out so that fish can run back up. They'll mail you some redwood that came out of the streams, instead of going out and cutting what little is left. Don't buy any more redwood, and tell all your friends and families not to. For all of you who own stock in the multi-national corporations, all of the international multi-national corporations are the same. Pull your money out. Tell your friends and family to pull their money out. Put it into some of these other good things that are happening. Or if you leave it there, think about initiating some stockholder's suits for irresponsible practices.

Another thing I'd like to ask you to do is participate in this RARE II (Roadless Area Review Evaluation) process that one of the Friends of the River talked about earlier. If you don't think letters matter, you're wrong, they really do matter.

I'd like to finish by singing a chant. It's a Pomo chant, a peace chant. Sing to the land and listen to it, and let it tell you how to be. [Meca sings a Pomo chant.]

That was it for Saturday. Here begins the speakers of Sunday.

SB: Paul Krassner probably did something before the *Realist,* but the *Realist* is so long ago that for most of us it was what we weaned from our mothers onto. It was the first place where we were getting information that seemed at all – it wasn't that it was reliable, because sometimes it wasn't – but it had a sense of responsibility that we hadn't encountered anywhere else in the entire spectrum of media at the time. It made such a difference to so many people that it was

imitated and its form started to permeate through the culture. Paul himself has permeated rather far through the culture. The founding of the Yippies, during a period when we needed Yippies, was partly his activity. He moved from the east coast to the west coast in 1971, and Paul and I shared rooms at one point. We even wrote about it — he wrote about it and then I wrote the footnotes that said what really happened.

Andrew Fluegelman

PAUL KRASSNER

. . . Stewart mentioned the Yippies, and I think what would be appropriate here would be for me to talk about the conception of the Yippies, which happened in December, 1967, in Florida. Abbie Hoffman, Anita Hoffman, myself, and a dolphin, were on a double date. We had all dropped acid. We had to go to the aquarium, because the dolphin couldn't come to us. And I had what to me was the deepest interspecies communication that I had ever experienced since my goldfish spit up. It was dancing, it was non-verbal. I would move to one side like that, and the dolphin would move. I would come back like this and the dolphin would come back. I would go like this, fake back, and back like that, and the dolphin would do the same thing.

So as the acid that we had taken came heavier on, and we wanted to go see a movie, I went to say goodbye to the dolphin. I didn't know what to say, so I said, "How come you're always smirking?" And the dolphin answered, (I'm willing to admit this may have been a projection), the dolphin said, "If God is evolution, then how do you know He's finished?" Obviously it was a male chauvinist dolphin. A few years later, when I took a workshop with John Lilly, I told him that story, and he changed one word which crystalized my perspective of what was happening to all of us, I think. John Lilly said, "No, how do you know *you're* finished?"

That one word provided to me a different filter to look at life through, that there is no ultimate script put out by the unholy trinity of organized crime, the intelligence agencies, and corporate executives. The power is not absolute as they would have it, and that is the feeling that I've gotten here . . .

SB: Anne Herbert is the next speaker. If I start saying very much I'll say too much, because she's the assistant editor of *CoEvolution Quarterly*, without whom I would have burned out some while ago. Let me tell you the situation she had the last couple of months. She had four poets — Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Michael McClure, Gary Snyder at a great distance off in the mountains, and David Meltzer — co-editing more material than could possibly be fit into several volumes of the *CoEvolution Quarterly.* Anne Herbert had the largely thankless task of coordinating that particular minuet of vast numbers of contributors, the people putting the magazine together, the editors themselves, and the differences they had over what should be in and what shouldn't be in, and bad as it must be to try to assist me, imagine assisting that. It's like trying to assist an earthquake. A measure of something is that it got done on schedule, the book is at the printer, and I think you'll see, is not bad. Anne Herbert is a writer primarily. She assistant-edits on the side.

ANNE HERBERT

Hi. I'd like to share with you the story of Jonah. Jonah is the guy who lives in the Bible, about halfway between Elijah and Luke. A lot of you probably think Jonah is the story of a man and his whale. That's not actually true. Jonah is the story about the joy of hatred. Jonah is the story about that exhilarating feeling you get when you discover someone who is really morally more reprehensible than you are. Jonah discovered that joy, and Jonah's basic thing was hating Ninevites. Ninevites lived far away from him, and he'd never met any of them, but he had a lot of data about them.

Now, hating Ninevites was not like hating Jews, Catholics, Black people, etc. Hating Ninevites was like hating American Nazis, builders of nuclear reactors, and tuna fishermen. It was a rational, well-researched hatred based on the actual behavior of the hatees. Jonah had a lot of data on Ninevites, and he was building a career on them. He had just had a story about the relationship of Ninevites, the Mobil Oil Corporation, and saccharine on the cover of *Mother Jones*. He was hitting the junior college circuit with a speech about Ninevites, and he was hoping to make the Ivy League soon.

So he was not surprised when one day God came to him to talk to him about the Ninevites. He had never spoken to God before, and he wasn't really a God groupie, but he figured God knew who the expert was, right? So God came to Jonah, and said, "Jonah, I'm going to destroy all the Ninevites." And Jonah said, "Wow, you must have read my article." And God said, "Before I destroy them I want to warn them. It seems only fair. Since you know so much about them, I want you to go to Nineveh and tell

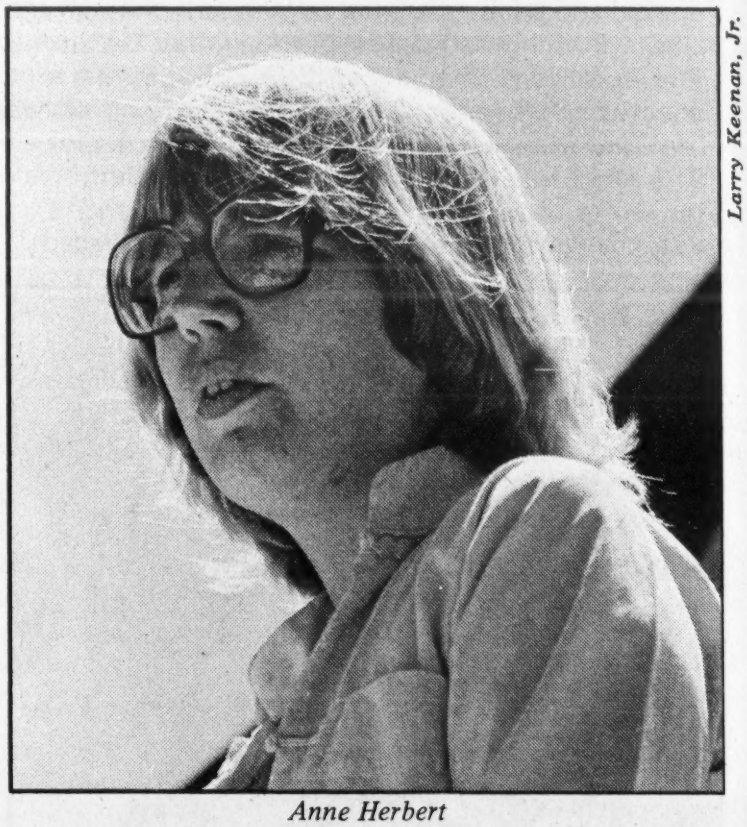
them I'm going to destroy them, so they'll have a chance to change their ways and save themselves." And Jonah said, "No way in hell. I don't want to go there, they're creepy people, and besides that, what if they change?" So Jonah took off. He took the Greyhound bus to the most distant point available, only it wasn't a Greyhound bus at that point in time, it was a boat. He got on the boat, and thought he would skip town, and all would be cool. He did not know he was dealing with a Whole Earth God.

God followed him in the boat and started a very large sea storm. The captain of the boat was extremely upset about the sea storm. He was an experienced captain who knew a theological sea storm when he saw it. So he said, "Someone on this boat is not on speaking terms with God. Let's draw lots and see who." Jonah said, "Ah, we don't need to do that, I'm the one, I'll jump overboard because it seems like the only way that I'm going to win." Now it turned out that God knew, as well as any civil rights legislator knows, that the only way to overcome hatred is with brute force. And God doesn't give up easy. So when Jonah jumped over the side of the boat, God had a whale there to catch him. Jonah landed in the whale, stayed in the whale with the rotting fish and the whale digestive juices for three days. Jonah was a stubborn man of principle – it took 72 hours of an unusual smell for him to change his mind, but finally he said, "Oh heck, God, I'll go to Nineveh." So the whale barfed him up on shore near Nineveh and he headed for the world capital of badness.

Now, when he got to Nineveh, he was pleased to see that everything that he'd ever thought about Nineveh was true. I mean they were right there on the streets using sweat shop labor to run a nuclear reactor that powered an ITT plant that made neutron bombs, whale trawlers, and saccharin. He was naturally appalled. So he got into his street-beggar mode, which he had once used to support his Ninevite research, and he started saying things in a way that not very many people would hear them. He shuffled down the street, leaned against the walls and muttered, "Repent. Repent. In 40 days you will be destroyed if you don't repent." You had to be walking right by him to hear him but the very first person who happened to walk by him happened to be bored with his job as a nuclear reactor janitor and he said, "Wow, you're right, this is really awful, let's all repent."

And that guy started yelling Jonah's message and it turned out that a lot of people were bored with their jobs as neutron bombadiers and saccharin cane cutters and they went to the president of the country and said, "We've been gross and awful, and we're going to repent and you have to, too." They put on sackcloth and ashes, they turned their nuclear reactor into a solar generator and they all planted organic gardens and Jonah was *pissed.* He was just furious and he said, "OK, God, are you gonna be conned by these hypocrites, do you think that just because they're behaving different they're better?" And God said, " 'Fraid so. Behavior counts. You lose."

So Jonah stomped to a hill outside of town and sat under a tree praying for the Ninevites to show their



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Anne Herbert

true nature and for God to fry them alive. And all that happened was that God destroyed the tree Jonah was sitting under so he got a sunburn. Jonah said, "God, how come you destroyed this tree? This tree never did nothing." He did a ten minute rap about the tree and how trees are important and you can't just destroy them for no reason. And God said, "How come, Jonah, how come, wherefore why is it, that you care so much about that tree, when you have no pity at all for Nineveh, a city that has a whole lot of folks in it, and some children and animals and you wanted me to kill them all? How come you didn't care about them?" And that's the end of the book in the Bible. You're left there with the question. You never know what Jonah said. And you find out the question is for you. What are you going to do? Can you live without hatred?

DAVID THOMPSON

Astroecologist; author of "Astropollution."

Look at that blue sky up there. Beyond it, only dimly seen by day, is the ocean of Space. The blue is kind of an ocean spray. Waves of energy are dashing upon that upper atmosphere to produce this blue. And what's that? That's the Sun, but it's also the nearest star, and in its churning atmosphere are gigantic storms called sunspots which affect us in a variety of ways.

Those are real environments up there, and environmentalists need to be concerned about them. Here's something that you can do to get yourselves more in touch with those environments. Turn yourself upside down and look at the sunset from between your legs (I'm not going to show you how to do it here). The reason that this works is that, as earthbound animals, our brains are wired to only pay attention to the lower half of our visual field, and so, when you turn yourself upside down, then suddenly the void of space takes on kind of a new and real meaning to you.

Except for the Sun and its seasons, science has largely ignored the other influences on terrestrial life that come from the cosmos. Until the space age there were only a few ways that we could sense the wonders of outer space, but now space probes are providing a wealth of new information. For example, it's becoming widely accepted that ice ages are triggered by periodic changes in the Earth's orbit. And sunspots may somehow affect the frequency of severe thunder storms here on Earth. And animal populations in the Arctic fluctuate mysteriously, with the same eleven-year cycle that you see with the sunspots. And even migrating birds are unable to find their directions during the magnetic storms that we have here on Earth that are triggered by storms in the sun. Cosmic events do affect life on Earth, although the effects are not always very obvious.

But there's another side to this Earth/Space coin that we're examining, and that's the question of whether terrestrial life can also affect the cosmos. What about human garbage in space? In spite of the billions of dollars spent to get us up there, really very little is known about, say, the fate of a banana peel in orbit. On Earth, if a man tosses a banana peel over his shoulder, what happens to it? Well, he may later return to slip on that peel. But in space, when an astronaut tosses a banana squeeze tube over his shoulder, the squeeze tube goes into one orbit and the astronaut continues on in the orbit he was in, and later if both of them intersect again, the squeeze tube may smack him in the visor. Because there's no wind in space and no water either to disperse garbage, you have the distinct possibility that you could have rings of garbage forming in space around the Earth, and that these could interfere with navigation of space craft and with astronomy. . . .

Well now, where does all this get us? Ecology is the study of the inter-relationships between life and its environment, and what we need to do is redefine ecology and come up with a new perspective for mankind, the discipline of astroecology.

SB: I would have grieved if we'd had all this celebration about past and present and future events without some kind of representation from the Merry Pranksters. Kesey wanted to be here. He's in the middle of his own re-creation of that period trying to make a feature-length film out of the Further bus footage, which is a whole lot like trying to make the Golden Gate Bridge out of cold spaghetti. It's an awesome task. It's been going on for years. It was so much easier to just live it. So he couldn't make it. There are various of the Pranksters wandering about, however, and one of them came into our category of having contributed something to the *CoEvolution Quarterly* and therefore was invited to be a speaker. Mountain Girl has been both with the Merry Pranksters and with the Grateful Dead, and with us. She did an article on Sinsemilla Marijuana, and subsequently a book — *The Primo Plant* — on that subject.

MOUNTAIN GIRL

. . .The marijuana report. It's now the last week of August. All of you that have plants in the ground will be now noticing that the male plants are beginning to bloom. It's time to check your garden on a daily level if you haven't already started doing so. The large leaves will be dropping off some of the older plants. Get your males out of there so you don't have too many seeds and ruin your sinsemilla crop.

As soon as you remove the males, the female plants will spread out and grow for another whole month before they really get into their full-scale blossoming. You don't want to do any more pruning at this point. You don't want to do any more fooling around out there. You can smoke your males. With some high THC types of marijuana, the male plants are also extremely high in THC. So don't throw those males away, use them up.

You want to leave your female plants alone until about the fifth of October. Around here that's the average date for the peak blossoming. I have a friend who has a very sensitive nose, and he swears by the olfactory method of marijuana harvesting. You go out and smell the plants every day, and you cut them on the day that they smell their best. At that point you take your flowers and dry them as if you were making a bouquet of dry roses.

If your plants didn't grow very well this year, folks, the only way to remedy that is to do a lot more preparation next spring. You want to have your soil perfect before you put your plants in the ground. If they're stunted and weak and pale-looking this year, it's probably a soil problem.

KEN BUTTI

Solar historian; co-author of "Solar Water Heaters in California, 1891-1930."

What I'd like to talk about is how as a culture we can forget things, forget how technologies really played an important part in our growth, forget that they even existed. One such technology is solar architecture. It's very simple: when you build a home, you orient it so it's on an east-west axis, the broadest part of the home facing south. In the winter when the sun's very low, the sun comes into the south side and helps heat the home; in the summer when it's very high, it's blocked and keeps your home cool. It's a natural heating and cooling system.

Well, that same system, which is now starting to be used in a number of American cities, was quite prevalent in ancient Greece. In the 5th Century B.C. Greece was having fuel shortages similar to what we're having now. Wood was the main fuel, and they were running very short. In fact Athens outlawed the exportation of wood. They started buying up monopolies so they'd have supplies of wood themselves. Wood became a political tool. The city that didn't agree with the political philosophy of Athens got their wood cut off.

Basically cities started turning to the sun, because at about the same time, with the Greek wars, all of the existing cities were being destroyed. So what you had was, you had a period where solar architecture was understood, and a period when cities were being destroyed one right after another. So architects came

in, and you'd find whole cities of thousands and thousands of dwellings oriented to the sun – all the main rooms being on the north side, opening onto a court, and then protected by a porch. From the 5th Century Greece and up until about the First Century B.C., almost all of the cities that were built were solar heated.

My only point here is that today, as rational intelligent people we should be able to duplicate this. When you rent or buy a home, think about it. Think about how it's oriented. These kinds of subtle things will help make developers aware that solar heating and solar architecture can be implemented again, and besides you'll have a comfortable environment to live in.

JOHN PERLIN

Solar historian; co-author of "Solar Water Heaters in California, 1891-1930."

I have a modest proposal for a way to get solar energy off the ground, and that is to convince the United States Government that it can destroy the world with solar energy.

We have an historical precedent from the 13th Century. Roger Bacon warned the Pope that the Arabs had a secret weapon – focusing mirrors to focus sunlight. This was the ultimate weapon which the power of geometry could produce, warned Roger Bacon to the Pope. He told the Pope that the anti-Christ will burn Europe in a few years with this weapon. Unless you give me research and development funds. Unfortunately, the Pope ignored him, and he didn't get any R & D funds.

But if all of you today write your congressmen or write your senators that we can destroy the world with solar energy, solar energy will come.

SY SAFRANSKY

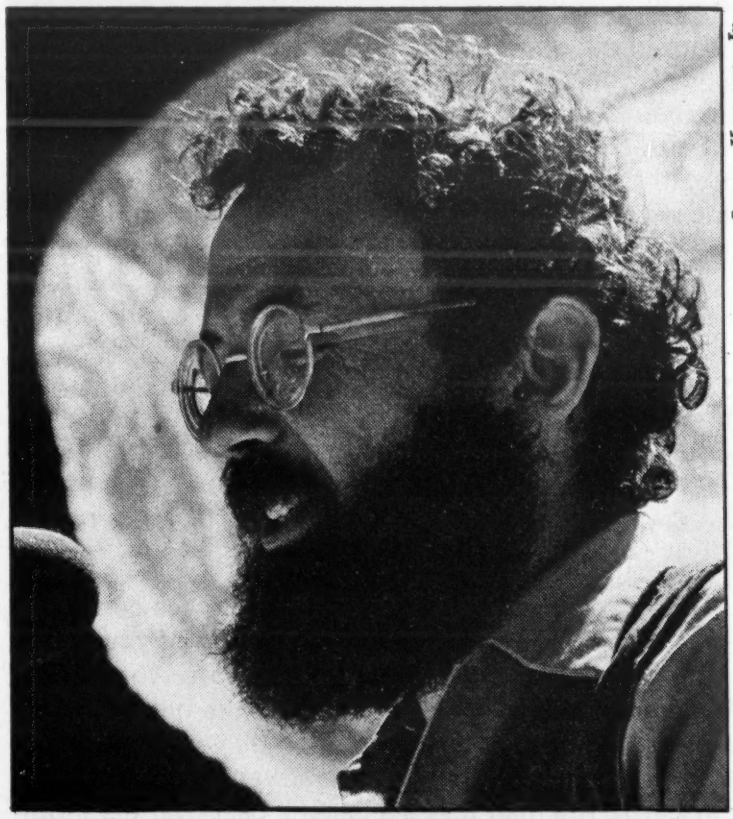
Poet, editor of The Sun, *Chapel Hill, North Carolina*

Friends, It's 11:30 Sunday morning. I'm sitting by the bay in Sausalito, wondering what to say to you. I don't care much about windmills, or solar collectors. They're wonderful, but I don't know what they have to do with loving yourself. We're so afraid of being beautiful; it's easier to say, look at my windmill than look at me.

I used to be a newspaper reporter. I wanted to save the world. One day it dawned on me that I was perpetuating the very evils I resisted. If you're going to be a good guy, you need evil. Otherwise, you're left shooting at tin cans.

So, I decided to save myself first. But it was easier trying to save the world. It's hard to face the 6 o'clock news and it's even harder to face yourself, the contradictions and hopelessness inside yourself. That takes courage. It means asking the questions that need to be asked. It has nothing to do with whether you eat steak or sunflower seeds or how you dress or how many asanas you do.

There's very little we need. There's very little we need to do. We're taught to be competitive and witty, but it doesn't make us feel safe. If I'm *here* and



Larry Keenan, Jr.

you're *there*, we're both alone. There's so much happening. There's going and doing. There's fame. Even when we say small is beautiful, we're usually talking about *more* small, or my small is better than your small.

We pretend that our opinions are truth. We believe our own explanations about what is mysterious. But to keep life alive we need to keep our sense of wonder alive. We need to feel inside ourselves everyone we meet. It's hard. There are no formulas. The truths become words, the words become empty. But in emptiness there's a place to begin. To begin forgiving ourselves. To begin to love the ground beneath us, and our neighbors, and children, and old people, and everything we once imagined was unnecessary, or ugly.

I'd like to read you three poems. The first is called A Man's Pain:

I'm almost healed. My wounds were many,
But my heart was strong. Why tear at these
Stitches, just to say what I know? If
Pain is a needle, my life was the thread.
I made myself a garment to wear before
My God, so beautiful the sight of it
Would make you weep.
Now, he wants me
Naked, so this is how I go. Not
Speaking of it, except to say this.

The next poem is called Morning.

The children are up, the
house, too, feet everywhere,
and my own breathing forgotten – like
the name of a man in the years
since his death, resurrected with
his father in the schools of the
dead, where they relearn the secret
arts: the fine balances, the colors
of love, household economy, and war
and healing.

I learn, too. But what is spoken here, I'll never know. It whirls out of sight, nameless and breathless.

The wind lifts the roof, like the lid of a box. Idly, without interest. I should fix it. At night, I ask myself, Did I do the things I should? Or fall on the bed with no thought for the morning, waking on sleep's forgotten side.

The last poem, since this is the Whole Earth Jamboree, is more practical. It's called Building Your Own Home.

I cut the road through the darkness. I carried in the best days of my life. For windows there were faces. The doors were secrets. They swung on their hinges soundlessly.

In the morning, I'd arrange my dreams like twigs, and stand like a tree in a storm. There was no place to go. Leaving, I went into myself.

My heart was a room filled with hanging plants. It tilted towards the moon. Down the hall, I'd go crashing, toward the mirror at the end. Like a bird, I chased the rain.

To see yourself that way, luminous, alone in space! In a house you built yourself!

SB: Of all of us here, Rusty Schweickart's I think the only one present who's seen the whole Earth with his bare eye. He's also the first person who was an individual satellite, himself. On Apollo 9 he was the first space-walker who went out without an umbilical connected up for air and other essentials. All he had was a leash.

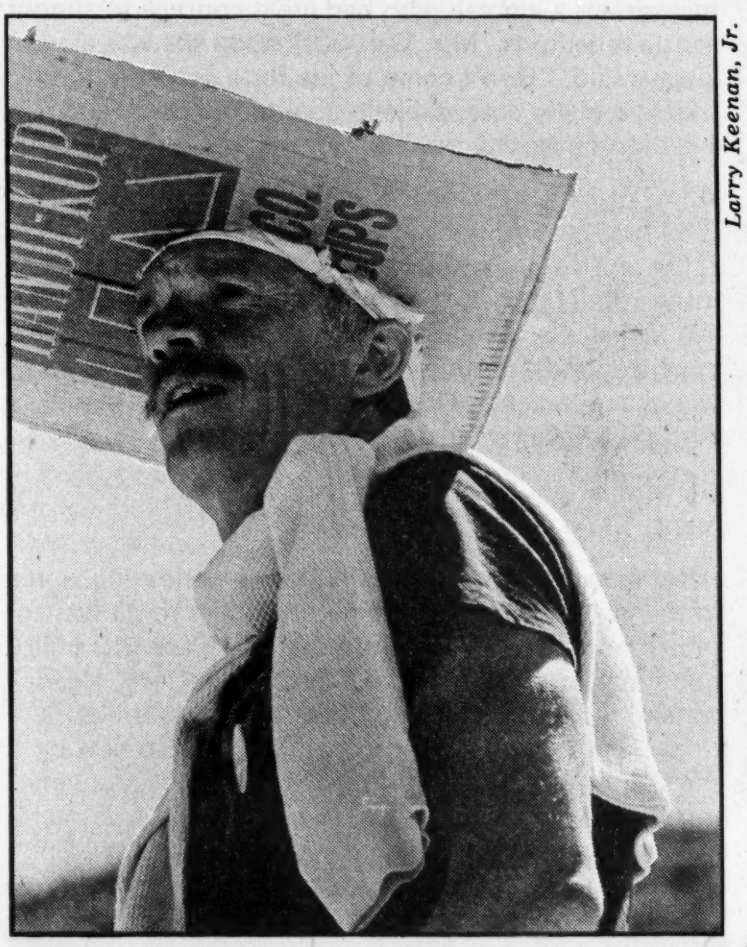
He worked with NASA Headquarters in Washington for a long time on applications, then last year Governor Brown brought him out here on a temporary assignment to work on California Space Day in association with the first landing of the Space Shuttle. Space Day was organized by Rusty, and it was the smoothest piece of organization of a public event I've ever seen. So now he's here full-time as Governor Brown's Science Advisor, at a reduced salary from what he was getting in Washington (no one knows that). In that capacity he's been involved in some policy decisions which you would be glad of.

RUSSELL SCHWEICKART

Somebody said I look like the Flying Nun. I figure it's more appropriate with my interests that I be the Floating Monk. The real reason for this headgear is that yesterday I decided to go the appropriate technology way and turn my nose into a personal solar collector.

Paradigm shift is always an interesting process. This spring, while the river was high, I went floating on the Stanislaus — which I hope a lot of you have now written letters about saving; if you haven't yet, you can go over the berm here and find out to whom. On the Stanislaus, after you make it through the more daring parts, you get a respite in relatively calm waters. And unlike others who were going down in rafts, my friends and I were going down in inner tubes and wet suits, which I invite you to try at your own risk. You're much more with the river than in a raft.

At one point after lunch we floated a calm part of the river, and I lay in the inner tube on my back. Almost by chance I lay my head back to the point where my head was fully upside down, and the water came right up almost to my eyes. Obviously this has to be done in calm water. And laying there on my back in the inner tube, I looked at the world. And it was a totally different world. It was a world in which I lived on the ceiling, a reflective ceiling, and the spectacular hills and trees and beautiful scenery projected down out of that ceiling. And as I turned around in the inner tube, I saw this bird-like creature, which was in fact my friend Dave Carnegie in another raft doing the same thing. He was a bird coming along the ceiling. In fact, all of us lived on that ceiling. The situation was such, without getting too descriptive, that that was real, and the whole world turned over.



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Okay. Break break. What I see from my experience in life, I want to relate this afternoon not in any way to persuade or convince you, because I don't care about that. What I do care is that we are all involved in this process of evolution. And I mean all, not just those of us here, but all. We sense it, especially here in this kind of group, as a process shaped by human events.

I, as you, have wrestled nightly with the angel of responsibility. But I've also experienced, both academically and directly, a larger evolutionary context. It's difficult to see the connection between a star as

it evolves from a blue giant to a neutron star and my wood stove that I've put in in the place of gas. But in fact, we connect those two worlds. We – consciousness, self-awareness, intelligence, God manifesting, God unfolding, in the creation of that dimly viewed organism of which we are all part. God unfolding in the seas, of consciousness now beginning to emerge from Mother Earth, Gaia. Bucky Fuller wrote me a poem:

"Environment" to each must be
All that is
Excepting me.
"Universe" in turn must be
All that is
Including me.

The difference between universe and environment is me, the thinker, feeler, doer, lover. Thank you.

HUEY JOHNSON

California Secretary of Resources; founder and former head of Trust for Public Land; former western regional director of The Nature Conservancy.

I would like to tell you a story about this place.

The name of this valley, the Gerbode Preserve, commemorates a woman who had great courage to support gentle rebellions. Mrs. Gerbode, when she was alive, always said, "Don't come to me for a contribution that is socially acceptable in cocktail circles," and she didn't ever want publicity.

All of us have those places where we are inspired, be it a library, a symphony, a quiet place in nature; and I, for one, have a hobby of pilgrimages to recognized, inspirational places. I've made pilgrimages to visit the Taj Mahal, Gettysburg, Hiroshima, The Little Bighorn, pupfish ponds, mountains in various parts of the world and, recently, Leopold's Sand County shack. And this place relates to me in those terms.

Remember another era and Thomas Wolfe's statement, "You can't go home again."

After returning from several years of wandering alone in the world, I thought the natural thing to do was to return home and take root in the altarplace of a childhood image: a beautiful lake, green overstory, clean waters. I went back to that lake and there it was: a ripped up, cemented landscape, summarized best by the sign on the beach that said "polluted – no swimming." So I moved on, drifted sad and bitter at our mad technological binge – the wiping out of passenger pigeons, Glen Canyon Dams being built, the loss of neighborhoods in our cities.

And then for me came this valley. We might have accepted a new town that was planned by Eastern developers for the place. It was to be huge – a new, plastic, chrome cemented ugly called Marincello. But the developers' cruelty of cutting our soils, of buying our friends, of destroying our fought-for zoning was too much, so we rebelled, we dozen, that Sunday years ago. We decided to stand, to draw a green line, and say "no further."

Following that, there was courage. Gray-haired elderly sisters, locking arms, blocking U.S. Highway

Larry Keenan, Jr.

101, getting gifts and getting petitions signed. There was sacrifice – unpaid young attorneys facing formidable odds of society's best-paid, largest law firms, and winning. There was sorrow – good politicians who sold out and were never trusted again.

Somehow we persevered and we are here today, and it's even more beautiful than it was then and, more important, it will be even more beautiful a thousand years from now. I've thought, "What else can we do in life that would possibly be here a thousand years from now?" and obviously, it is very important to me.

But beyond that, I suspect for a few of us we accomplished more than we knew for each of our lives those years ago. It was a shift of cosmic gears, a new value, a new green-line stand. By the presence of this place, I know now, today, I can go home again.

I've been here since and seen the poetry of fog relating to lichens on rocks, I've surprised a badger and seen its strength as it frantically disappeared into the earth, digging a new hole; watched young lovers loving themselves and the landscape they were on as they hiked through the valley. So I know this place will be here and persevere; and my children and their children and your children in the future will enjoy it too.

So I know that we by this gentle rebellion of drawing green lines can help ourselves and our future. Similar involvement in other rebellions has given us some successes such as cleaner air and water, redwood forests forests, and an increasing reverence for life. The issues get more complex and victories more difficult, but the same green-line rebellions are now winning against nuclear madness and other cancer-causing pollutants.

Ultimately, we'll get enough green lines to form a political force, which I believe some of us are starting now in Sacramento.

SB: I think a lot of you read recently about the Longest March, the Indian trek to Washington in regard to a number of bills that are under consideration to make life even harder for American Indian culture. I'm particularly happy to have representa-

tion from the American Indian Movement here because many of the surest things I know I learned during several quite wonderful summers I spent on various Indian reservations — some of them in Oklahoma where one of the main organizers of the Longest March, Bill Wahpepah, comes from.

BILL WAHPEPAH

I was questioned by some journalists yesterday, "What was the American Indian Movement doing here?" I guess I could have asked them the same question, because this is Indian land. But it won't be if American Indian people are allowed to die in the legislative war that exists today against us, for our natural resources. Some of them are resources you're against, such as uranium. Eighty percent of the uranium left in this United States is on Indian land. So those of us who are against nuclear development, then we must also be against the encroachment upon Indian land to take the uranium.

Those of us who are against a system that exploits resources and humans, we must begin to look at our responsibilities in a spiritual way. A journalist asked me yesterday, "What do I think of this, a Whole Earth gathering?" And I reminded the young man that this Whole Earth is our mother, and she provides for us daily, she provides us with our clothes, and with our food, as a baby takes from its mother's breast. See, we know that. But we want you to know that more, inside you. We want you to understand how sacred you are, each one of you. We want you to realize that sacred feeling.

And then I was asked, "Why do you think there were so many white people here, and not so many Indians, or not so many Chicanos, or not so many Black people?" I'll leave that question up to you. Don't ignore it. Let's don't look for no alternative life style or evolution that don't include *all* colors of people. Else we're bullshitting ourselves, you know. . . .

So in your search for new ideas, in your search for new ways, and as this natural change comes about, this revolution as well as evolution, not revolution in a left sense, but the turn, the change, the growth, of this Earth, our mother, as she produces new minds and new children, be concerned about her and all life, not just human life, but all forms of life, and extend yourselves and your thinking and your hearts to bring about change for the betterment of all people.

my

***Journalist; editor and publisher of* Observations from the Treadmill; *author of* What Do We Do for Lifeboats When the Ship Goes Down?**

I used to live on a hundred and fifty acres of Maine woods. Now I live on a boat in Santa Cruz with seven thousand miles of ocean for a backyard. The name of my boat is "Panta Rhei," which was Heraclitus' expression for "everything flows."

I never sailed before last March when I moved aboard, but I sail almost every day, generally alone, and I'm learning a great deal from sailing. As I sail I learn, and as I learn I write down what I am learning. I call it "the art of fine tuning," which is a metaphor.

Tuning a sailboat is very important. No matter how well the boat is designed and no matter how good its crew, if it isn't tuned well, it will never achieve its potential. The tune is what keeps the mast straight or "in column" as it's called, and it works on the principle of balanced compression. The finer the tune, the more subtle the adjustments must be of the shrouds and stays. It takes a lot of experience to know where the balance is, and understanding how to fine tune a boat is an art. . . .

From sailing I have learned that the wind and the sea are forces greater than my own. To harmonize with them is to share in their power, but to resist them is to dissipate my own . . . that's part of the art of fine tuning.

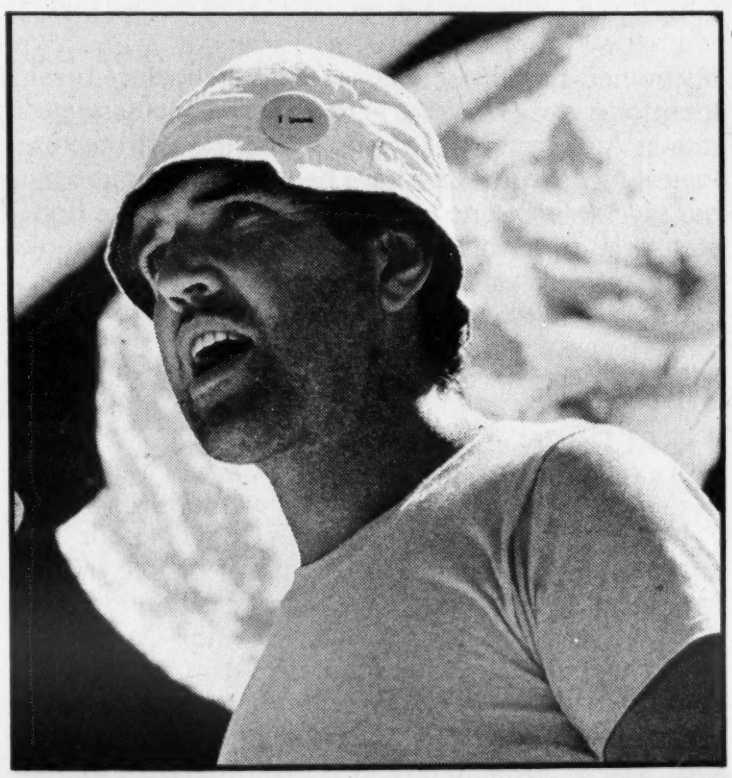
Whenever I say goodbye to friends now, I wish them love and then I tell them to stay tuned.

I wish you love. Stay tuned.

SB: Witold Rybczynski has worked with a group called the Minimum Cost Housing Group at McGill University in Montreal, Canada, and been doing the kind of things that many of us recently espouse longer than most of us and better than most of us.

WITOLD RYBCZYNSKI

Some years ago, studies of urban slums uncovered a startling fact — very poor people often drive Cadillacs. This was disturbing not only because it depreciated the value of the status symbol, but also because it attacked an important American belief — that technology should be congruous. According to this belief technological development occurs on a step-by-step, across-the-board basis; hence a poor person ought to drive a "poor" car. A poor person driving an expensive car was considered inefficient, and in some vague way immoral. This (Protestant?) belief has colored our view of technology and technological development for the last fifty years, and whether we are Buck Rogers technologists or Appropriate Technologists,



Larry Keenan, Jr.

we inevitably take technological congruity for granted. We have come to believe that we must have all or nothing.

A view of other cultures, particularly ones which are just now beginning their industrial development, gives rise to the possibility that perhaps technological congruity is not inevitable.

I recently did some work for a Cree Indian community in northern Canada. The daily life of the 500 or so people who live in Big Trout Lake is a strange mixture of the old and the new, and illustrates what I mean by technological incongruity.

The Cree are trappers who spend extended periods in the bush, in the winter, relying on ageless woodcraft for survival; yet to reach their trap-lines, a 30-mile trip, they charter a plane. Domestic life is largely unaffected by modern gadgets. The toilet is an outhouse, cooking and heating are done with wood, there is no running water – it is brought from the lake in buckets – but outside many of the houses stand washing machines, powered by small gas motors. Likewise, though there is no electricity, most of the homes have inexpensive portable radios. Some even have small Honda generators which are cranked up periodically so that colour television, via satellite, can be watched.

It would be a mistake to conclude that the Cree are being overtaken by white man's technology. They are not trapped by our vision of technological congruity, and hence see nothing wrong in letting the new and the old evolve side by side.

Another brief example.

In the Philippines I had been asked to give a talk to a group of students in a squatter settlement in Manila. I had planned to show slides, but 10 minutes before the start there was still no projector. I assumed we would have to forego the slides, but I was mistaken. My friend there said he was sure he could *make* a slide projector – after all wasn't it just a lens and a light bulb?

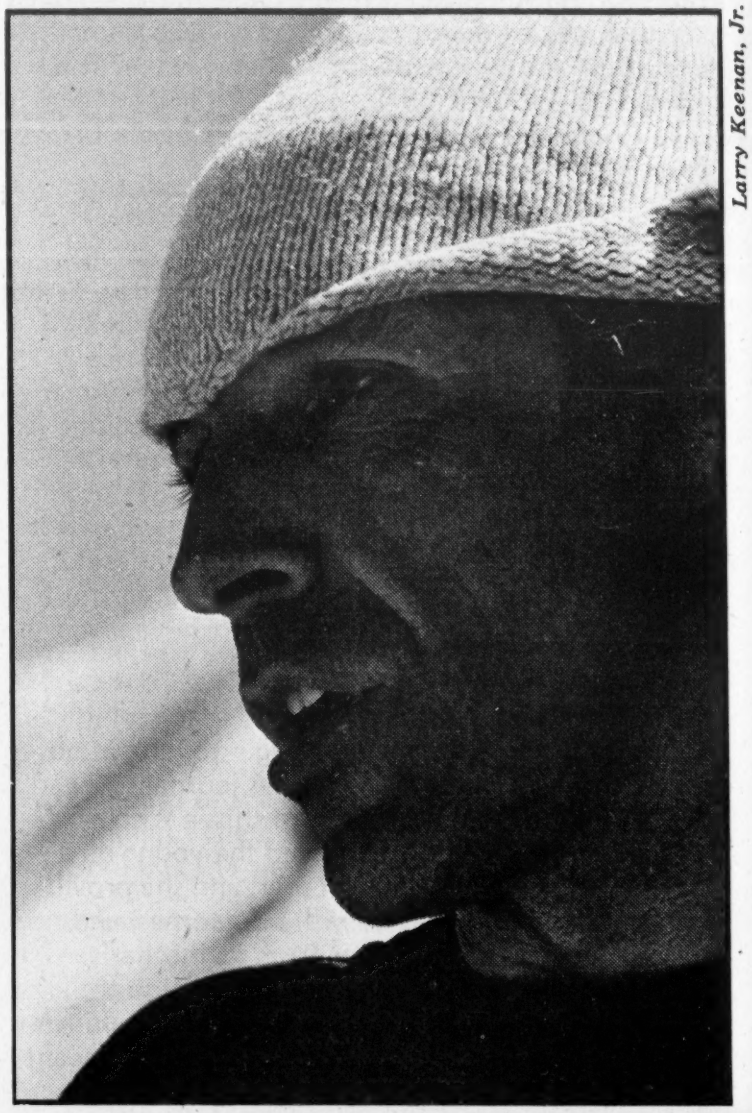
My point is that this reaction – if your shoelace breaks, look for a piece of string – has become increasingly rare in America. Unlike people who live with technological incongruities we have become intimidated by our machines and no longer control them. The first step away from this unhappy situation is not to look for moral consistency in our technologies but to cultivate technological incongruities.

Perhaps the first Chinese astronaut will use an abacus?

J. BALDWIN

CQ's *Soft Technology* editor.

. . . We're not really credible when we talk about appropriate technology. What a lot of people around here mean by appropriate technology is they drive a diesel Mercedes to work. That won't do. One solar house here, one windmill there isn't demonstrating anything. We've got to demonstrate something on a scale that's irrefutable. A number of us are proposing this: a solar-powered city. No fossil fuel used in the



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city – that'll be the criteria. We're really working this out, using the New Alchemists' hardware, the Ark, as a basis of it. We've shaken hands on it; we're gonna go for it. It'll be big enough, like 35,000 people – that's the biggest city in the United States that has a volunteer fire department. That's a good size to have community involvement. You can all get together on fires.

I think that this kind of thing can be done, I think that we can get the land, I don't think there's going to be any trouble getting the money because people will always bring money and their own energy to something that excites them. I think that we're able to do it, and it's our responsibility to do it. The time is now. The vibe is right, I think, in this society. So I'm asking you for your ideas on the subject. Write me at the *CoEvolution Quarterly*. This is not a pie-in-the-sky number. We are committed.

JAY KINNEY

Cartoonist; Young Lust Comics; Cover-Up Lowdown; Anarchy Comics.

A marvelous book called the *Tao of Physics* came out a couple of years ago. In it the author notes the increasing similarity of a frontier of science, quantum physics, to many Eastern religions and philosophies. He speaks at one point of something called "the boot strap principle," which I found very useful. This is the notion that since there is no single unified theory which explains all the different phenomena which physics examines, that one should be able to employ a number of theories, which each covers certain portions of

reality. The trick is that each of these limited theories may have gaping holes, but the theories tend to cover each other's gaps. People who use this patchwork method are called "bootstrappers," that is, people who lug themselves around by their own bootstraps.

If you use this method in real life it can help keep you from going too crazy, which is also important to me, otherwise I couldn't get my comics done. This is all pretty abstract, so I thought I'd give you an example from my own life. In a typical day I might try to simultaneously juggle the following theories, using each one in a different area and time — Marxism, anarchism, Jungian psychology, Taoism, the western magical tradition, the Protestant work ethic, surrealism, feminism, and sexism.

Let's say I get up in the morning and stagger around for the first hour trying to wake up. That's when I bring surrealism into play, because my mind's in a pretty strange state. I'll get breakfast and go down to work at Rip Off Press, which is a comic publisher, and while I'm down there I may cart around some comics boxes, address envelopes, and do a lot of dirty work like that. That's where the Protestant work ethic comes into play. And Fred down at Rip Off may say that his tool box got ripped off the night before, but that's okay, because the moon was in Scorpio, and he knew it was going to happen anyway. That's the western magical tradition coming into play.

Okay, next I'll leave work and drive by a Safeway on the way home, see some pickets out front, and think to myself, "Huh, that's the Class Struggle in progress. I need groceries, but I won't go there." And that's where Marxism comes in for a moment. So instead I go to a collectively-run food store in my neighborhood, and I think, "Well, this is much better to support, this is people doing their own food, doing it themselves without profit," and that's anarchism.

I'll get the groceries at the food store, stand in the check out line, stand in the check out line, keep on standing in the check out line, it usually takes forever, so all I can do is relax, wait, go with the flow, and realize that fretting won't make it any easier. That's sort of Taoism. Okay, while I'm standing in line, I may admire the woman in front of me and think to myself, "Boy, she sure is cute," and other unmentionable thoughts — that obviously is sexism. Then she'll turn around, I'll see she's wearing a t-shirt that says, "I am not a sex object," and I'll think to myself, "Well, that's true, you know. Right on." And my feminism will sort of tardily come into evidence.

Then I'll go home and try to get some work done on a comic strip, and we're back to the work ethic again, but the comic strip may be about a talking chihuahua who travels in a flying teacup, and that's surrealism again. You get the idea. This approach to life helps me keep my sense of humor and makes for some weird comic strips. It's called the bootstrap method.

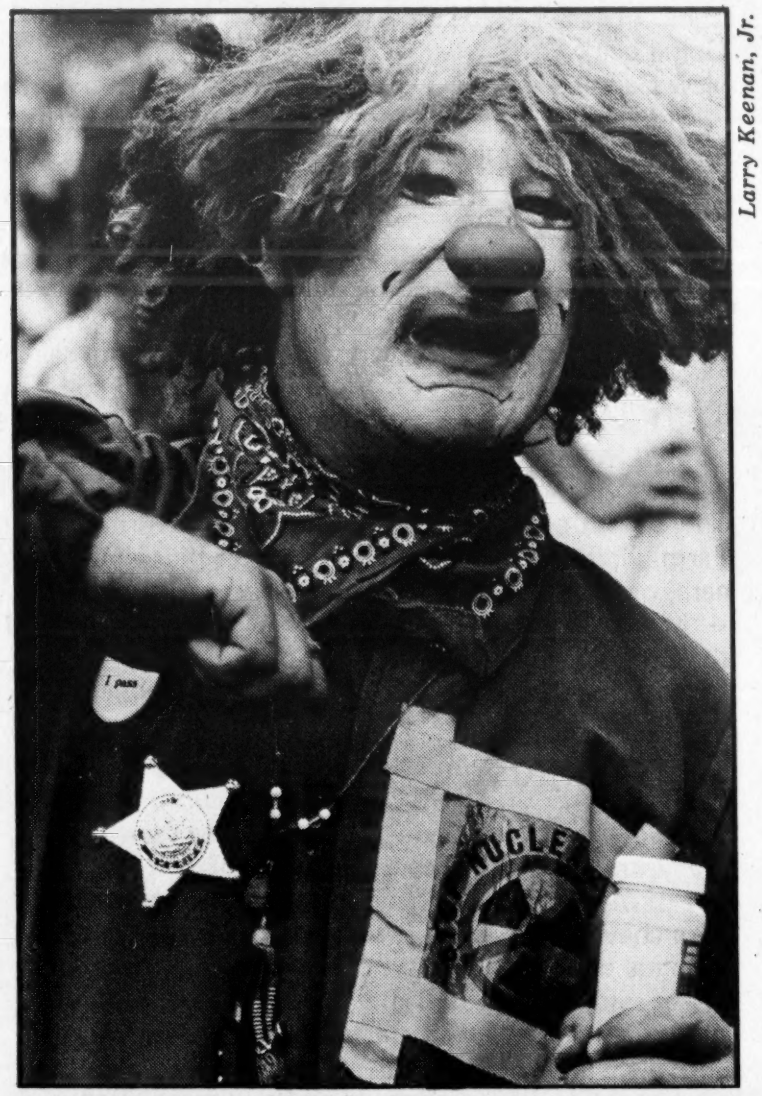
SB: Wavy Gravy didn't have that name when I first knew him. He was Hugh Romney. He used to be with The Committee in San Francisco and then got the Hog Farm going in Los Angeles. The Hog Farm has been an inherent part of so many things we've done, I bet if I tried to name them I'd miss some. Going backwards, they were deeply involved in the New Games Tournament, then before that Life Forum in Stockholm, when we took not only the Hog Farm but their busses to Sweden for the UN Conference on the Human Environment and got into a lot of trouble. We were told by the people who lived there that we must have been sent by the CIA — we were too strange to have arrived by any other means. Back before that was Life Raft Earth. One time I got a notion that a bunch of people ought to starve together, just to see what the overpopulated future might feel like, so we'd have some time to think about whether we wanted it. And I put out the word, "Okay, everybody who wants to starve together, give us a call." There wasn't much response, except the entire Hog Farm, which was in two contingents at that time, one here, one in New Mexico, who arrived part way along — they'd been starving on the busses all the time. And I'll tell you, this Jamboree owes its structure, its security, to the Hog Farm. And that's many people besides Wavy, but here he is.

WAVY GRAVY

How do you do. How do you do. My name is Wavy Gravy, the famous psychedelic drug. This is just a part of my nose. That's the safety. I'll do anything. It's a cheap trick, folks. I'm working as an emcee, a tongue dancer, over on the music stage, and Scoop Nisker said, "If you had the whole Earth, what would you do with it?" And I started to think about that — God, well, we need to clean it up. I mean, if we want to sell it, like if a couple come in from Uranus, we can't show them this mess. For years and years and years, since 1969, the Hog Farm had this plot. We said if that's where it's at, it's like putting a candle between some mirrors and letting it stretch to infinity (as I said to the mirror the other morning, "It's all done with people") and if we all shared stuff, and if everybody had something to eat and somewhere to lay down, and they didn't have to pay rent.

So we started this mad scam to buy back the Earth and give it away so it wouldn't be for sale any more, called Earth People's Park. Which, do you know, is 600 acres of land, the last left-hand turn in America, at Norton, Vermont. It's a border, you know, which has been handy from time to time. They got beavers there, they got some rivers you can drink out of, it's kind of a neat vision, you understand. And obviously those of you who are old pros realize that this is the beginning of a pitch. I wouldn't waste this time with just my jabber. We owe $2,500 this year on the park, and then the last land payment is next year, $3,000, and that's it, we're done. Finished. And everything else is taxes and gravy.

So at this point I'll just sort of turn into David Niven, and our ushers will walk among you with hats and if you see clear for some spare change or photos of our founding fathers, you can throw 'em into the hats and we'll take that and make the payment on the land. Are the ushers around? Okay, start the action. And what I'm going to do is, I'll sing a quick one. Feel free to throw fruit, 'cause singing is not my event, but this kind of passed through me. *[more→]*



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Wavy Gravy

Wouldn't it be neat
If the people you meet
Had shoes upon their feet
And something to eat?

And wouldn't it be fine
If all human kind
Had shelter?

(Here comes the chorus, sing it with me, it goes:)

Basic human needs
Basic human deeds
Doing what comes naturally
Down in the garden
Where no one is apart
Deep down in the garden
The garden of your heart.

And wouldn't it be grand
If we all lend a hand
So each one could stand
On a free piece of land?

And wouldn't it be thrilling
If folks stopped their killing
And started in tilling
The land?

Chorus

No more churches
No more steeples
Good bye mirrors
Hello people
Helping people
Help yourself
And work out
Till the stars
Begin to shout
Oh thank God for something to do.

Chorus

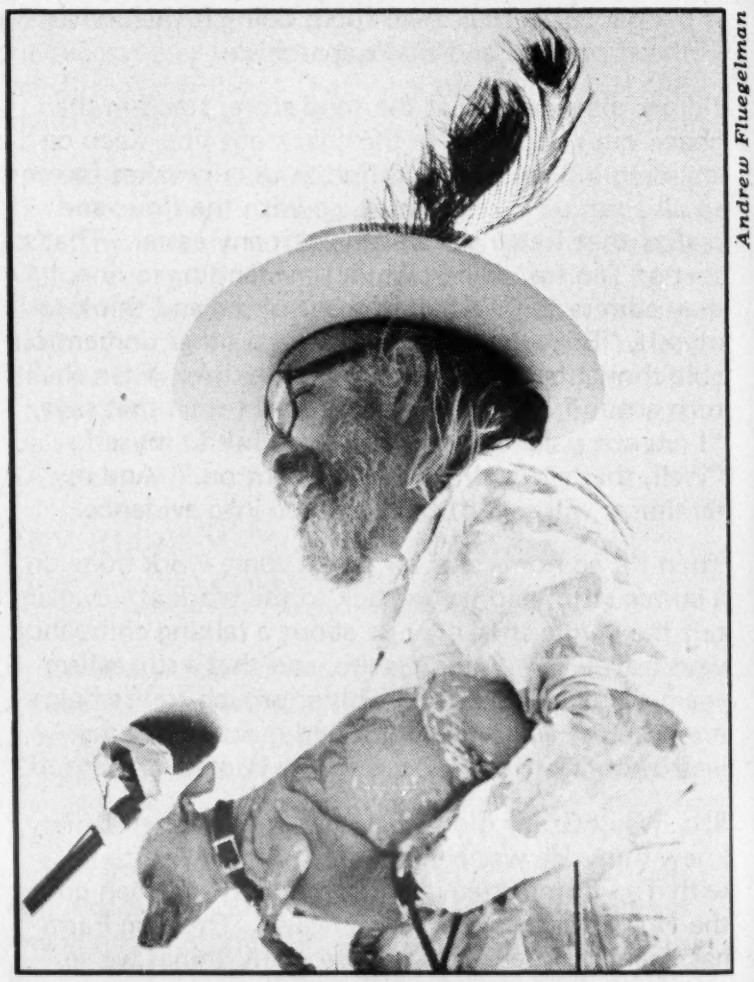
And wouldn't it be daring
If folks started sharing
Instead of comparing
What each other was wearing?
And wouldn't it be swell
If people didn't sell
Their mother Earth.

Chorus

SB: You probably have heard about Stanley Marsh III through a collaboration he did with Ant Farm — a row of cadillacs buried all in a row in Texas. Stanley's an art patron. He's also something of an artist. He's also the owner of a TV station in Amarillo, Texas — Channel 7.

STANLEY MARSH III

Hi. I'm here to talk on the question of privilege. The question of who's who and why we're here. Since I've been here I've heard people want to save whales, seals, outer space, forest fires, moles, insects, trees, gullies, cats, boats, coyotes, and now beavers. I think we ought to save ourselves first, because we are the homo sapiens, and we are the animals that rule the Earth and we are mammals. Sooner or later we're going to wreck it anyway, so I think what we ought to do is get together and wreck it with finesse.



Andrew Fluegelman

And I think that we're all entitled to be called something, because we all should be special. To demonstrate that I brought this wretched little animal here with me, a Chinese Hairless dog. Now, if this Chinese Hairless dog had not had these wings tattooed on it, he'd probably be in a bowl of chop suey today. But being the fact that he's the only winged dog in the world, he lives here on the stage right now. And he and I would like to say, "Thank you, we're entitled."

And with the power of God, Stewart Brand, the *Whole Earth Catalog* and the *CoEvolution Quarterly*, I hereby grant to everybody out there the entitlement to be called for the rest of your natural or unnatural life, Your Excellency.

SB: This poor, beautiful dog! I'm trying to think what it was in its last life to get this.

We've got a double bit here. Dan O'Neill is a cartoonist. We first knew him as the boy wonder of "Odd Bodkins" in the San Francisco *Chronicle.* He did *Hear the Sound of My Feet Walking Drown the Sound of My Voice Talking* and *The Collective Unconscience of Odd Bodkins* and he's one of the mainstays of the *CQ*, and he plays banjo. J.D. Smith has been with us since so many beginnings it's hard to count them. Back in earliest Whole Earth Truck Store days when the store needed a manager, J.D. showed up. He's one of the few cowboys trained in phenomenological philosophy at Harvard. He's a pretty good philosopher and a damned good cowboy, and one of the great story tellers. It was J.D. who introduced the whole genre of animal stories to *CoEvolution Quarterly.*

DAN O'NEILL & J.D. SMITH

O'Neill: This is a song that offended a United States Air Force colonel in 1962. I don't know who wrote it, somebody out there probably wrote it. Here we are ten years after the revolution, with our backs against the sea, I thought you might like it. *[To the tune of "Strawberry Roan":]*

As I was walking my picket line,
Carrying my protest sign,
This liberal walked up to me and said,
"Son, you've got to get this through your head,
You're only hurting the cause this way.
That's what all of us liberals say.
No one likes things the way they are,
You're going too fast, you're going too far."

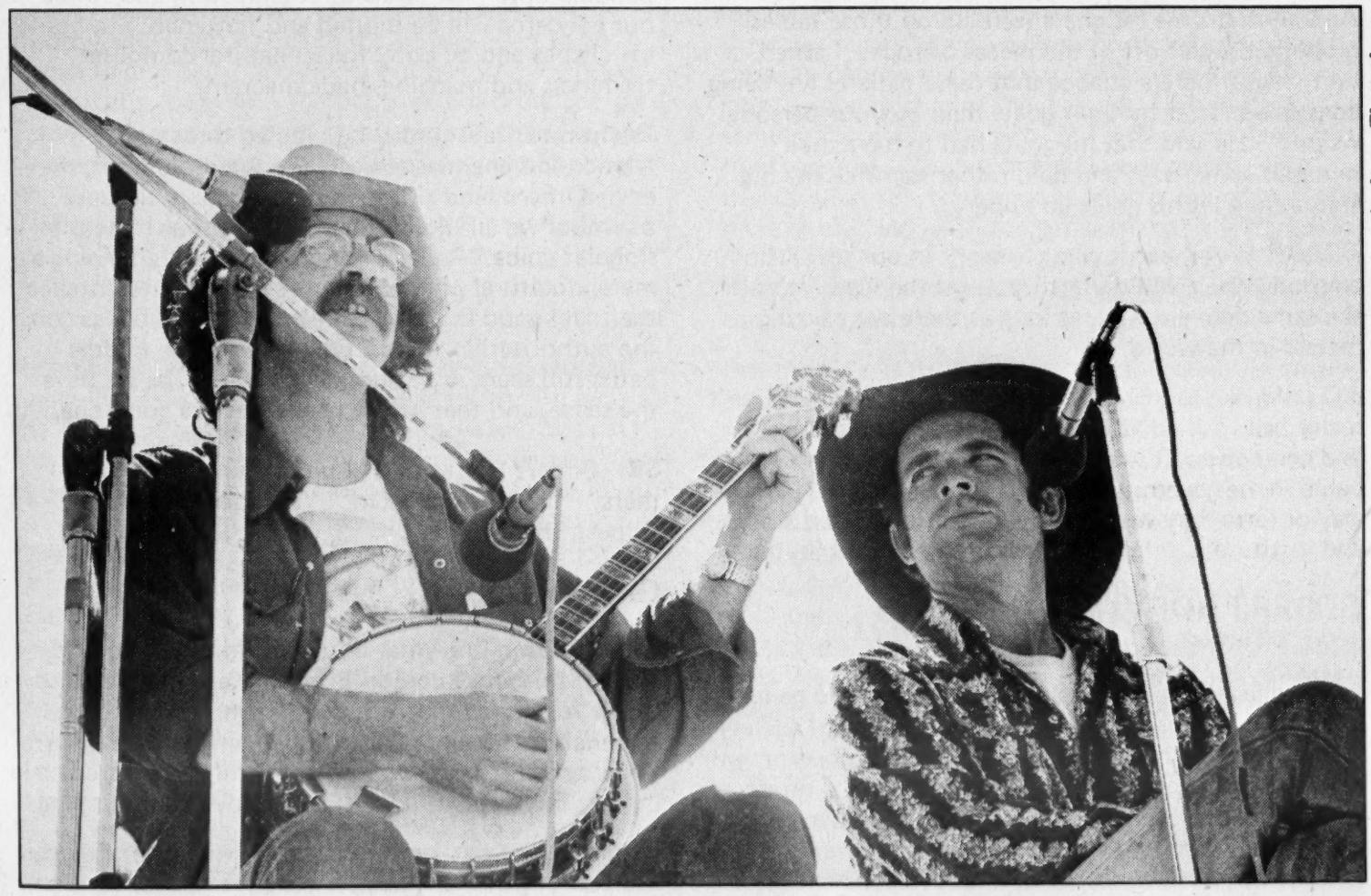
Moses standing on the Dead Sea shore,
Swatting at the water with a two-by-four,
He tells Pharoah to sink or swim,
The Egyptian ruler turns to Moses and says to him,
"You're only hurting the cause this way,
That's what all of us liberals say.
No one likes things the way they are,
You're going too fast, you're going too far."

Three wise men on camel back,
One was white and two are black,
Freedom-ridin' to Bethlehem,
The Jews run out and say to them:

Chorus

Everyone's busy brewing tea
At the Boston Harbor jamboree,

Dan O'Neill *J.D. Smith*



Andrew Fluegelman

Andrew Fluegelman

And the liberals are shouting from the shore,
"Come on guys, don't dump any more."

Chorus

Now God gave Noah the rainbow sign,
Said, "Not water but fire next time,"
And the sky's falling and blazing away,
People look up to God and they say,

"Listen, baby,
You're only hurting the cause this way.
That's what all of us liberals say.
Everyone liked things the way they were,
You're going too fast, and you've gone too far."

J.D.: I was in Naples one time, and I was pretty much confused by the Italian way of government, because you had to have some kind of white piece of paper to do anything. There was a person that I heard about north and west of Naples, that was dragging big chunks of marble out of the ocean, and was apparently reconstructing this statue of Laocoon, the fellow that got sucked in by snakes. I went to visit him after a long hassle, and here was a government-employed Italian combination geologist-anthropologist-artist with 13 female goats named after Roman emperors' wives.

Every day his job was to dive in this little bay, with this nice clear water, and bring up these rocks and stack them on this long table, kind of randomly. Then at night after he got through swimming he'd pick up pieces of marble and see if they'd fit together. At that time he had about one leg reconstructed of this marble person. I was asking him how his work was, and he said that he kept having trouble because the sea had worn away the parts so much that he thought he'd probably never finish his venture.

And all that time his goats were up on those tables, nibbling the salt off of the pieces of rock. I asked him, "Isn't there a chance that these pebbles are being consumed faster by your goats than by your personal vision?" He said that his goats had to have their minerals some way, and he'd rather sacrifice the big statue than let his goats go hungry.

O'Neill: If you don't want to work in our revolution, anybody else's will do until you get the idea. It's all the same one, anyway, as long as there are parking meters in the world.

J.D.: I'd like to introduce just one concept that hasn't really been talked about by most environmentalists and ecologists. It would relieve taxes and open up belief in the government of this country again if in some way or form they would re-open the Homestead Act and institute vast land reforms in the United States.

ROBERT HORVITZ

Artist; CQ art editor.

. . . I believe that in times of rapid change and general insecurity every self-identifying component of society — every union, industry, landlord, gender, government — is going to be compelled to demonstrate or retest its power under current circumstances, relative to every other component, almost in a chain reaction kind of way. We've seen that already economically in the wage-price spiral. We see that wave passing now from the private economy to the public economy — Proposition 13 and New York's hernia in the budget being the outstanding examples. It can only accumulate, as we try to turn this planet-ship around the bend in a new direction. I think this next decade will be a time of testing and redefining power relations, and not necessarily a pleasant one.

What scares me is that these power displays are necessarily disruptive, and we are now so interdependent, so entrained, that what would remain a local problem in a looser system, in our system can cascade into larger disruptions under not-so-improbable conditions. And at the same time it's ironic that precisely because of our interdependence, and the interdependence of our problems, it's very hard to either fix blame or responsibility for solving problems. So on the one hand, the system multiplies the power of its components through integration, but on the other hand it divides the responsibility of each component for the fate of the system. . . .

I'm kind of disappointed that for all the great heads working at the interface of economics, ecology and cybernetics, there aren't that many good new suggestions for how to organize and run a large, just, stable, light-footed society, safely within the limits of the bio-material environment — or, more importantly, on how to get there from here.

At this point, the environmental movement, I think, is largely still a cultural phenomenon. It's a personal or family lifestyle. It's a state of mind. It's a cluster of fuzzily-linked preferences and beliefs anchored to a few successful examples and experiments. But I think we all must sense that if this continues without expanding onto new levels of organization and action, our concerns will be diluted and flattened into political cliches and ad copy for all-natural computer terminals and machine-made macrame.

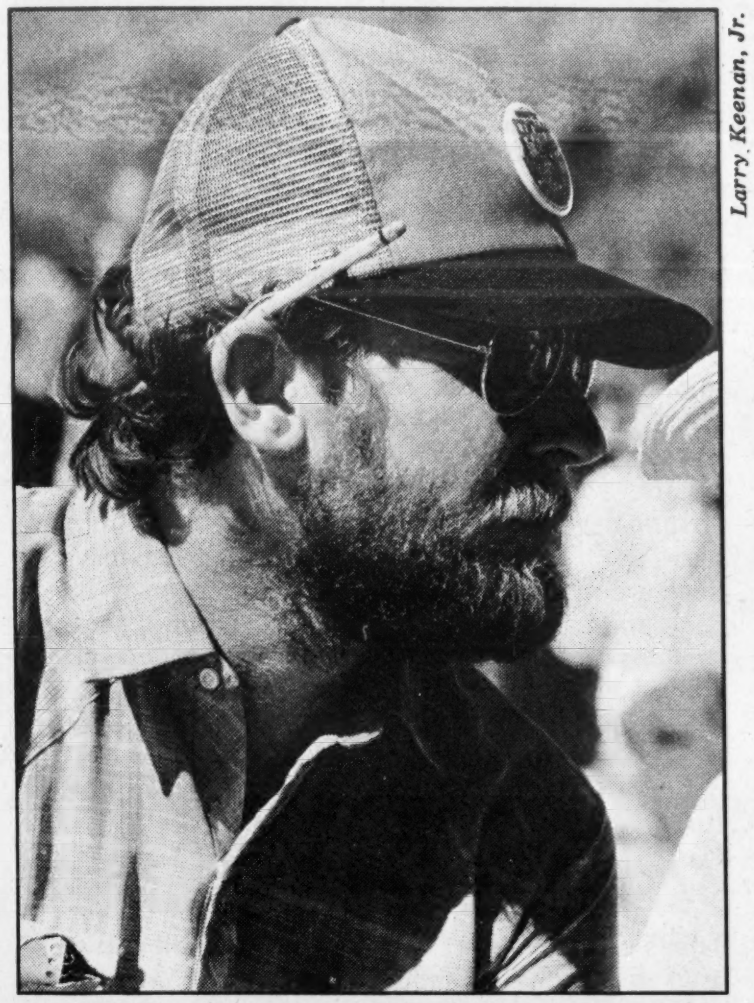
Environmentalism may be nibbled to death by its friends and enemies alike. Like the proletariat, the environment lends itself to demagoguery because it's a symbol we all like to identify with, but it lacks a singular voice. As far as I'm concerned, remaining a merely cultural phenomenon — a hip, white, intellectual, feel-good association — is as undesirable as going the authoritarian route. Fortunately, the middle paths still seem wide and plentiful. I hope we have the sense, and the time, to head down a good one.

SB: Gilbert Shelton, "Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers," "Fat Freddy's Cat," "Wonder Wart Hog," Gilbert Shelton.

GILBERT SHELTON

I've been thinking what in the world I could contribute to this and I couldn't think of anything except things for my own profit, like writing comic strips, and that's probably what will happen in the long run. I'll write a story based on my adventures here in camp in the last few days. It'll be "Fat Freddy Goes Camping."

It started one day back in the city, when Fat Freddy had run out of marijuana, and he was out of cocaine,



Larry Keenan, Jr.

and he was out of dexedrine and benzedrine and methedrine and compozine and thorazine and escatrol and demerol and percodan and everything else, and Fat Freddy was just totally depressed. He decided he had to get out of the city – go camping.

He'd never been camping before. Among the supplies in the house there was a tattered tent and a crusty bedroll and a guitar, but that's all you need to go camping and have fun. So he hopped in his VW van and hit the road, with the big trucks and the cop cars and the wreckers and the wreckees and the cadillacs and oldsmobiles and goldmobiles and pigmobiles and the bigmobiles and everything else. He went to National Park No. 1, beautiful place – trees, wilderness, beautiful lawns, campsites. Naturally, it was full. They turned him away because he didn't have a reservation. He'd never heard of reservations before.

I forgot to say that before he left the house he had to pick up his cat and put it in the van with him because he might be gone for weeks and weeks and the cat would starve to death. And Fat Freddy being a considerate fellow, he didn't want to leave his cat. Anyway, a hundred miles up the road he finally found an empty camp site. It was at Porta Potty State Park. It was just this grass field with eleven porta potties. He set up his tent, pulled out his supplies. He had a can of Vienna sausage and a six-pack of beer. He ate that and drank the six pack. Then the weather got cold, so he decided to build a fire. He used his six-pack carton and all the trash that he found in the van and he got a nice little fire built after a while and warmed himself up.

Once he was warm he decided to go out and look for psychotropic plants, but what he found was poison oak. And covered with poison oak he runs back to camp, only to discover that there's no water to wash himself off with. Fortunately he does have a bottle of gin, so he uses that. Then he has a dirty pan of gin left over, and he throws it on the fire. And it blows up, of course, and he starts this large fire. After a few futile attempts to put it out, he says, "Well, this is hopeless, I'd better get my van and get out of here."

But meanwhile the cat with its tail on fire had run all the way back to San Francisco – he beat Fat Freddy there because Volkswagen vans are kind of slow. And he set the whole city on fire, and it burned down, and Fat Freddy finally caught up with his cat in Texas, where they were soon joined by 500,000 refugees from San Francisco, where they had to live the country life ever after.

SCOOP NISKER

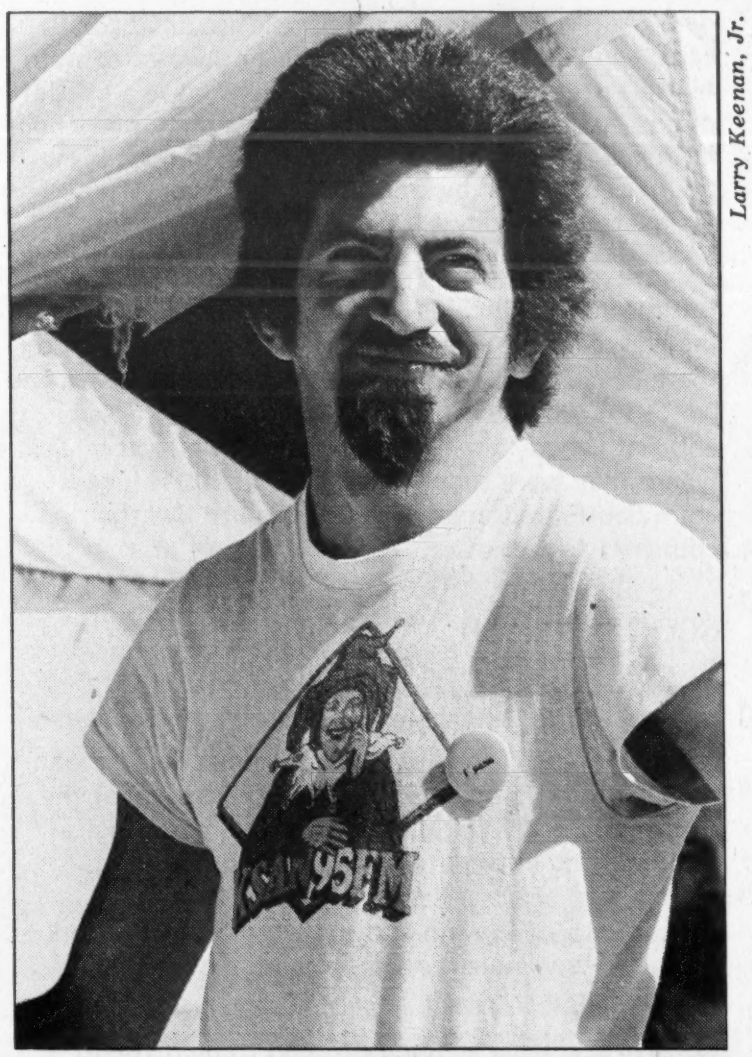
DJ; creator of "The Last News Show" on KSAN; co-editor of CQ*'s Broadcast Issue.*

Natural, organic, wholistic people, crusaders for consciousness, protectors of the planet, pioneers of the soft path and the middle path and the pathological, back-packing bodhisattvas and back-sliding bohemians, born-again agnostics, Jews for Krishna, worshippers of the sun and the wind, true believers in the all new ancient ways, you are the citizens of the new age.

I realize you have all gone through some difficult initiation rites to bring you to this point, to this Whole Earth Jamboree. You've had your shoulders lowered, your spine straightened, your feet massaged, your body aligned, your aura polished, your vibes tuned up and your mind blown. You've got negative ion generators to purify the air you breathe, water filters to purify the water you drink, negative-heel shoes to change the way you walk. You've had happiness lessons to change the way you talk, success seminars to make you rich, sex seminars to teach you how to come. You've changed your names, your moves, your sex, your games. And some of you have gone all the way with the total personality transplant – TPT. So here we all are. Transformed, reformed, formed again, and still non-conformed, ready to save the planet and create an all-new golden age.

But the time is running out. We are caught between our own personal-growth visions of the Age of Aquarius and the creeping Apocalypse. The warnings are posted every day in the newspapers, and the incriminating evidence is everywhere from the mountains, to the prairies, to the oceans black with oil. There is a slaughter going on as terrible and threatening as the genocide of Germany or Vietnam. As evidence, I have with me a copy of the endangered species list. It stands as a burning endictment of our way of life, and puts the lie to our claim to civilization. The endangered species list reads like a who's who of the animal world. Here are a few of the names of the almost one thousand species of mammals, birds, reptiles,and fish currently on the endangered species list.

Endangered mammals include: the grizzly bear, the cougar, the gorilla, the jaguar, twelve species of deer,



Larry Keenan, Jr.

Scoop Nisker

the leopard, the Asiatic lion, thirteen species of monkey, the orangutan, seven species of otter, the rhinoceros, eight species of whale, five species of wolf.

Endangered birds include: eight species of crane, three of doves, five species of duck, the bald eagle, the peregrine falcon, four species of owl, nine species of parakeet, twelve species of parrot, twenty species of pheasant, four species of pigeon, and the Santa Barbara song sparrow.

Endangered reptiles include: the American alligator, eleven species of crocodile, fifteen species of turtle, and the list goes on and on and on. All of these species are endangered, and scientists now claim that we are losing one species of life to extinction every single year. When the dinosaurs were dying out, they were losing only one species of life to extinction every thousand years.

There's a life and death struggle going on, and now's the time for all good homo sapiens to come to the aid of their planet. Take the endangered species list, read it to your friends, post it up on billboards and on government buildings, read it aloud in schools and churches. Choose yourself an endangered species and start a movement to save it. There are enough to go around for everyone.

Let the endangered species list be your mantra and your gauntlet, and the next time you hear that another species of life has become extinct from the planet forever, ask not for whom the bell tolls. And remember, as I always say, if you don't like the news, go out and make some of your own.

SB: Marc LeBrun has been the computer science editor of *CoEvolution Quarterly* practically since we noticed that computer science was a frontier of such depth, width and strangeness as we had not laid eyes on. I think it's more important than space colonies. If anyone is actually living in a new age, it is the likes of Marc.

MARC LEBRUN

What I find interesting and important and worth it about computers, and what has kept me involved with what Salvador Dali calls the "marvelous cretins" all these years, is exactly the non-science part of computers. So I'll talk a little bit about that. Imagine writing has just been invented, say twenty or thirty years ago. That's about how long computers have been around. If writing had just been invented a generation ago, we'd still be spacing around, getting the idea of the possibilities of this neat new acquisition. But we'd have very little inkling of just where this would lead us – to the stories and prayers, to the beautiful and vast body of literary culture which is now our heritage, to mathematics to poetry. Not that these things didn't exist before writing, but they were transformed, expanded and articulated by this new technology of the art of writing.

That's where we're at with computers: still getting used to the idea. In fact, we're still hung up on the objects, and tend to lose sight of the process. The objects are computers, but the process is a vastly enhanced ability for humankind to interact with their information environment, just as the writing process gave a vastly enhanced ability for humankind to interact with their verbal traditions and images. In fact the phrase computer scientist reflects this fixation on the object. It's like calling someone a "pencil scientist" because they write.

So I'll try to give you a feel for what the process of computing does for me in terms of my life experience. The laboratory where I work is in a run-down building off the Stanford campus out in the foothills. At this point it's traditional to tell you all about computer science and artificial intelligence research, but I won't, because it's mostly irrelevant. The thing that is relevant is not what is done in the company of these very large and sophisticated machines, but how that affects those who keep such dubious company.

There are basically two ways to relate to your activity there. You can think you're doing important computer science research, or you can play. Those who choose to be uniformly humorless about their work are called users or, as they say at MIT, losers. Those who play around a lot usually produce a greater net benefit to the community as a whole, mostly because they also work harder – they are called hackers, or sometimes wizards. Some of our most prolific and helpful wizards tend to devote about half of their time and effort to things that are merely fun or interesting.

Here's some of the things that have been done at the lab in the last ten years or so. There's a mail system – someone can send me a message at any time from anywhere in the international computer network.

The computer saves it for me and tells me when I show up that I should read it. The director of the lab, John McCarthy, has a tremendous file of such correspondences accumulated over the years, all of which is available nearly instantaneously to him. In a few years you too will be able to connect yourself up to these computer mail networks.

Also the system constantly monitors the news media wire services and will collect and save any kind of clippings you tell it to. There's a sort of electronic community bulletin board, where I can give away a litter of kittens, or bitch about a program or any number of other forms of intra-community communication. The vending machine is also connected to the system. On hot days like this I buy my beer on credit, or I can charge a shower or an hour in our home-built sauna.

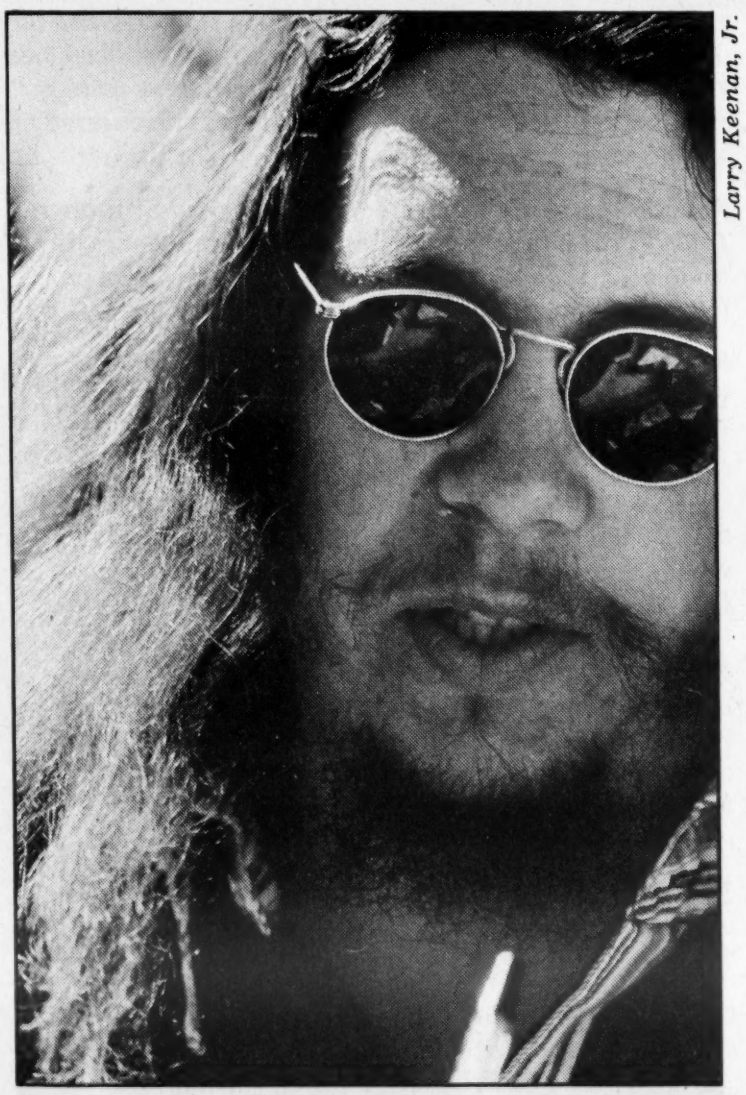
I often use a neat system at MIT called Maxima without leaving my office – it does many kinds of mathematics for me as easily as you can do arithmetic on a calculator, and I can forget the drudgery of doing algebra and calculus, just like many of us no longer bother doing long division. Remember, people did not evolve to be well adapted for messing with stupid numbers, and that of course is the whole point of computers – to help us do whatever it is people are good for. America's civil war was, among other things, fought over the use of people for farm machinery, as Kurt Vonnegut put it. When I received my personal invitation to speak here, I was dismayed because it appeared that some human being had been used as office equipment in order to type around 150 virtually identical letters. I hope the Whole Earth Jamboree used one of these new-fangled computer-controlled typewriters instead for this personal touch. Stewart says yes. Good.

I'm glad that the era of using people as machines is passing, but as the freeing of slaves in the last century caused our so-called race problems, the freeing of the wage slave in this century will cause others. It's increasingly imperative that we address the issues of human potential and human purpose seriously, because, I expect, we may shortly be embarrassingly rich, both materially and in opportunity.

There are those who frown on playing with computers. I claim that the single most important aspect of cybernetic systems is their ability to increase the amount of play in the universe. To be sure, computers should be used for serious work. But the point of work is to create the opportunity for play. I hope very much that we learn in this era of limits a greater degree of responsibility, of connectedness and so on, that we do it without limiting our vision, diminishing ourselves and others. That we continue to court the grand visions of outer space, of a world without war. That we remember that such artifacts as technology, language, even politics and our economics systems are merely vehicles and expressive mediums for humanity. To conclude, if you will permit a quote, "We are as gods, we might as well get good at it."

JOHN MICHELL

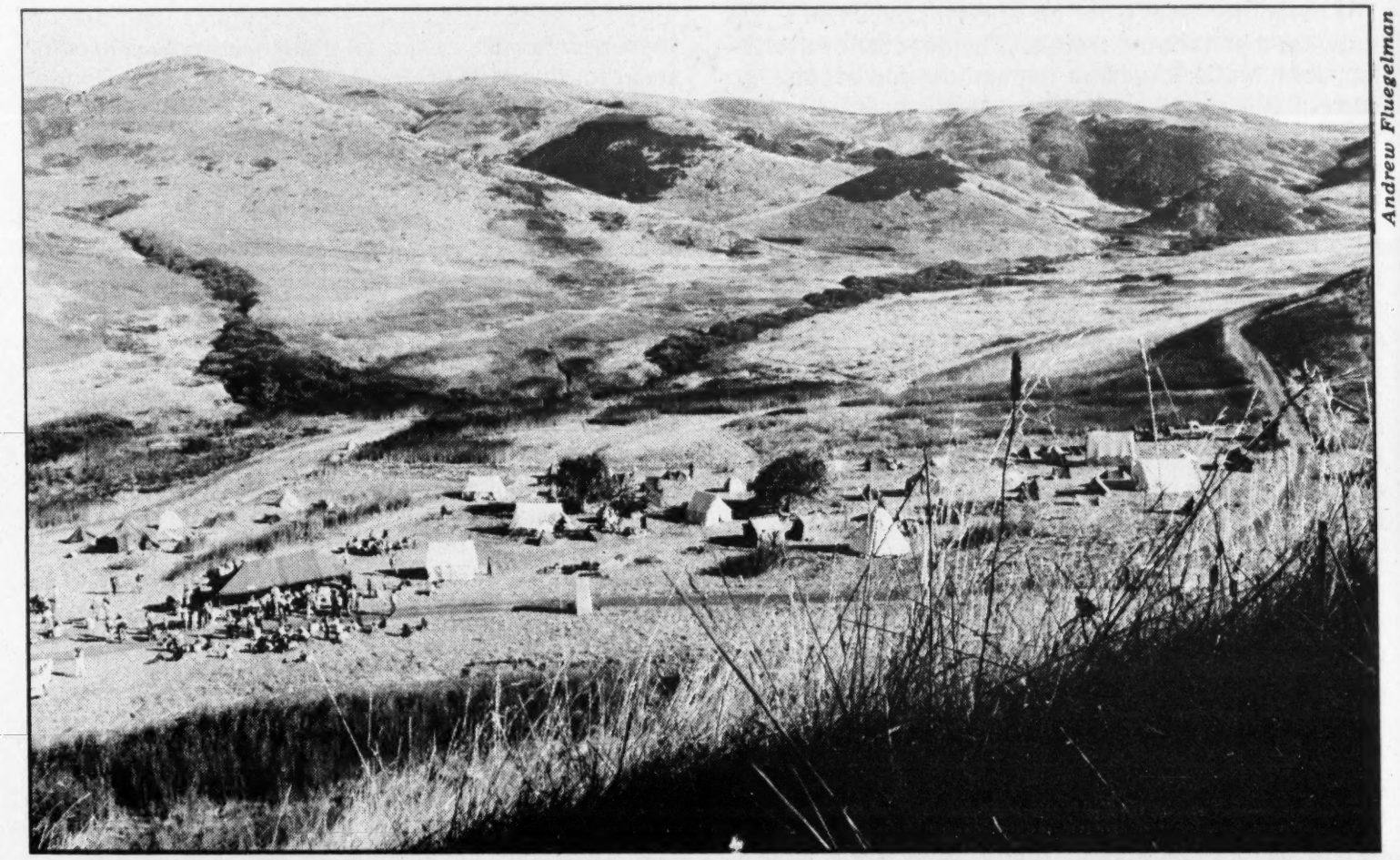
Author of City of Revelation; Secrets of the Stones; The View Over Atlantis; *"A Defense of Sacred Measures."*



Larry Keenan, Jr.

I'm devoting these momentous five minutes to the most interesting aspect of the universe of which we are part: its habit of reflecting back ideas projected onto it, of seeming to provide positive evidence for any theory that can possibly be formulated. This feed-back effect is something which everyone can test for themselves. Take the wildest idea imaginable, commit yourself to believing it, become obsessed with it, and you'll soon find all kinds of evidence turning up as confirmation of it. John Keel in his most interesting book, *Operation Trojan Horse*, shows with many examples how writers on UFOs, including himself, and those who develop even a mild or sceptical interest in the subject, may get led into experiences with strange creatures and remarkable revelations, often ending up in delusion or madness. This same risk is notoriously inherent in all occult studies. If one is studying a subject intensely, particularly if writing about it, ideas on that subject from unknown sources flood into the mind, and phenomena connected with it may even intrude into one's life, as the Raven of Edgar Allen Poe intruded upon the midnight scholar.

Another aspect of the feed-back effect is the tendency of scientific experiments to confirm the theory being tested. The great Charles Fort gave several humorous instances of the same experiment yielding two different results, each one gratifying the experimenter; and he declared that anyone who climbs a mountain, be it Mount Ararat or Pike's Peak, in search of Noah's Ark, is bound to find something which can be said to be a relic of the Ark, petrified perhaps. *[more →]*



Andrew Fluegelman

The encampment for the speakers and other **CQ** *old-timers (250 in all) in the newly-mowed area around the old Silva Ranch in Gerbode Valley. This is where the public part of the Jamboree was originally going to be (the encampment would then have been around the corner to the right.) At left foreground is the mess tent where The Farm served, in this case Sunday breakfast.*

The universe is so generous that it gives to anyone, crank, scientist or religious believer, the evidence which confirms his particular belief or theory.

The reference so far has been to the delusory tendencies in the universal feed-back effect. I now come to the interesting part, the way in which the effect can be used creatively. Study a subject, allow it to obsess you, ask questions of it, and next time you visit a library, a bookstore or a friend's house, you may pick up the one book in the world which gives the answer you were looking for. Coincidences can be invoked. I have asked many writers about this, and nearly all of them were able to give striking personal examples of being helped by this useful aspect of the feed-back effect which Arthur Koestler attributes to "library angels." Colin Wilson in the introduction to his book *The Occult* (a significant title in this context) writes how during his researches "Items of required information have turned up with a promptitude that makes me feel nervous . . . On one occasion, when I was searching for a piece of information, a book literally fell off the shelf and fell open at the right page."

Another excellent example comes in the first volume of Solzhenitzin's *Gulag Archipelago*. The astronomer Kozayev, who was imprisoned with him in the Dmitrovsk Prison, desperately needed some technical information for a system of physics which he was working out in his head. No books were available except the dreary items of party propaganda in the prison library. Kozayev prayed intensely for help. Half an hour later the library came round to change the books and the volume they issued him was *The Theory of Astro-physics* containing the very tables he needed. No pen or paper was allowed, so he quickly memorized them before the mistake was discovered and the book confiscated.

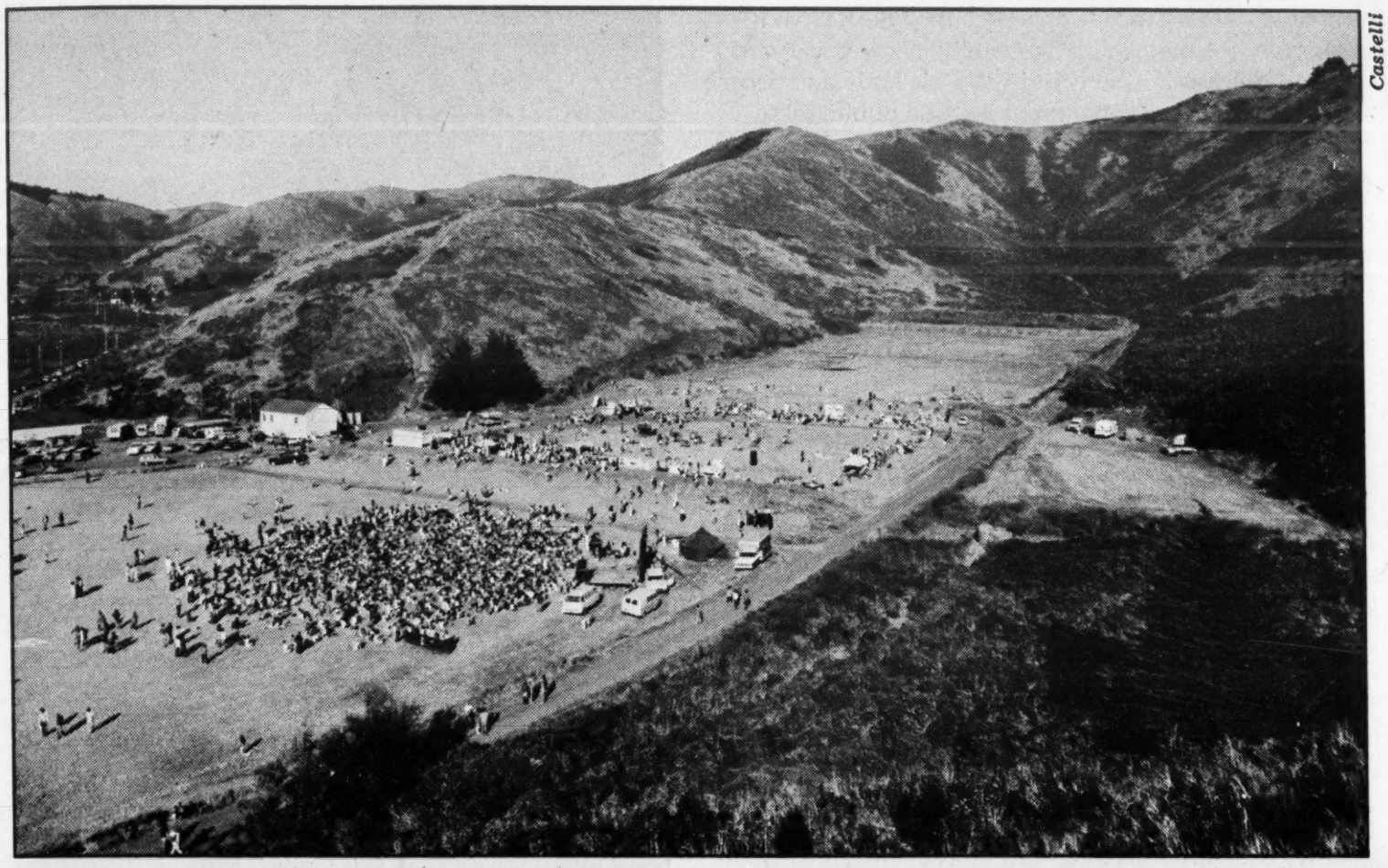
An odd story, almost incredible. Yet read Strindberg's *Inferno* for a record of the creative coincidences he invoked during his subterranean period as a lonely, impoverished alchemist in Paris during the 1890s.

Now it is time to sum up or to tell you what I was talking about. It was about the hermetic quality of the universe, the way it will respond to desires implanted in it and reflect back images projected onto it. This implies that we are all, individually and collectively, responsible for the world as it really is, which is how we experience it. In terms of objective fact there is little to choose between any cosmology, traditional or scientific. Yet we get back what we project. Evidently therefore it is to our advantage to regard this best of all possible universes, this fascinating organism of which we are part, with the most high-minded expectations in the knowledge that as we imagine this world and our relationship to it, so it will become.

STEPHANIE MILLS

Writer, population control spokeswoman; author of The Joy of Birth Control; *former editor of* Earth Times *and* Not Man Apart.

I ought to mention I'm covering this for a local paper, and I've figured out what to call it, it's going to be "Life Without Chairs," or "Waiting for Marlon."



Castelli

Late Sunday afternoon at the Rifle Range, with much of the crowd at the Music Stage. New Games were to the left out of the picture. The next square downrange from the Music Stage was the Booth Area. And beyond that the Talk Stage area, empty this late in the day. In the original plan for the Jamboree the Rifle Range was the parking lot.

On to environment. Environment can really make you rack your brains. I think that environmentalism, as I practice it and as many of us practice it, is a form of nostalgia for a world we never knew. We take as our basis of good the world before the plow broke the soil, thinking of a kind of pre-agricultural heaven, where the population is low and nobody stands in line for anything, where there're beasts abounding and no endangered species, and breadfruit just drops into your gathering hands.

That's an image of paradise, and that leads me to believe that environmentalism is best understood as a religion, and it's most enjoyable when it's coupled with a sense of miraculous – learning to see and deeply appreciate the beauty of living creatures and the intricate adaptations that evolution has brought into being. It's a process so complex and mysterious, and kind of unbidden, that it's managed to bring into existence something as wonderful as the human mind, your mind, quite a miracle indeed. I think one of the good things you can do with environmentalism, to sort of beat off the old apocalyptic depression, is to dwell on the wonders, to really take the time to dwell on the wonders, and develop a little humility about what's been done that we couldn't begin to do ourselves in a million, billion years.

I find environment is a little less fun when it becomes a profession. This isn't to say that environmental professionals aren't wonderful and necessary and fighting the battles on the front lines, fighting in the courts and working through government. But it's still a little bit crazy, because laws made by human beings are terribly prosaic. They don't quite capture the poetry of what's really at stake, and so we don't have the right context for understanding what's going on, and we find furbish louseworts are "impeding progress." The snail darter, a little tiny fish, has stopped a dam, and it's driving people crazy, because the dam's already built, and why shouldn't we fill it up?

These things don't really have a proper voice in court, but there's a movement afoot to get standing in court for the creatures themselves, so that instead of the elitist backpacking snobs going to court to argue that their pleasures of hiking are going to be impaired by species destruction, you will have a lawyer arguing on behalf of the Hawaiian palila bird, whose habitat's being destroyed. I think that this could get pretty heavy. Scoop's Endangered Species list brings to my mind a sort of Nuremberg War Crimes Trials with animals as plaintiffs, and ghosts of animals as the victims of the Holocaust.

We are arguing questions that are basically religious – aesthetic, ethical, and poetic questions. That's not what professionalism is for – the ceaseless attempt to quantify, objectify, and measure intangibles like beauty and the integrity of an ecosystem. But that is what religion is for, and religion is something that everybody can feel.

RICHARD NILSEN

Farmer, writer, carpenter; CQ Land Use editor.

A topic I'd like to touch on is coal development, because it is going to have immense impacts on Fed-

eral lands — our lands — and because where I live in Colorado it is happening practically in my back yard. Here in California coal is not yet a big issue and people tend to know very little about it. The public relations flacks for industry are doing their best to change that. I got off the plane in San Francisco the other day and there was this billboard with a scientist holding a lump of coal. He looked as cute as Ryan O'Neal and had on a plaid lumberman's jacket. He said: "This is the fuel that could supply our electricity for about 250 years. Coal." Below that it said: "The time to build power plants is now. Edison Electric Institute for the electric companies."

Now I'm not *against* coal development, but if it happens all at once it has disastrous and irreversible consequences on the local level. The town of Craig in northwestern Colorado went from one full-time and one part-time policeman to 27 policemen in two years, and it didn't happen because the people in Craig like police. It happened because they got saddled with two new mines and a power plant during that time and with the increase in crime that always goes with rapid growth.

These kinds of change, which are now referred to as "boom-town syndrome," also affect agriculture. In Colorado flushing a toilet legally has a higher use priority than growing a field of alfalfa, and since water in the arid West is and always has been scarce, energy development will mean absolutely the loss of farm production from many fertile little valleys and the end of a way of life for thousands of farmers. It's a maxim in Colorado that water flows toward money.

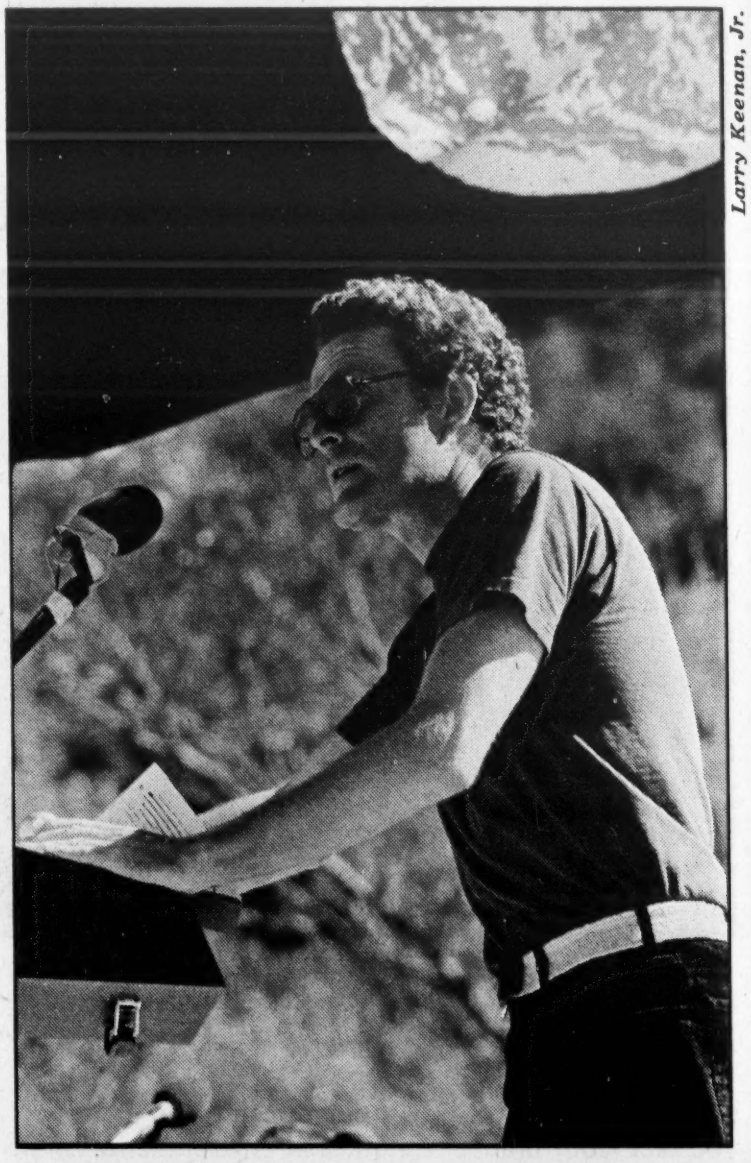
These effects are local or regional, but the decisions behind them are made in Washington. Eighty-four of the mineral rights in my county are owned by the Federal government, and that high a percentage is not at *all* atypical throughout the region where the coal, the oil shale, and the uranium lie. And that is the same government and the same Congress that has sat on the conservation portion of Carter's energy bill for over a year. I submit that the time to build power plants is *after* we have genuinely begun to conserve, instead of squander, the resources that belong to all of us.

DAVID SHETZLINE

Novelist; author of DeFord *and* Heckletooth 3.

I've driven down from an Oregon coast county the size of Rhode Island with a population slightly less than all of us gathered in this valley this weekend. I've met Oregon artists and poets and crafts folks. I've swapped yarns with a few strong yogis, some weaker yogis, one moronic genius, an idiot savant or two, and a couple of old-fashioned remittance men and women who are sent money each month not to come home. Occasionally I suspect that I'm living in a 19th-century village, or in a novel, an unfinished novel of about two hundred and fifty-four pages.

Whatever, I've come down from an aquaculture center, so I want to tell you a fish story. Millions of years ago in the prehistoric oceans a few hundred miles east of us there developed a highly energetic animal — the



Larry Keenan, Jr.

salmon. These salmon coursed out into the modern oceans, seeking life itself, and when they are ready to settle down, make a home, have a family, they come back to their native streams. Unfortunately the shock of reentry triggers an amazingly accelerated decrepitude and they die. Of course they don't all die all the way, but that is a different story.

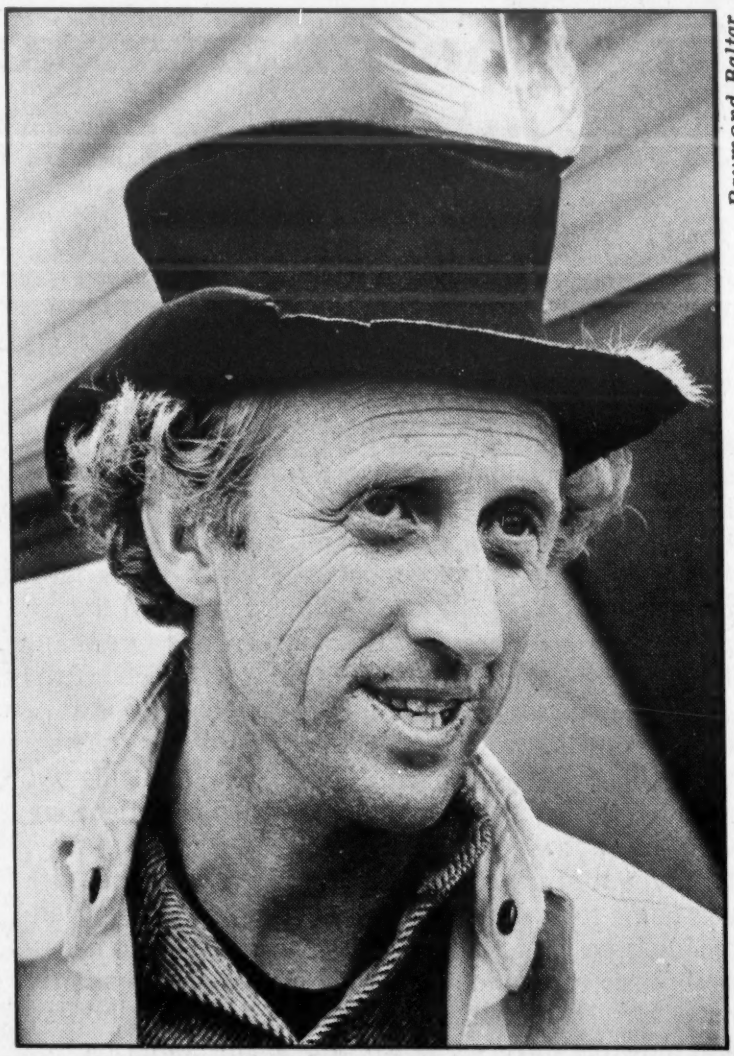
Eventually America produced a wizard of salmonry, an academic genius of salmonoid breeding. His name is Dr. Lauren Donaldson. At the University of Washington he created larger salmon, returning more accurately, in higher percentages — you know the story: faster, better, and more. Kings of the world, (this is true) leaned over Lauren Donaldson's experimental tanks and watched his beautifully-colored fish swim with immense insolence, swollen with eggs. The Emperor of Japan sent emissaries, Prince Phillip of England came, Olaf the Fifth of Norway came. Sons of Japanese industrialists were tutored in English and sent to be Donaldson's students. Captains of industry, and Secretaries of Agriculture, and Secretaries of Commerce came to Seattle from all over the world.

Soon the Swedes were harvesting as high as 15%, the Americans were getting 10% from Puget Sound, and the Japanese, releasing into the vast and very complex north Pacific gyre, are presently working on a 2-billion yearly release, with yearly returns expected up to 3% or possibly more. By the year 2000 or a bit later, world releases of this single species could be as high

as 16 billion, with returns of 5%. That's some ten billion pounds or 5 million metric tons of protein every year.

My point is that salmon are but one species, a very dramatic one, but only the first of several to be maricultured. Our world may soon take 25 to 50 percent of its protein from the ocean. There are fish in our future by the hundreds of millions of metric tons. Now, this has the odor of a blueprint for the miracle of the fishes the second time around, but for me the fascinating thing about all this fishy business is that none of my friends in Oregon are remotely interested in becoming a mariculture center. When I asked my friends what they would say to their contemporaries in Marin County, almost every one of them talked about quality relationships. They spoke of the male and female ego, of feminism, of culture, of art. Never of quantity. Never of vast migrations into oceans or space, but always of a certain kind of intimacy.

I have spoken for four minutes in the first person singular. Fiction writers find the first person very nifty for confessionals, so I confess that I look at the history of the salmon and I am encouraged but somewhat uneasy. Nature and man seem to possess an abiding itch towards massive migrations. At the same time I am uneasy along with my Oregon friends. They seem to be saying that not all of us should be too bedazzled by numbers, finite numbers of things like salmon, infinite numbers of things like galaxies. Is it time for compromise? Without ever forgetting individual quality can we get on with the numbers game? I think so, and moreover, I think it's going to be a fine trip.



Raymond Baltar

STEWART BRAND

CQ editor.

I've been wanting to see what I'd do at the end of all this, other than be glad that it was coming down to a chance to go and take a bath. The words that kept coming back to me through the sixty-some speakers we've had, was some kind of dialogue that goes on between grasp and reach. Ten years ago we reached for something with the *Whole Earth Catalog.* A lot of us reached for various things – some to stop the war in Vietnam, some to save various species, some to find a way to stay high. And we have spent ten years refining our activities so that our grasp could catch up with that reach. That's part of this strange transition that many of us have made from something like an outlaw to something like a citizen.

I think we're different citizens and more valuable citizens for having been outlaws, and I think we're maybe more forgiving toward the present and hopefully oncoming set of outlaws. I hope that there'll always be that dialogue.

But for ourselves each time that the grasp catches up with the reach and we come to do something rather well – well enough that it's as if we could do it in our sleep – then probably we are doing it in our sleep. You might think about that grasp that you've got now, the refinement, the citizen quality of your behavior. I mean, I'm having to notice that I'm sitting on boards now. They're wonderful boards: Bread and Roses, Magic Theater, Neighborhood Foundation. In Sacramento I wear a three-piece suit.

I start to look at the boredom, the tedium that comes with doing what you've done well for a very long time exclusively. I think this is the kind of thing that often overtakes public figures, and we as the public often force that on them, by insisting that Ralph Nader be strictly Ralph Nader. I'd love to see Ralph Nader trash a car in some fundamental sense. All of us have this corner that we get into by being public or by being good at what we're doing.

Looking at various unusually useful people's biographies, I notice that many of them have reflowerings. I got to spend an afternoon with Milton Friedman a couple of months ago, and I have to say, he is one of the most interesting people to spend time with. We were talking about Nobel prize winners. He's been one. He said he wouldn't have accepted it except a friend of his, Von Hayack, got it, and Von Hayack would've felt bad if Friedman had turned it down, so he didn't. He said, "Most of these men get their prize, and then they quit. I think, when you get your prize, you should think about opening up another line of work."

Now, this is not necessarily me thinking about opening up another line of work, but I think all of us should have in mind to keep various kinds of hobbies going that might take off and become a line of work, and keep working at times for other kinds of people and in other kinds of jobs, so that our own diversity can increase and match the diversity we're trying to bring about everywhere. ■

Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965

The Whole Earth Jamboree Wasn't Worth It Once

BY ANNE HERBERT

As anyone on the *CQ* staff couldn't help knowing, I had a negative attitude about the whole thing from the beginning, and lots of good reasons. I don't like events with large crowds at them, I don't like meeting people I don't know, I didn't like trying to put an already complicated issue together in the midst of a bunch of people who were high on panic, I didn't like seeing Stewart change from the well-organized small businessman I have known to a sixties artifact who believed in lack of planning as an article of faith ("Let's not ruin the spontaneity"). I didn't like never being able to place an outgoing call because all the phone lines were busy all day, and I hated more than I can tell you going to a 1-1/2 hour meeting about the Jamboree two days before the magazine was due at the printer. (I swore I was going to tell Patty she had to go to a 1-1/2 hour meeting about the magazine two days before the Jamboree, but it turned out that that wasn't a good week for jokes.) And my reaction to finding out at that meeting that everyone on the staff was going to have to work 12 to 24 hours a day after having been led to believe that they didn't even necessarily have to attend, moved me from anger to a fairly nasty bitterness that lingered through the long hours and multiple surprises of working at the Jamboree itself. So you can imagine my surprise at finding out two months later that I now feel negative about the Jamboree for a whole new reason. I think it was such a good thing that it's almost criminal to only do it once. This does not change the fact that if Stewart announced that he was going to do another Jamboree, I would immediately apply for a job with *Reader's Digest*. But I really believe that the kind of good feeling that was there present was designed to happen on some kind of continuing and regular basis.

The feeling at the Jamboree wasn't a high (that's why some people found it a let down), but was a very strong pleasant. It was in fact a neighborhood feeling — a relaxation and ease natural among a community that had temporarily become a neighborhood. A community can believe in itself, but a neighborhood can see itself — and what a relief to see with your own eyes that a lot of people like you really do exist, and here a bunch of them are, being nice and not throwing trash on the ground. I was surprised, and almost shocked, to find a neighborhood I liked at the Jamboree since I've always thought *CQ* subscribers were purer and more intense and more irritable than I. I wasn't at all sure that I'd like to be around a bunch of them for two days.

It turned out that the *CQ* people who write to the office may often be more like unfun true believers than my friends but the people at the Jamboree stunned me with their wonderfulness, and made me wish we could have hung out together longer, or more frequently. The volunteers, who were the people I spent most of my time with, amazed me by being hard working; cheerfully willing to do anything, however boring; intelligent in the face of pressure, disorganization and oddness; and they had a nice funny low-key cynicism they used to cover their generosity, just like all my sixties leftover friends. In fact, a lot of them were potential friends, and I only saw them once. That seemed silly. Why bother to like someone you're only seeing once?

And the volunteers weren't the only wonderful ones. The whole crowd flabbergasted me by dropping their trash into trash cans to an extent that was nothing short of miraculous. I've worked on a lot of cleanup committees, and it was incredible to see at the end of each day that there was nothing, repeat nothing, to clean up. Intense searching by the cleanup volunteers uncovered a few scraps of paper, but for all practical purposes, there was, before the cleanup, no way to tell that 8,000 people had been there — or that anyone had been there. This made me think that this neighborhood had interesting potential for other, larger-scale miracles, if it just stayed a neighborhood a while longer.

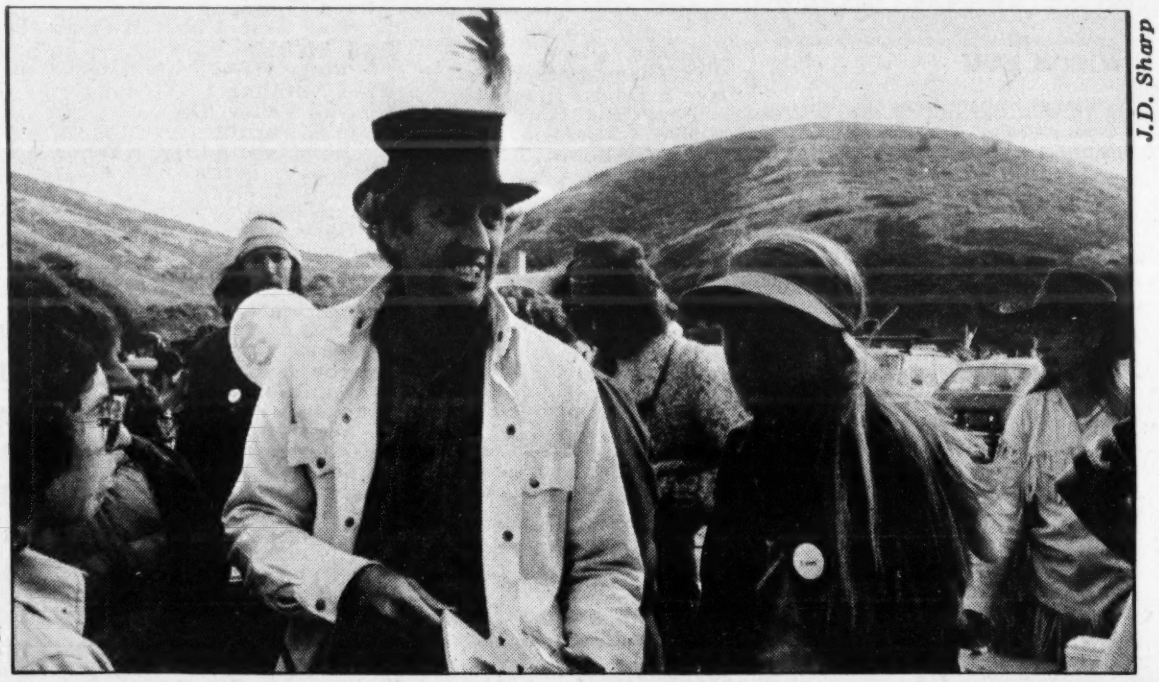
Since I'm messy, I never wanted to understand the saying about cleanliness being next to godliness, but maybe it means that if you've got the discipline for a minor goodness like being clean, you could easily use that discipline for major goodnesses. Eight thousand people who could be that clean all at once could do other things all at once, if they talked about it enough, if instead of going to a pleasant Jamboree once in ten years they went to some kind of organic, alternative energy equivalent of church once a week.

In fact, a lot of this amounts to saying that I miss church. You non-church-goers should know that Church As I Knew It, in the middle of the road, was nothing like Elmer Gantry. No one cried, and if you pushed people on what they believed, a lot of them were more vague than dogmatic — something about God existing, something about Jesus being special, something about modified altruism being better than pure selfishness. A lot of what was happening was people with lots of non-religious values in common (political conservatism, family life) getting together once a week to hang out. It was a nice place to hang out. If you didn't like grownups, you could volunteer to hang out with children without having to actually have any. If you didn't like big crowds, you could volunteer for the cleanup or preparation committee and hang out with other people who didn't like crowds and sort of liked shit work in a way, like the volunteers at the Jamboree. Also you could find out if you wanted to be friends with people without doing something artificial like going out to lunch.

What my few friends and I all have in common is that we don't have as many friends as we would if we were born sooner because we've renounced most institutions and are left with making friends at work or by inviting people we've met casually out to lunch. I

find that un-ideal because it makes my stomach hurt and because if you take someone to lunch you just get each other's stories, but if you set up folding chairs together, you find out what people are really like and if you really like them.

Sixties leftovers have never really built a low-key institution to hang out together at, and make friends at and casually bullshit about what to do next at. I think that's partly because compulsory education crippled us. We were in communities organized by grownups for so long we never learned to organize our own. What happened to the sixties a lot is that everyone graduated from college and didn't see each other much. The clean grounds and lovely volunteers at the Jamboree reminded me that much of what people had in common then they have in common now. If they met, casually, regularly, they might have fun and carry it on, whatever it was, in a whole new way.



J.D. Sharp

Some of the cast of characters, from left to right, around 6 p.m. Saturday. Andrea Sharp, the CQ *office manager, who likes sitting at her desk and knowing what's going on and who spent the Jamboree weekend going between the ticket sellers and the* CQ *booth collecting money and being surprised by things people hadn't thought of in advance. The tall man with the balloon in front of his face is a truly terrific volunteer who spent most of both days telling people in cars they couldn't drive into the booth area unless they were booth people, and breathing dust. It is typical of our general level of acuity that everyone remembers how great he was and no one remembers his name. In the foreground is Stewart Brand in partial sixties garb – complete sixties garb, which I've only seen in photos, would include not only the hat but a full set of buckskins. He looked about that worried most of the weekend. Wearing the visor is Patty Phelan who was in charge of the Jamboree, and who did a good job under difficult circumstances. (I used to tell her that 3 to 4 times a day to make up for bitching about the Jamboree so much.) About this time of day, she was worrying about how we could make the crowd leave and whether she'd ever get to go home. (The crowd left on its own with no help but we hadn't run a big event before and didn't know.) In the background in the cowboy suit is Hunter Sheldon, another wonderful volunteer, one of the L.A. Tree People. She came out of nowhere, as far as we were concerned, and managed whatever needed managing like a professional. She kept saying the Jamboree was incredibly well-organized. It was and it was people like her that made it possible.*

I was surprised by how little the speakers had to say that was new, and it made me think that the newness would be found in the crowd, if they talked to each other long enough, if they lived in a neighborhood together instead of meeting once at a one-time event.

What I think would be good would be some regularly scheduled low-key place where people could meet, maybe hear a hippie sermon about how given our beliefs, we're better than everyone else, or about how given our beliefs, we're totally hypocritical and aren't doing shit to live them out. (Those are the 2 kinds of sermons, and we could use them both.) We could sing a few songs, have a few pot luck suppers and accidentally possibly remake the revolution. I myself wouldn't do anything to make all this happen, but if it happened, I would set up folding chairs, I would write the newsletter, I would call up people to remind them to bring food to the potluck.

I'd love to help with maintenance, but starting things ain't my style. For one thing, I haven't got the intensity. In fact, lack of intensity is probably the big reason nothing like this will ever happen. To start something cold, you need to get real intense and to get other people intense, and if there's one thing sixties leftovers I know avoid like the plague, it's intensity. We've *had* intensity. (Or, as Andrea said the other day, "I don't want to talk about politics. I've *talked* about politics.") Churches achieved low-keyness by being founded by fanatics who were followed by tired and low-key children. Somehow, we've become our own second generation and don't want to feel our own true belief of yesterday any more than the children of converts want to get involved in their parents' enthusiasm. I don't know how we got worn down so fast. (Yes, I do, but I don't want to think about it enough to put it into words.) But however it happened, we may not be able to start any new processes, like a weekly small-scale Jamboree, because we've already started as much as we're going to start.

Then again, maybe not. Articles coming from different places for different reasons are coincidentally, inadvertently making this issue of *CQ* a neighborhood issue. The Jamboree stuff is about that neighborhood, Joe Bacon and I talk about our neighborhoods, Ray Jason writes about neighborhood performing – all about neighborhoods that are and were and should be. So maybe sixties people are getting interested in neighborhoods and maybe in some strange and unpredictable way, we'll start building new ones to hang out in. We've done stranger things. ■

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Fred Stephens
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Richard Yakle
Chanute, KS
Daniel Yankelovich
New York, NY
Mary Douglas Young
Annandale, VA
Michael Zakel
Dallas, PA
Bill Zeiger
Los Angeles, CA
Kenneth Zirk
River Grove, IL
M. Zuika
Kalamazoo, MI
and Nine Anonymoose

The Retaining Subscriber list includes those who have become or renewed as retainers since the last issue, as of 11/14/78. Retaining and Sustaining Subscribers get their magazine delivered first class (airmail) for a year. Maniacal Subscribers get The CQ *for life. Each of the donation amounts (minus $12) is tax deductible.*

Whole Earth Jamboree

Organizer Patty Phelan

Figurehead Stewart Brand

National Park Service Lynn Thompson, Steve Overman, Steve Heath, Jerry Schober, Ruth Kilday, Bill Thomas, Dick Hardin, Bill Oswald, Nancy Horner, Tom Lane, Dave Zahller, Scott Isaacson, Vince Piantanida, Frank McNeil & crew, and the GGNRA Citizen's Advisory Commission.

CQ Staff Andrea Sharp, Evelyn Eldridge-Diaz, Dick Fugett, Ben Campbell, Rosanne Kramer, David Burnor, Isabella Kirkland, Pam Cokeley (publicity), Andrew Main, Anne Herbert, Lorrie Gallagher, Kathleen O'Neill, David Wills.

Hog Farm Wavy Gravy, Calico, Johannera, Sid, Red Dog, Eban, Goose, etc., etc.

The California Farm Center Robert, Daniel, Constance, Robert, Denise, etc.

New Games Foundation Burton Naiditch, John O'Connell, etc.

Entertainers Ray Jason, Bob Hartman, Ken Sutherland, Roger Saloom, Bruce W. Davis, Horizon String Band, Natoma, Darryl Henriques, Mimi Farina, Ragged But Right, Lynn Kellog, The Brass Band, Bio-Centennial Revue, Marc Le Brun, Carol McComb, Cousin Crickett, J.P. Scratz, Robert Goldsboro, Duck's Breath Mystery Theater, Martine Habib, Tex Konig, Nighthawk

California National Guard Major General Frank Schober, Brigadier General Walter Leonardo, Colonel Frank Salcedo, Steve Lewinsky, etc.

Point Bonita Outdoor Center Alan Anspach, Roy McCann, Ricardo Vallejo, Richard DeGeorge, etc.

Sound Carlos and Star and Friends **Stage Manager** Lisa Honig **M.C.'s** Scoop Nisker, Wavy Gravy, Paul Krassner, Nancy Newhouse **Recording** Wayne Gunn, Audio Village **Tickets** Daniel Marks and family **Mowing** Warren Weber, Rich Purvis **Insurance** Hal Johansing **Advice and Equipment** San Francisco Zen Center, Bread and Roses, Ft. Mason Center

Volunteers Hunter Sheldon, Charles Albert Parsons, John Winks, Patrick Thompson, Scott Redmond, Philip Leen, Joseph Yates, Sam Apple, George Mead, Pat Berglund, Peter Kilkus, Dan Baptista, Kate Miling, Peter Mass, Roy Sebern, Bart Fisenberg, Kathy Coverly, Mark Fabian, Mario Veille, Peter Gillingham, Jon Sagen, Peter and David Cooper, Trout Stream, Jonathan Evelegh, Jonathan Young, Linda Williams, Laura, Arlene, Kathy, Terry, Vicki, Michael, Anne, Katherine, etc., etc.

Whole Earth Jamboree Financial Report

	Estimated Expenses	Actual Expenses
Salaries and wages	$ 5,600	$ 9,689
Site preparation & operating expenses	4,100	6,055
Security (Hog Farm)	1,000	2,000
Camping fees	----	955
Food supplies	4,800	2,965
Publicity, postage, office supplies	1,200	3,080
Printing and graphics	1,000	1,267
Insurance	1,000	1,050
Public shuttle and other transportation	1,300	618
Volunteer expenses	----	219
Required audit report	----	395
	$20,000	$28,293
	Estimated Revenues	**Actual Revenues**
Advance ticket sales at CQ	$ 4,500	$ 4,553*
BASS Ticket Outlets	9,000	7,498
Gate sales	3,500	6,776
Refunds	----	– 236
Concession booths	3,000	1,181
Public camping fees	----	765
	$20,000	$20,537
Profit (loss)	0	($ 7,756)

*Paid attendance 6,500, estimated total attendance, 8,000.

The CoEVOLUTION Quarterly

Editor Stewart Brand

Office Manager Andrea Sharp

Assistant Editor Anne Herbert

Subscriptions & Back Issues Dick Fugett, David Burnor, Rosanne Kramer, Ben Campbell, Lorrie Gallagher, Jonathan Evelegh

Circulation Isabella Kirkland

Library & Projects Patty Phelan

Typesetting Evelyn Eldridge-Diaz

Production Manager & Paste-up Susan Goodrick

Design & Paste-up Kathleen O'Neill

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Paste-up Jay Kinney

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Medical Tom Ferguson

Learning Carol Van Strum

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Proofreading Peter Kunz, Pam Cokeley

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Mailing List Services, Berkeley

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Marinstat, Mill Valley (stats & halftones)

Statement of Ownership, Management and Circulation

(Required by 39 U.S.C. 3685)

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE

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   Publisher: POINT, Box 428 (27 Gate 5 Road), Sausalito, CA 94965.

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9. The Purpose, Function and Nonprofit Status of This Organization and the Exempt Status for Federal Income Tax Purposes Have Not Changed During Preceding Twelve Months.
10. Extent and Nature of Circulation:

	Average No. Copies Each Issue During Preceding 12 months	Actual Number of Copies of Single Issue Published Nearest to Filing Date (as of filing date)
A. Total No. Copies Printed (Net Press Run)	62,500	60,000
B. Paid Circulation		
1. Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales	15,849	16,685
2. Mail subscriptions	26,960	27,529
C. Total Paid Circulation (Sum of 10B1 and 10B2)	42,809	44,214
D. Free Distribution by Mail, Carrier or Other Means Samples, Complimentary, and Other Free Copies	314	2,311
E. Total Distribution (Sum of C and D)	43,123	46,525
F. Copies Not Distributed		
1. Office use, left over, unaccounted, spoiled after printing	16,908	11,403
2. Returns from news agents	2,469	2,072
G. Total (Sum of E, F1 and 2 — should equal net press run shown in A)	62,500	60,000

11. I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

(Signature) Andrea Sharp, Business Manager

CoEvolution Quarterly — Winter '78 - '79 Financial Report

EXPENSES	Aug.,Sept.,Oct. (Predicted)	Aug.,Sept.,Oct. (Actual)	Nov.,Dec.,Jan. (Predicted)
Salaries and fees			
Office	$ 16,500	$ 15,775.40	$ 24,000
Production	6,000	5,740.88	8,000
Editors	11,000	11,332.50	9,000
Contributors	4,000	4,322.50	5,600
Office rental, materials, etc.	9,000	8,809.06	10,000
Phone	1,300	1,188.01	1,200
Promotion	4,000	5,197.87	11,000
Printing	28,500 (63,000 copies)*	28,333.68 (63,000 copies)*	21,000 (50,000 copies)
Subscription process and mail	14,000	17,594.65	17,500
Shipping	1,600	1,609.66	1,600
Business reply	1,300	700.00	1,300
Refunds	200	208.00	200
Total	$ 97,400	$100,812.21	$110,400
INCOME			
Subscriptions, gifts and renewals	$ 72,500	$ 59,884.95	$ 76,000
Retaining and Sustaining	3,000	3,969.00	4,000
Back issues	5,500	4,940.88	5,000
Distribution	19,000	26,255.84	20,000
City Lights*	0	2,100.00	0
Total	$100,000	$ 97,150.67	$105,000
NET PROFIT OR (LOSS)	$ 2,600	($ 3,661.54)	($ 5,400)

*City Lights bought 3,000 copies @ $ .70 each.

POINT Financial Report

	PAST QUARTER Aug.,Sept.,Oct. 1978
CQ (detail above)	
INCOME	$ 97,150.67
EXPENSE	100,812.21
CQ Books	
INCOME	
Penguin-Viking	12,500.00
Direct Mail-Order	3,458.30
EXPENSE	
Production & Mail-Order Supplies	11,463.64
Catalog & Epilog	
INCOME	
Penguin-Viking	—
Direct Mail-Order	1,759.49
EXPENSE	
Production & Mail-Order Supplies	2,219.03
Maps, Posters, II Cybernetic Frontiers	
INCOME	6,684.02
EXPENSE	389.35
T-Shirts	
INCOME	2,624.33
EXPENSE	2,923.60
Miscellaneous	
INCOME	
Point, Miscellaneous	100.00
Jamboree	19,092.00
EXPENSE	
Point, Miscellaneous	1,396.26
Jamboree	24,551.37
TOTALS	
INCOME	$143,368.81
EXPENSE	$143,755.46

POINT Balance Statement 31 October 1978

ASSETS	
Cash in bank	$ 67,708.30
Investments	28,398.11
Accounts receivable Distribution	39,772.26
INVENTORY	
Back issues, CQ	107,387.30
Maps, posters, II Cybernetic Frontiers	2,239.56
Mail-Order LWEC & WEE	2,700.00
Mail-Order CQ Books	3,731.25
Penguin inventory	
CATALOG ($1.73)	20,664.85
EPILOG ($1.01)	52,604.84
Pomegranate inventory	
Maps	750.00
Galaxie Posters	2,000.00
T-Shirts	1,244.40
LIABILITIES	
Accounts payable	0
Deferred SB salary	25,750.00
Subscription liability	232,563.00

'Or Whole Earth'

That phrase under the access of an item in the CQ means that you can mail order it from:

Whole Earth Truck Store, c/o Zen Center
300 Page Street
San Francisco, CA 94102

Note: Please add $ .75 to any order to cover shipping and handling. Add 10% to foreign orders. Inquire for UPS or Air Mail postage charges.

Anything other than items so listed — orders for books, maps, etc. published by CQ, or letters, material for the magazine, subscriptions, contributions, complaints — should be sent to:

The CoEvolution Quarterly
Box 428
Sausalito, CA 94965

The COEVOLUTION Quarterly

JOURNAL FOR THE EXTINCTION OF SHITTY GRAPHIC DESIGN AND POMPOUS PROLIX RHETORIC

PERLINGHETTI, McCLURE, MEltzER, & SNYDER -

TO SEE MORE, TRY SAYING LESS.

PERHAPS THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT ABOUT THE MANY YOUR 19TH ISSUE HAD TO OFFER IS THE EVIDENCE THE OLD BEATNIK HEROES THEREIN GIVE AGAINST THEMSELVES.
FOR THEM, IT WILL ALWAYS BE THE EARLY SIXTIES IN AMERIKA, NO MATTER WHERE OR WHEN OR TO WHOM THEY SPEAK.
IN THOSE EARLY DAYS, YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING, AS LONG AS IT WAS PROTEST AND PRO-LIFE, AND IF ALL YOU HAD FOR MEDIA WAS A MIMEOGRAPH AND A MAGIC MARKER, YOU WERE CONSIDERED THAT MUCH MORE HONEST FOR YOUR POVERTY.

SO STEWART BRAND, IN A TOUCHING DISPLAY OF ILL-ADVISED HERO-WORSHIP, GAVES THEM THE USE OF HIS MAGAZINE FOR THREE MONTHS; A SMOOTH, SOPHISTICATED, WELL-DESIGNED PUBLICATION, AND LOOK WHAT THEY DO: THEY TRY TO BRING BACK THE LOOK OF MIMEOGRAPH AND MARKER.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR PAGES AND ONLY ABOUT A DOZEN ILLUSTRATIONS, AND SMALL ONES AT THAT, MOSTLY NOT ORIGINAL. IN TERMS OF SPACE, NON-VERBAL INFORMATION IN THIS ISSUE COULD COMMAND MAYBE FOUR OF THOSE HUNDRED AND FORTY FOUR PAGES. FOUR. THE REST IS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS WORDS DRESS RIGHT AND COVER DOWN.
THIS FROM COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY.

IT IS A DOUBLE BETRAYAL THAT DOUBLES BACK ON ITSELF.

I, TOO, BELIEVED IN THOSE GUYS. THEY LET US DOWN BAD. IT IS ALL TOO CLEAR, NOW, THAT THE TIMES MADE THEM MORE THAN VICE VERSA; THEY'RE JUST A BUNCH OF SCHMUCKS WHO WOULD HAVE BITCHED AND MOANED ABOUT ANYTHING, ANYWHERE, ANYTIME. THEY CAME UP WITH THE RIGHT THING AT THE RIGHT TIME BY CHANCE. IT'S BADLY OUT OF DATE NOW; THEY HAVE THE MEANS AT THEIR DISPOSAL NOW, AND ALL THEY CAN DO IS THE SAME OLD WHINE.
THEIR EYES ARE WELDED SHUT. THEIR MOUTHS ARE WELDED OPEN. THE METAMESSAGE OF THE WHOLE 19TH ISSUE IS A SHRILL, HIGH-PITCHED SCREAM.

INDEED, WE ALL SCREAMED IN THE EARLY DAYS. BUT IF WE LEARNED ANYTHING, WE LEARNED THAT THE SCREAMING, IN ITSELF, WAS NOT VERY EFFECTIVE. TO BE SURE, IT WAS NOTHING TO BE ASHAMED OF, THE TIMES CALLED FOR IT, AND IT IS TO OUR CREDIT THAT WE WERE HONEST ENOUGH TO LET IT OUT.

THE TIMES MAY STILL CALL FOR SCREAMING, AND HYSTERICAL TORRENTS OF WORDS WORDS WORDS, BUT ANYONE WHO IS OVER 30 AND STILL SCREAMING IS PROBABLY JUST A SCREAMING ASSHOLE, NOSTALGIC FOR THE WAR AND ALL THAT MEDIA ATTENTION.

2.

BETRAYAL NUMBER TWO IS CHARGED TO STEWART BRAND, WHO IS NOT HONEST ENOUGH TO HAVE SOMEONE AROUND WHO WILL KICK HIM WHEN HE GETS A STUPID IDEA. IS THERE NO ONE ON THE STAFF WHO WILL STAND UP FOR ARTISTIC INTEGRITY? WHO, AFTER ALL, IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE VISUAL QUALITY OF THE PREVIOUS THREE ISSUES? ARE THOSE PEOPLE GONE? DID THEY NOT OBJECT TO THIS PEDANTIC TRAVESTY? OR WERE THEY RAILROADED BY THE BIG NAMES?

10012MCKENPOO 7007G 1619

PAUL MCKENNA
649 BROADWAY
NEW YORK, NY 10012

Last Copy Renew Now!

LAST COPY MY ASS. THIS LAST ISSUE WAS NOT A COEVOLUTION, AND YOU ADMIT IT ON PAGE ONE. YOU ADMIT THAT IT IS A "JOURNAL FOR THE PROTECTION OF ALL BEINGS" DISGUISED AS A COEVOLUTION. NOT A VERY GOOD DISGUISE, EITHER - I WASN'T FOOLED FOR A MINUTE.

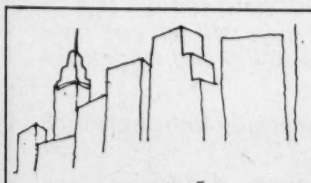
IF I DO NOT RECEIVE 4 REAL ISSUES, I WILL NOT RENEW. I ABSOLUTELY REFUSE TO ACCEPT ISSUE #19, AND WILL SEND IT BACK IF YOU PAY POSTAGE. -MCKENPOO

WELL, SO MUCH FOR THAT.

CAN'T PAY YOU BACK IN KIND BECAUSE A WHOLE LETTER OF SCREAMING IS JUST TOO HARD ON THE PEN.

THE REAL TROUBLE IS THAT THE NEXT LOGICAL STEP FOR YOU IS TO SEND OUT A BLANK MAGAZINE SO WE CAN EACH WRITE OUR OWN COEVOLUTION QUARTERLY.

I DON'T WANT TO BE AROUND FOR THAT, THANKS.



WE HAVE A SAYING HERE:
FOOL ME ONCE, SHAME ON YOU.
FOOL ME TWICE, SHAME ON ME.

I'LL WATCH FOR YOU ON THE NEWSSTANDS, AND IF YOU GET BACK TO THE SAME LOGICAL TYPE OF PUBLICATION I GOT TO LOVE & IDENTIFY AS COEVOLUTION, WELL THEN I'LL GET BACK IN TOUCH.

WELL, SHIT. WHAT'S TO BE EXPECTED IN THIS WORLD WHEN A GREAT MAGAZINE TURNS TO TRASH INSTANTLY, AND THE CULPRITS TURN OUT TO BE FELLOWS YOU'D USED TO RESPECT? WHAT A BUNCH OF WINDBAGS!

SO GOODBYE.
THERE, I SAID GOODBYE,
AT LEAST.

We were so upset by Paul McKenpoo's remarks that we asked him to illustrate "Promise to the Oriole" (p. 74), which he did.

–SB

Another comment

'TY NEWYDD'~ COLDBROOK FAWR FARM~ CADOXTON~ NEAR BARRI~
SOUTH GLAMORGAN~CYMRU~
BRITISH ISLES
10-10-78

Dear CQ,

When I received the fall issue of CQ & found so few pictures, I groaned, but when I started reading this poets' product I was rewarded with yet another CQ goody. Would that nuclear power could be driven from the world by the work of anarchist wordsmiths!

The theory & practice of guest editorship has produced some excellent material & the diversity neccessary to keep CQ healthy & evolving. It works.

Yours transculturally,
Paul F. Denton

Gossip

It was page-designer Kathy O'Neill who laid out that choice article we had on "Clunker Bikes" in No. 17 (Spring '78 **CQ**), *and it was Kathy who got laid out by a clunker bike while hiking on Mt. Tamalpais this Fall, along with a friend's mother and the jerk on the bike. Soon the Department of Motor Vehicles and the Federal Aviation Agency will be fighting over who gets to license clunker bike pilots.*

A note on Peter Warshall's book **Watersheds**. *As it got finer and larger it outgrew its original price and schedule and is presently stalled figuring that out. Do not order until further notice.*

Two new names on the masthead — Lorrie Gallagher and Jonathan Evelegh. Both 26, Lorrie got a degree from Berkeley in Conservation of Natural Resources and trucked stuff for the Hauling Hussies. Jonathan is a son of the British Navy, the Volunteer Coordinator for the Hooker's Ball, and once married to clunker-bike Kathy.

I joined the British Navy myself this September by sailing from Long Island to Penobscot Bay, Maine, in a 26-foot piece of World War II-in-the-Atlantic — an Uffa Fox-designed British-built and equipped cruising sloop called an Atalanta. She has, sing-songs the owner with a glazed happy eye, twin bilge keels that retract her draft from six feet to 18 inches, hot-molded mahogany plywood hull, a central cockpit, clever doodads everywhere of "Sink the Bismarck!" vintage, water-shedding reverse sheer in all directions, 30 fathoms of chain to go with her huge finger-mashing anchors, and a Conventry Victor gasoline engine that you start by hand cranking for six or seven hours.

Green skipper with an even greener crew, both total strangers to the waters of the East Coast (which is at its utter best near and from the water), I spent most of my time navigating — i.e., worrying — and so only went aground four times. A log entry by the crew: "The Day Stewart Got Seasick. We were sailing across Casco Bay, with a beautiful stiff SW wind, swooping up and corkscrewing down the enormous waves that are native to that area. We were out of sight of land, and I was enjoying the thought that we could just as well be off Tierra del Fuego or the Orkney Islands or anywhere. I wasn't paying much attention to Stewart, except for a dim thought that he was made of sterner stuff than I, staying below so long with the charts. Well, if you're going to be sick, you might as well do it right, no reserve, no hestitation. Oatmeal, peanut butter creme cookies, and well-chewed carrots for a dash of color. He did it with style, he really did. He came up and took the tiller for a few moments, and suddenly hurled himself across the cockpit and let go over the leeward side, showing even in this final gastric moment great consideration for his crew, who would have been right in the line of fire had he vomited to windward. This is the test of a true captain, and our colorfully spattered sponge-and-plastic gas cap bore witness to it the rest of the trip."

The boat is now in competent hands for the winter — Jon Wilson, editor of that worthy magazine **Wooden Boat**, *who is planning an article on the vessel. Trip-saving hospitality was also enjoyed in the homes of* **CQ** *illustrator Jan Adkins and family whose own Atalanta got me into all this, and* **Mariner's Catalog** *editor George Putz and family, who we hope will be helping edit an issue of* **CQ** *on THE SEA next summer.*

With boats to maintain and less time being spent in Sacramento I am doing more public talks, for two good reasons — I love doing it, and the income allows me to not draw my **CQ** *salary. I charge $1,000 plus travel and work interactively with audience so we both avoid the tedium of a set lecture.*

Speaking of speeches, the one I got to make about Anne Herbert on page 119 is of the kind I would like to expound about everyone working at **CQ**. *They've made themselves safe from another shutdown such as I did with the* **Whole Earth Catalog** *in 1971 because I couldn't bear to part with these people. Now you can see my hidden agenda in suggesting the $100/year rate for Anne's* **Rising Sun Neighborhood Newsletter**. *I figure if* **CQ** *folds we'll all just move to Rising Sun and work for the* **Newsletter**.

—SB

How to Submit Things to The CoEvolution Quarterly

1. **Send them.** *Address them to Box 428, Sausalito, CA 94965 and drop them in the mail. Stewart Brand, the editor, and I are sitting here, being bored as anyone else, reading all the mail, hoping some of it will be good.*

What's good? New, not read a hundred times before, not an imitation of old **CQ** *articles, often a personal passionate statement. Articles that sound like articles are often dead. Consider yourself to be writing a letter to an intelligent, uninformed friend about something that is interesting/important to you. We often print things that everyone, including the author, thought were too odd to be printed anywhere. Remember that we print all lengths from a paragraph to many pages, so don't puff a good, short idea into four tedious pages. And please don't try to please us by creating something you think we'll like. Being hustled is boring. We'd rather print true love — yours for your subject.*

All things are possible and may be printed. We have no editorial policy for or against any subject matter.

2. **Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.** *That's courtesy. You are much better at writing your address than I am — all that practice. If you don't address and stamp an envelope for us to reply or return things in, you're asking Andrea or Stewart or me to be your secretary. If we all did our own clerical work, there would be no secretaries.*

3. **Keep a copy.** *We are careful and good but not perfect. You should never send anyone the only copy of anything.*

4. **Be sort of patient.** *We often reply on stuff the day we get it, but you shouldn't get worried about no reply for about a month. Sometimes we have to show things to our far-flung, part-time editors, and that takes a while. On the other hand, don't wait a year to tell us you sent something and didn't get an answer. Many manuscripts have flowed over the desk in that time, and it will be hard to remember what happened to yours or if we ever saw it.*

5. **Be legible and put your name and address on the first page of the manuscript.** *Those are all the rules of form we have. It's helpful to type if you have a typewriter, but handwriting is fine if it's neat. The name and address are so you don't become a mystery person if your envelope gets separated from your manuscript.*

6. **Notes on Book Reviews.** *Write to that smart ignorant friend, introduce the book and get out of the way. A paragraph should usually be enough. The quotes are the thing — ideally they should be immediately useful and contain the soul of the book. You don't have to type the quotes, just note page numbers. It's not necessary to analyze the book; just say exactly why you love it.*

It can take a long time to get a final decision from us on a book review. We don't decide about printing it until we've seen the book, which we order from the publisher, who may take a couple of months to send it. (Don't you send the book unless you don't want it back; it's hard enough to deal with returning manuscripts.) However, we will tell you right away if we consider your review a possibility and will return it right away if we don't.

We like to review books of all ages, especially unheard of wonders that got lost in some shuffle.

6. **Money.** *$10 - $20 for letters and $150 - $250 for articles. The article money varies depending on length, wonderfulness and provision of illustrations. Item reviews work like this — you get $10 for being the first to suggest an item and $10 for reviewing it. If you do both, you get $20. You get paid on publication.*

7. **Will you still love us if we reject your offering?** *Editing is arbitrary. It's hard to explain why any given piece is rejected. To understand that, picture yourself leafing through a magazine, not liking an article, and suddenly being confronted by the author who wants you to explain why you didn't like the article. A cogent explanation would be somewhere between awkward and impossible and definitely time consuming. My rejection notes tend to be short and Stewart's tend to be shorter. It has to be that way if we're to have time to read all the mail carefully. If we turn down your piece, we may not convey in the note that we are grateful for all mail, that mail is all we've got, that the magazine would not exist if it weren't for mail from strangers who are good enough to share the wonders of their world with us.*

We're waiting to hear from you.

—Anne Herbert
Assistant Editor

Order Form

We've enclosed an envelope, overleaf

Self

NOTE: *Foreign subscriptions (including Canada): $14/one year, $23/two years (U.S. funds)*

Please mark in boxes clearly.

- [1] 1 year CQ $12 (foreign $14)
- [2] 2 years CQ $21 (foreign $23)
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  Issues: _____

  (See overleaf for issues available.)
- [5] Whole Earth CATALOG — $8
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- [9] SOFT TECHNOLOGY Book — $4.50
- [10] CQ T-shirt — $6 (shipped UPS) Please circle size XS S M L XL
- [11] TWO CYBERNETIC FRONTIERS Book — $2
- [12] 1,000,000 GALAXIES Poster — $5 (shipped UPS)

All subscriptions start with current issue unless you indicate otherwise, and are sent via surface mail. For special service (mailed in envelope, first class or airmail) check box below:

☐ FIRST CLASS (U.S. & Canada) — Add $5 per year.
AIRMAIL—Add per year: Mexico & Central America $6, South America $9, Europe $9, all others $12.

RETAINING, SUSTAINING, & MANIACAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

☐ **RETAINING:** *$30/year. $18 tax-deductible. You get your* **CQ** *in an envelope, delivered first class, and we gratefully publish your name and town (unless you say not to). It's tax-deductible because we're a non-profit corporation.*

☐ **SUSTAINING:** *$100/year. $88 tax-deductible. You get your* **CQ** *in an envelope, airmail, and we gratefully bless your name and town in the magazine (unless you say no).*

☐ **MANIACAL:** *$1000/life. $988 tax-deductible. You get your* **CQ** *in an envelope, airmail, for the rest of your life (or ours, whichever comes first).*

Name _____

_____

Zip _____

6203

Please make sure your address is correct and complete, including zip or postal code number.

$ _____
Total Enclosed

Please make checks payable to:
The CoEvolution Quarterly
Box 428
Sausalito, California 94965

Please allow 5 - 6 weeks for delivery.
Sorry, we don't bill.

Gift

Numbered boxes are identified on 'Self' order form, above.

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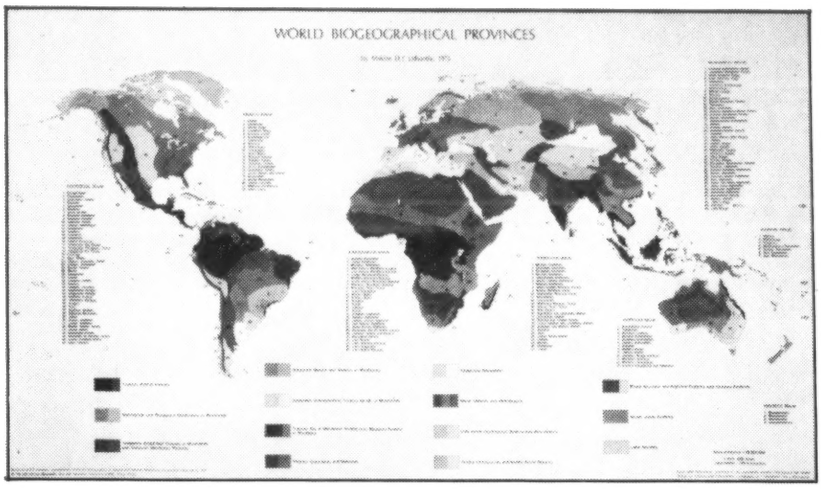

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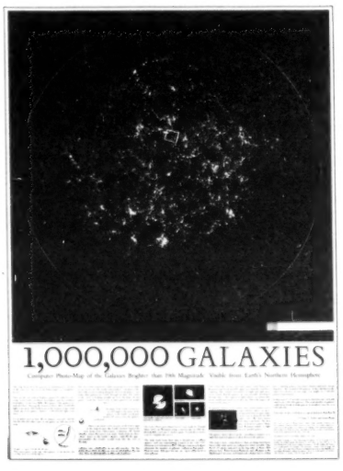

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During the 2-year hiatus between the **Whole Earth Catalog** *and* **Whole Earth Epilog** *I did nothing but two pieces of reporting. Those two stories informed everything that's happened since. They are: "Both Sides of the Necessary Paradox (Conversations with Gregory Bateson)" and "Fanatic Life and Symbolic Death Among the Computer Bums." 96 pages.*

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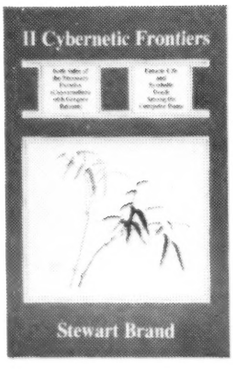

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